



The image shows a vibrant, multi-colored marbled paper pattern. The colors include deep reds, bright yellows, and dark blues, all swirling together in a complex, organic design. In the center of the page, there is a small, light-colored oval label with embossed text.

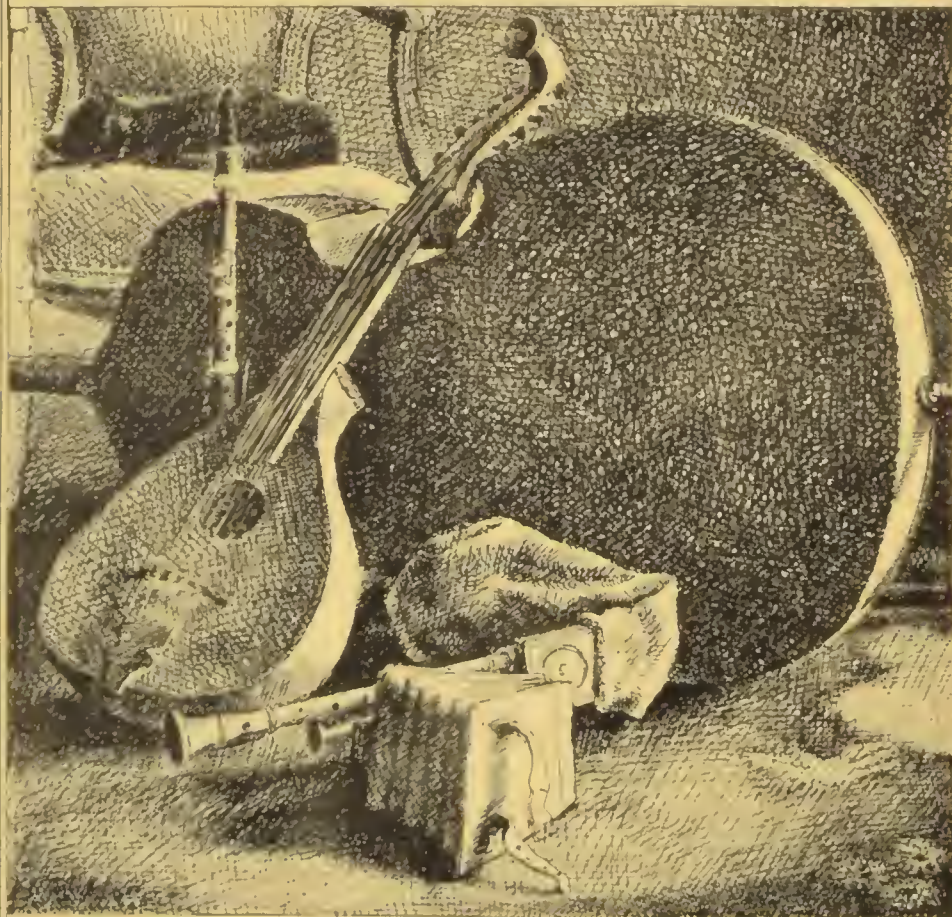
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FREDERICK SELCH

This scarce Work is ascribed to
Dr. John Wainwright, at one-time
a well known Organist at —
Liverpool, where the Work was
published, and as a local —
production it does credit to
the place —

It seems from Soundes, that
there are copies, in which the
title begins — "Apollo's Cabinet, or
the Muses Delight" &c. dated —
Liverpool — 1756" —

At page 152 there is a version of
"God save the King" entitled "A Royal
Song, for two Voices" and containing
a verse for the victory of the Duke
of Cumberland.

THE *Jennant*
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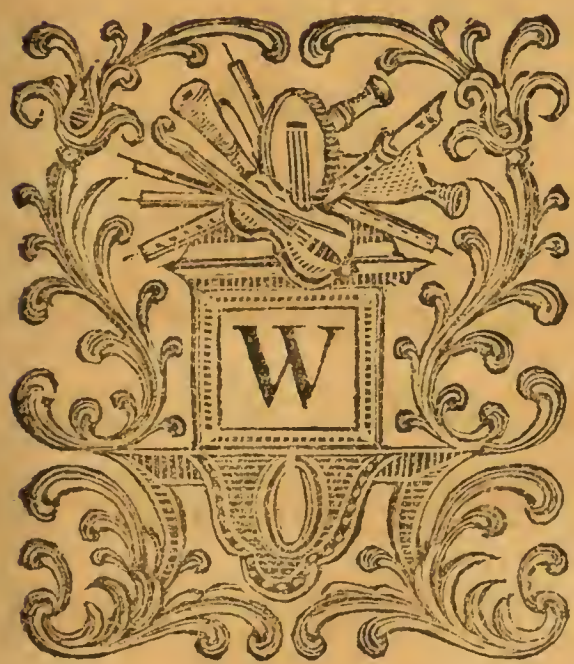
Printed, Published and Sold by JOHN SADLER, in *Harrington-street.*

M,DCC,LIV.



T O T H E

R E A D E R.



HEREAS Custom has, in a great Measure, made it necessary to say something by Way of *Introduction*, it may not be improper, here, to give the Reader a concise Account of the Utility of the following Sheets, by Way of *Prelude*. They contain, *First*, Instructions for the VOICE, VIOLIN, HARPSICHORD, GERMAN-FLUTE, COMMON-FLUTE, FRENCH-HORN, HAUTBOY, BASSOON and BASS VIOLIN. *Secondly*, Two Hundred elegant *English* and *Italian* SONGS, CANTATAS and DUETTS,

To the R E A D E R.

DUETTS, set to Music ; with the Bass and Symphonies to each ; proper for the *Harpsichord* or *Spinnet*, *Violin*, *German-Flute*, *Hautboy*, &c. *Thirdly*, A complete MUSICAL DICTIONARY, explaining all the foreign Words and Terms that occur in Musical Compositions : And, *Lastly*, Several Hundred favourite *English*, *Irish* and *Scots* SONGS, without the Music ; numbers of which were never before published.

THE *Instructions* will be of great Service to such as chuse to learn Music, and have not the opportunity of a Master ; also to Masters themselves ; as they contain the easiest and best Methods now practised by the greatest Performers ; laid down in a plain and familiar Manner, and interspersed with Variety of proper *Examples*, *Lessons*, &c. The *Songs set to Music* will save the Expence of purchasing a number of Books for the sake of a few favourite Songs ; as Care has been taken to collect such as are generally esteemed. The

Musical

To the R E A D E R.

Musical Dictionary will be of use to Musicians in general : And the additional *Songs without the Tunes* will be an Amusement to those who are not acquainted with Music, and were inserted to oblige some such who favoured this Work with their Subscriptions.

THE Publisher returns his sincere Thanks to his Subscribers, assuring them he has done his utmost to make the Whole *useful* and *entertaining*, and hopes it will merit their Approbation.



T H E

Complete Tutor;

O R,

Familiaz Instructions,

F O R T H E

Voice,
Violin,
Harpsichord,
German-Flute,
Hautboy,

French-Horn,
Common-Flute,
Bassoon,
AND
Bass Violin.

C O N T A I N I N G

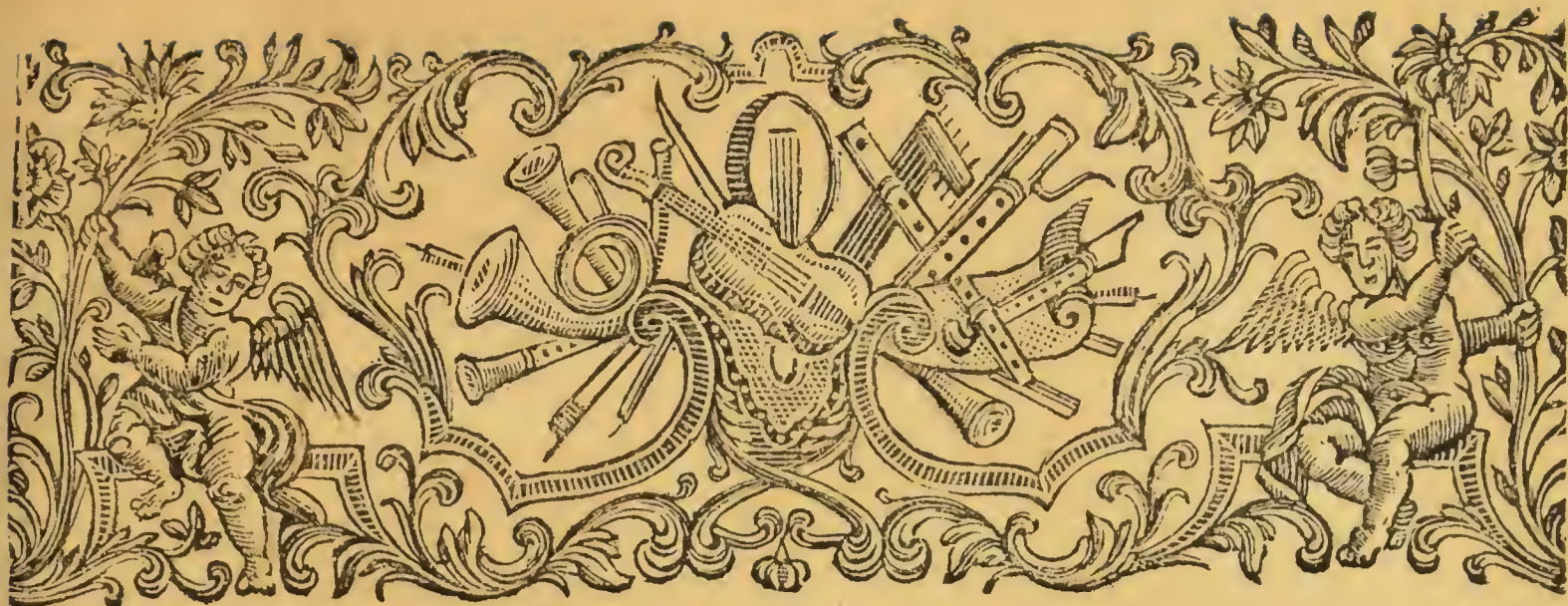
R U L E S and D I R E C T I O N S,

W H E R E B Y

LEARNERS may obtain a Proficiency on any of those INSTRUMENTS, without the Help of a MASTER.

E M B E L L I S H E D W I T H

Gamuts, Scales, Examples, &c.



T H E
C O M P L E T E T U T O R, &c.

An Introduction to **Singing.**

TH E G A M U T is the Ground of all M U S I C, whether *Vocal* or *Instrumental*, and must be learned perfectly by such as intend to make themselves Proficients in that Art ; in order to which observe the following Scale.

The G A M U T for the V O I C E.

TREBLE

TENOR

BASS

<p>G-solreut in Alt F-faut E-la D-lasol C-solfa B-fabemi A-lamire G-solreut F-faut E-lami</p>	<p>Sol Fa La Sol Fa Mi La Sol Fa La</p>	<p>G-solreut F-faut E-lami D-lasolre C-solfaut B-fabemi A-lamire G-solreut F-faut</p>	<p>Sol Fa La Sol Fa Mi La Sol Fa</p>	<p>A-lamire G-solreut F-faut E-lami D-solre C-faut B-mi A-re Gamut</p>	<p>La Sol Fa La Sol Fa Mi La Sol</p>
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THERE are three Things to be observed in this Scale : First, The Names of the Notes, which must be learned backwards and forwards till you know them by Heart : Secondly, Observe the three Cliffs, which are an Inlet to the Knowledge of the Notes ; for if a Note be placed on any Part of the five Lines, (which are called a Stave) you cannot call it any Thing till there is one of these Cliffs set at the Beginning : For which Reason the Lines of your Gamut are divided into three Fives, expressing the three Parts of Music, *viz.* the *Treble*, the *Tenor* and the *Bass* ; every one of these five Lines, or Staves, having a Cliff. For Example, the first five Lines has the *G-solreut* or *Treble Cliff* set at the beginning, on the second Line from the bottom. The second Stave, or middle five Lines, has the *C-solfaut* or *Tenor Cliff* set on the middle Line.—*This Cliff may be placed on any of the four lowest Lines.* The third Stave, or last five Lines, has the *F-faut* or *Bass Cliff* set at the beginning, and is commonly placed on the fourth Line from the bottom. Thirdly, observe the Syllables at the end of the Lines, which are the Names you are to call your Notes by : For Example, if a Note be placed on the second Line in the Scale from the Top,

An Introduction to Singing.

and you should be asked where it stands, say, in *D-lasol*. Now in learning these Names you must learn the other Syllables along with them, that you may know how to call your Notes in Singing ; for Example, *Gamut* is called *Sol*, *A-re* is called *La*, *B-mi* is called *Mi*, *C-faut* is called *Fa*, *D-solre* is called *Sol*, *E-lami* is called *La*, *F-faut* is called *Fa*, &c. But, for the better understanding your Gamut, here are eight Notes (called an Octave) in those three Cliffs, with their Names under them.

G	A	B	C	D	E	F	G
<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Mi</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>
<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Mi</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>
<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Mi</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>	<i>La</i>	<i>Fa</i>	<i>Sol</i>

IN Singing you cannot make Use of the Words *Gamut*, *A-re*, &c. because they are too long, therefore you must use these short Syllables, *Sol*, *La*, *Mi*. &c.

OF TIME.

Example of COMMON TIME.

A Semibreve is equal, in Length, to

Minims

Crotchets

Quavers

Semi-Quavers

Example of TRIPLE TIME.

A prickt Minim is equal to

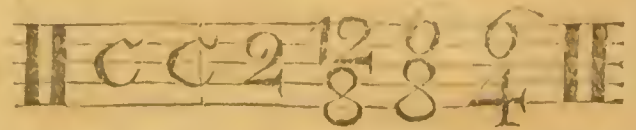
Crotchets

Quavers

Semi-Quavers

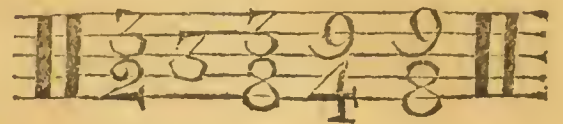
THERE are two Sorts of *Time*, *Common* and *Triple*. *Common Time* is known by some of the following Marks or Characters. The first of these Marks denotes the slowest kind of Movement, and contains a Semibreve (or as many other Notes as are equal to it's length) in a Bar, and must be held as long as you can distinctly tell 1, 2, 3, 4. The second denotes a Movement somewhat faster than the former, and contains also a Semibreve in a Bar. The third denotes a brisk Movement, and contains but one Minim, or two Crotchets, &c. in a Bar.—This is called *Retortive Time*. The fourth Mark contains twelve Quavers (or Notes to their Value) in a Bar ; the fifth six Quavers in a Bar, and the last six Crotchets in a Bar. These three last Characters are fixed to Jiggs, &c.

Marks of Common Time.

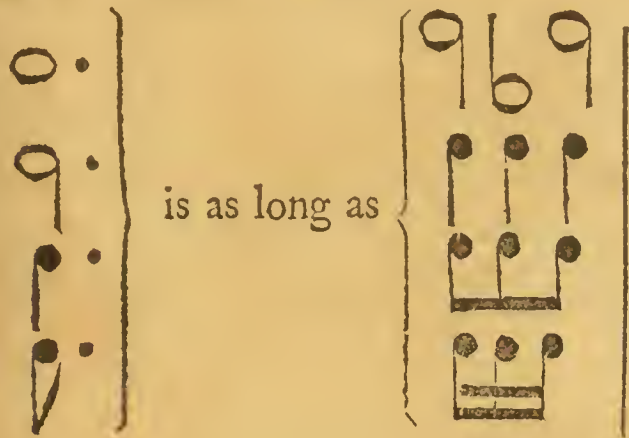


Triple Time is known by the following Characters ; the first of which has three Minims in a Bar, and is the slowest Triple Time in use. The second contains three Crotchets in a Bar, and is fixed to Minuets, and play'd quicker than the former. The third contains three Quavers in a Bar, and is the quickest. The fourth contains nine Crotchets in a Bar ; the last nine Quavers. These last are rarely made use of, and then to Jiggs.

Marks of Triple Time.

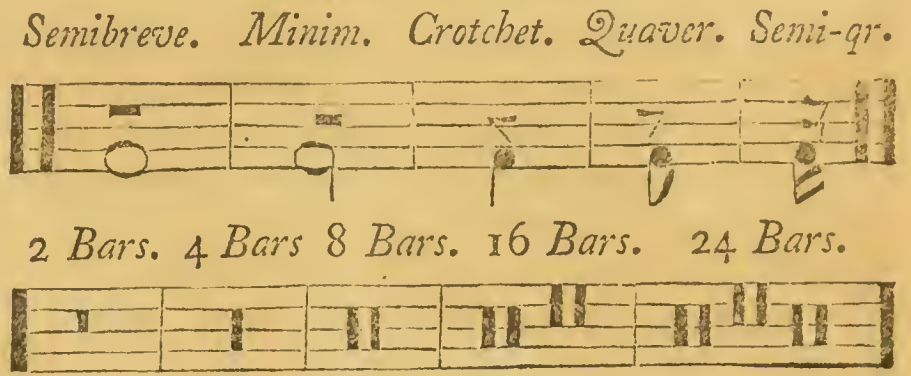


➔ A POINT or Dot added to any Note, whether Minim, Crotchet, &c. makes it half as long again ; and must always be put on the right Side of the Note, as in the following Example.



is as long as


Example of RESTS.



Note. A Semibreve Rest is a whole Bar, in any Time whatever.

Single Bar. Double Bar. Repeats. Directs. Pause. Da Capo.

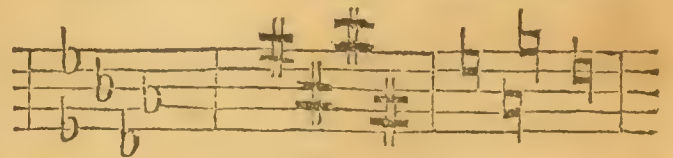


A SINGLE Bar serves to divide the Time according to it's different Measures, whether *Common* or *Triple*. A Double Bar serves to divide every Strain or Part of a Song or Lesson. A Direct is put at the end of a Stave, and serves to direct to the Place of the first Note in the next Stave. A *Pause* signifies that the Note over which it is placed must be held out somewhat longer than the usual Time.—The same Mark also denotes the End of a Tune. A *Repeat* signifies that such a Part of a Song or Lesson must be perform'd over again from the Note over (or before) which it is put. *Da Capo* signifies the Tune does not end there, but must be begun again, and play'd till you come to the Mark  mention'd above to denote the End of the Tune.

OF FLATS and SHARPS, &c.

THESE Characters, marked as in the Margin, are very significant in Music, and must be particularly regarded. If a *Flat* be placed before any Note it denotes that such Note (and all the following, in the same Bar, except mark'd to the contrary) must be sung or play'd half a Note lower than it's Natural Pitch. The *Sharp* is of a contrary Nature ; for whereas the *Flat* takes away a Semitone, or half a Note, from the Sound of the Note before which it is set, the *Sharp* adds a Semitone to whatever Note it is set before : For Example, if a *Flat* (or *Flats*) be fixt at the beginning of any of the five Lines, it not only affects every Note on such Line or Space, but also all the Notes of that Denomination thro' the whole Movement ; so if a *Flat* be fixed on the middle Line, which is *B*, all the *B*'s (or Octaves) both above and below that Line must be play'd flat, except mark'd to the contrary by a *Natural*. The same is likewise to be observed of the *Sharps* ; so if a *Sharp* be fixed on the highest Line, at the Beginning, which is *F*, all the *F*'s are to be sung sharp thro' the whole Piece, except a *Natural* be plac'd before them to denote the contrary. A *Natural* (which see in the Margin above) serves to reduce any Note, made

Flats. Sharps. Naturals.



made flat or sharp by the governing *Flats* or *Sharps* placed at the Beginning, to it's primitive Sound, as it stands in the Gamut: For Instance, a *Flat* being placed on the Middle Line makes all the *B's* flat, as aforesaid; but if the Composer should have a Mind to have some one, or more, of them sharp, then the *Natural* is set before such Notes, instead of a *Sharp*.

Of keeping TIME in SINGING.

HAVING observed all the Varieties of Time, I shall presume to say that no Music can ever be agreeable to the Performer unless he first makes himself Master of it; neither is it possible for several Performers to agree exactly together without it: In Order to which observe the following Rules. In a slow Common Time you must divide the Bar in four equal Parts, telling 1, 2, 3, 4, distinctly, putting your Hand or Foot down when you tell one, which must be at the beginning of the Bar, and lifting it up when you tell 3, which must be in the Bar. In a quick sort of Common Time you may divide your Bar into two equal Parts, only putting your Hand or Foot down at the first half of the Bar and lifting it up at the second half; but you must be exact in moving up or down. Triple Time, whether quick or slow, must be divided in three equal Parts, telling 1, 2, with your Hand down, and 3 with it up: In this Sort of Time you must observe that you keep your Hand up but half the time you keep it down.

Of Tuning the VOICE.

BEFORE you can tune your Voice rightly you must know which are *whole Tones* and which *half Tones*. From *G* to *A* is a whole Tone, from *A* to *B* is a whole Tone, from *B* to *C* is half a Tone, from *C* to *D* is a whole Tone, from *D* to *E* is a whole Tone, from *E* to *F* is half a Tone, from *F* to *G* is a whole Tone, and so on with ever so many Notes, which must ascend in the same Proportion of Sound as the first eight Notes do, all other Sounds being only a Repetition of the same.

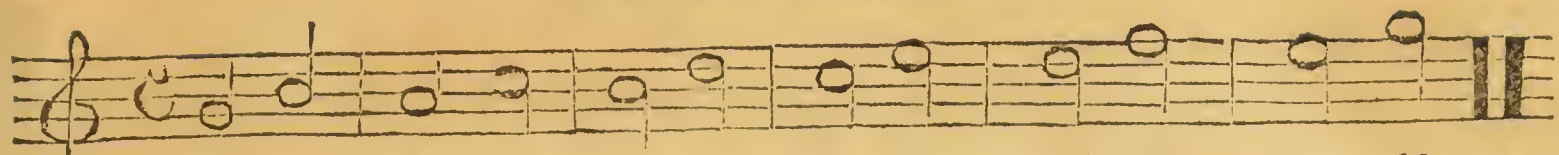
FOR the better remembering which are *half Tones* and which not, observe that the *half Tones* are included by the *Fa* and the Note below it; for from *Mi* to *Fa*, and from *La* to *Fa*, are half Tones ascending; and from *Fa* to *Mi*, and from *Fa* to *La*, are half Tones descending: All the rest are whole Tones, as in the Example.

Sol La Mi Fa Sol La Fa Sol

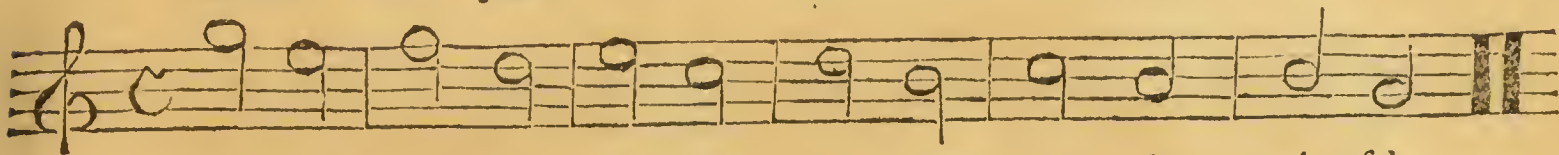
Sol Fa La Sol Fa Mi La Sol

WHEN you have sounded the first Note you must rise by whole Tones and half Tones, as observed above, till you ascend to the Top of your Lesson, and then down again with the other, laying your Hand down when you begin to sound the first Note, and taking it up when you have half sung it; then laying down as you begin the next, and up again, and so on with the rest, holding them all of an equal length, because they are all Semibreves: But for fear you should not sing them exactly in Tune, you ought to get the Assistance of a Person skill'd in Music, and let him sing or play your eight Notes with you till you remember them so well as to do them without him; then you may proceed to the following Lesson.

LESSONS.

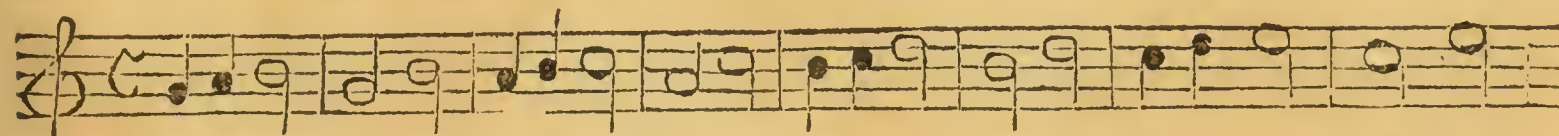


Sol mi la fa mi sol fa la sol fa la sol

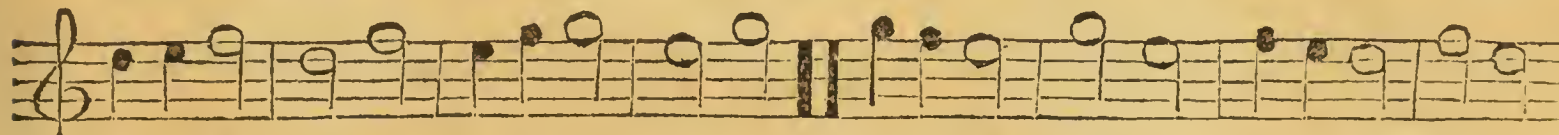


Sol la fa sol la fa sol mi fa la mi sol

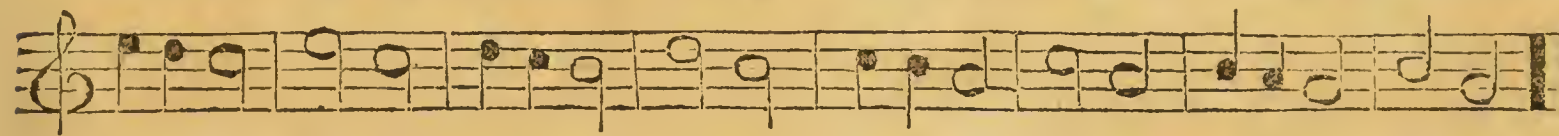
IN the above Lesson you may observe two Minims in a Bar, which are to be sung one with the Hand or Foot down and one up : But for fear you should not hit these Notes exactly in Tune, by Reason of their skipping a Note every Time, observe the following Example.



Sol la mi sol mi la mi fa la fa mi fa sol mi sol fa sol la fa la

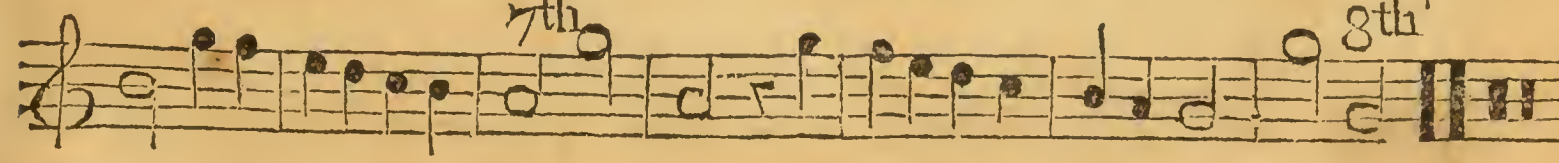
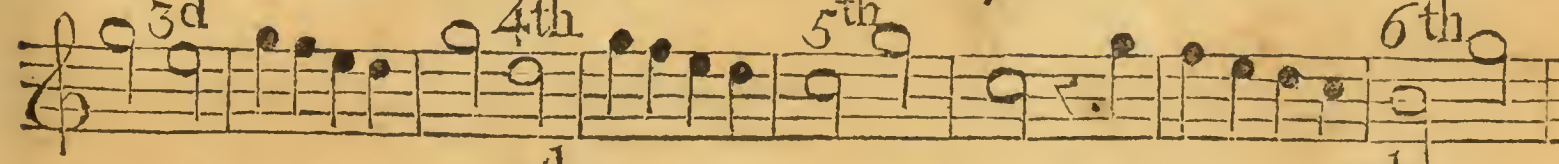
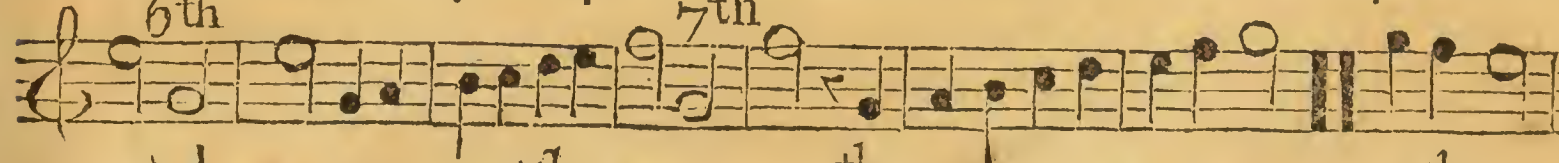
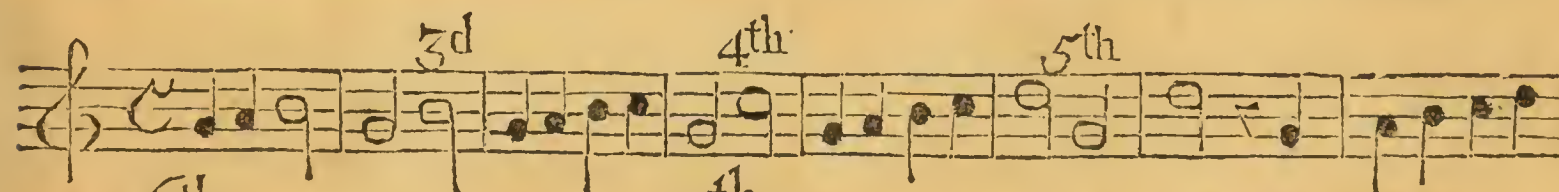


sol la fa sol fa la fa sol la sol Sol fa la sol la fa la sol fa sol



la sol fa la fa sol fa mi sol mi fa mi la fa la mi la sol mi sol

WHEN you have sung the three first Notes, leave out the second Note and skip from the first Note to the third, which will be the same thing as the first Bar in the former Lesson. Observe, in the following Lesson, that you sing the two first Notes with your Hand or Foot down, and the third with it up, &c. keeping an exact Time throughout your Lesson. Observe also the same Manner in learning all Distances, and then leave out the intervening Notes, as in the following Examples.



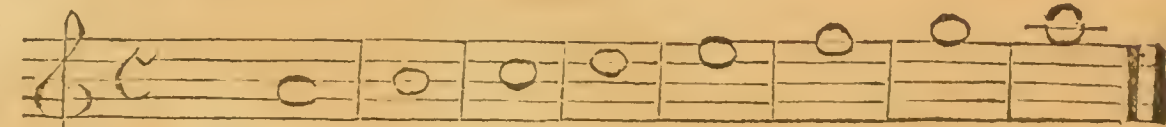
WHEN you can sing the above Lessons in Time and Tune, you may proceed to some easy Tunes or Airs.

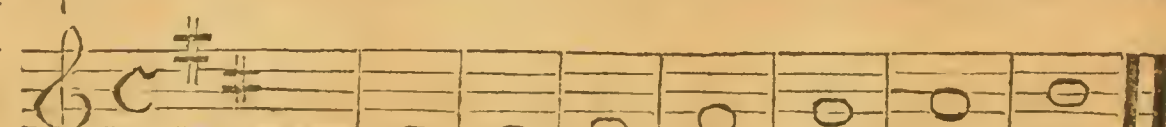
An Introduction to Singing.

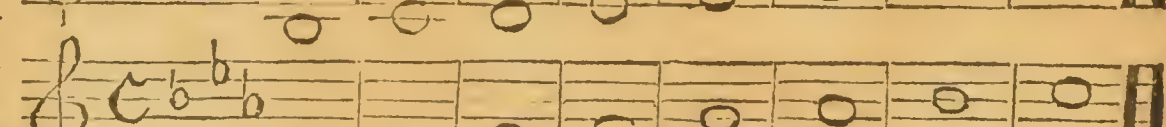
Of the K E Y S used in Music.

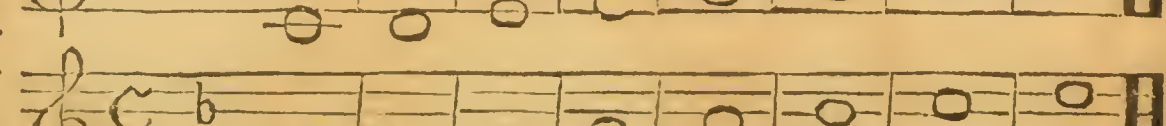
THERE are properly but two Keys in Music, one Flat, the other Sharp; but by the help of Sharps and Flats they have been increased to the number of Sixteen; of which eight are Flat Keys, and eight Sharp Keys, as follow.


A SCALE of the F L A T K E Y S.

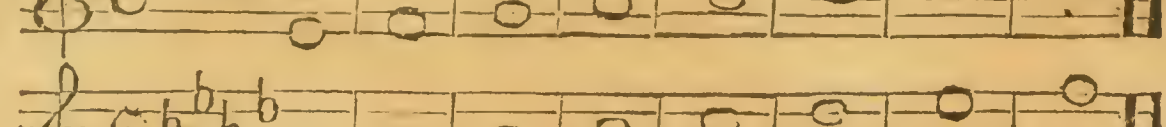
A-RE, the Natural Key, a *flat third*. 

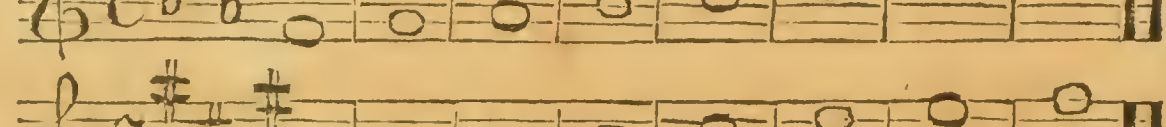
B-MI Natural, a *flat third*. 

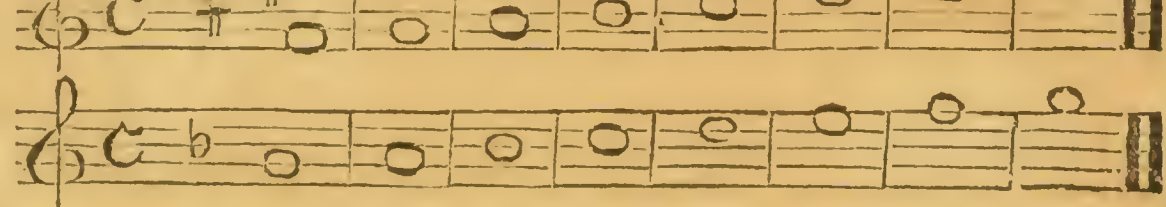
C-FAUT, a *flat third*. 

D-SOLRE Natural, a *flat third*. 

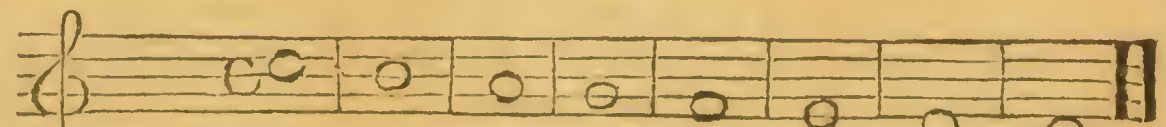
E-LAMI Natural, a *flat third*. 


F-FAUT Natural, a *flat third*. 


F-FAUT Sharp, a *flat third*. 

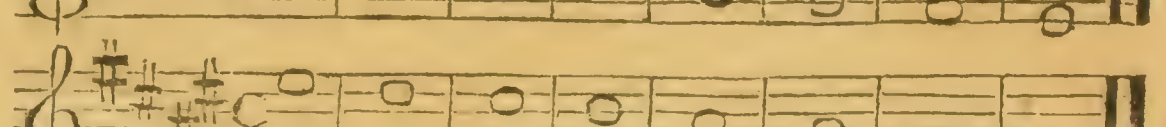
GAMUT, with a *flat third*. 


A SCALE of the S H A R P K E Y S.

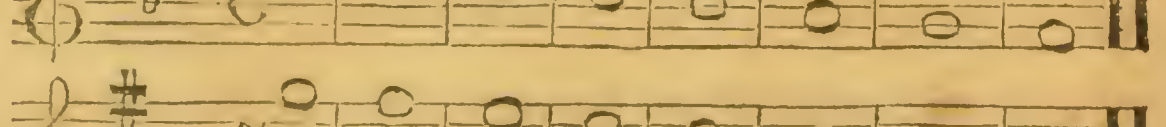
C-FAUT, the Nat. Key, a *sharp third*. 

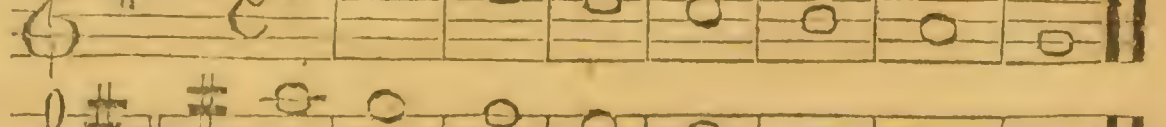
D-SOLRE, a *sharp third*. 

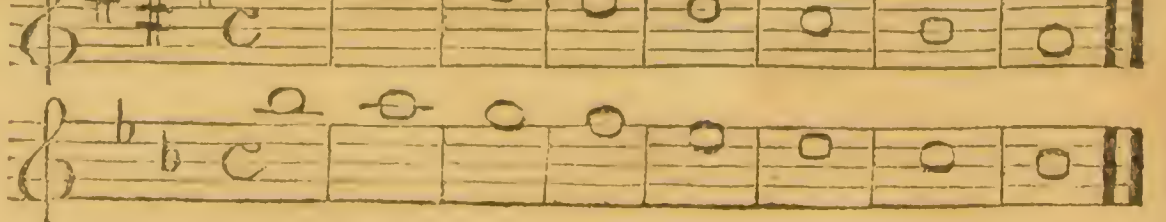
E-LAMI Elat, with a *sharp third*. 

E-LAMI Natural, a *sharp third*. 


F-FAUT, a *sharp third*. 

GAMUT, a *sharp third*. 

A-RE, with a *sharp third*. 

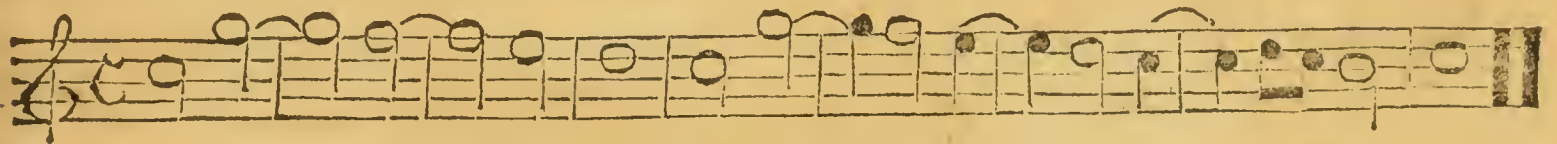
B-MI Elat, with a *sharp third*. 

Note. THE first Note in each of the foregoing Flat Keys is called a *La*, the second *Mi*, &c; and the first Note in each of the Sharp Keys a *Fa*, the second *Mi*, &c.

N. B. A Key is known to be Flat or Sharp not by what Flats or Sharps are set at the Beginning of a Tune, but by the *third* above the last Note, or Key Note; for if a *third* contains two whole Tones it is a Sharp Key, but if only a Tone and a half 'tis a Flat Key: For Example, if D be the Key Note, reckon from D to E is a whole Tone, and from E to F (as F is a Flat Note in the Gamut) half a Tone, which makes a Flat Key; but if F be marked sharp at the beginning there are two whole Tones from D to F, which make a Sharp Key.  Always name your Key in reference to the Bass. *Note also*, that if a Tune ends by a *La* it is Flat, but if by a *Fa* it is Sharp; for all Tunes must end either a Note above the *Mi*, or a Note below.

OF SYNCOPATION, or Driving-Notes.

SYNCOPATION is when the Hand or Foot is taking up or putting down while a Note is sounding, which is pretty hard to a Beginner; but when this is conquer'd he may think himself a pretty good Timist. The following is an Example.




To make the TRILLO, or SHAKE.

THE Trill, or Shake, (marked *t*, or *tr.*) is the chief Grace in Singing, and has a fine Effect when well performed. To learn this you must move your Voice easily on one Syllable, the distance of a whole Tone, as in the Example.

Example of a Trill, or Shake.

First move your Voice slowly, then faster, by Degrees, and it will come to you with a little



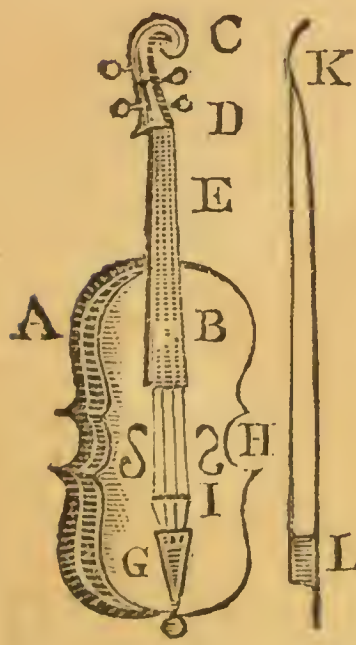
Practice; but you must be sure to let E and D be both heard distinctly.  The *Trill* or *Shake* is to be made on all descending Prickt Crotchets, and also when the Note before it is in the same Line or Space with it; likewise generally before a Close, either in the Middle or at the End of a Song.

OF TRANSPOSITION.

To transpose a Song or Lesson that is too high, or too low, or in a bad Key for a Voice or Instrument, you must first see what Compass the Tune requires; that is, how high and how low it goes, and accordingly take your Measure; and be careful that you alter it to the easiest Keys you can, those that are most natural to your Instrument, and such as have the nearest Relation to the other.—The last Note of a Tune, as before observed, tells you what Key it is, whether A, B, C, D, E, &c; therefore, suppose, for Example, you had a Song or Lesson in E Sharp, and you wanted it transposed into G, which is a Third higher; look in the foregoing Scale for Gamut with a Sharp Third, which is the third Stave from the bottom; so placing the Sharp as at the Beginning, and writing each Note a Third higher than it is in the Copy, you have the Tune right, in the desir'd Key.

You may transpose into any of the Keys in the above Scales, observing the Distance or number of Notes from the Key Note of your Copy to the first Note of the Key you transpose into, and putting the same number of Flats and Sharps at the Beginning as in the Scale.

Instructions for the Violin.



THE Violin is justly esteemed the finest and most complete of any Single Instrument, having a large extent of Notes, and being capable of double Notes, Chords, &c. which make a great Variety. Tho' this Instrument is common, it may not be improper here to describe the principal Parts thereof; where A is the Back, B the Belly, C the Head, D the Nut, E the Neck, F the Fingerboard, G the Tailpiece, H the Sidebouts, and I the Bridge. K is Bow, L the Nut of the Bow. See the Cut.

THE first Thing necessary to be learnt is the Scale of the Gamut, as follows, which the Learner must get by Heart, having a particular Regard to every Line and Space, as also to the respective Notes placed on each, that he may be able to know them by their proper Names, G, A, B, C, &c. readily, whenever he shall see them in any Place or Lesson whatsoever.

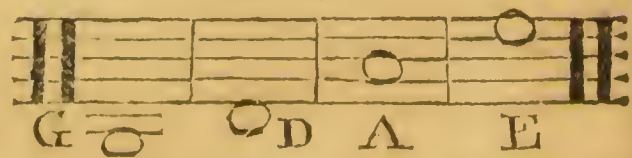
The GAMUT for the VIOLIN.

Bass, or Fourth String.				Third String.				Second String.				Treble, or First String.				
0	1	2	3	0	1	2	3	0	1	2	3	0	1	2	3	4
Gamut or G-solreut	A-lamire	B-fabemi	C-solfaut	D-lasobre	E-lami	F-faut	G-solreut	A-lamire	B-fabemi	C-solfaut	D-lasol	E-lami	F-faut in Alt	G-solreut in Alt	A-lamire in Alt	B-fabemi in Alt

O signifies open, 1 the first Finger, 2 the second, 3 the third, and 4 the fourth, or Little Finger.

THE next Thing to be learnt is the Method of tuning the Instrument, which is by Fifths; thus the fourth String open is G; the third String open D, which is a fifth to G; the second String open A, which is a fifth to D; and the first String open E, which is a fifth to A, as in the Example. But if you cannot tune your Violin by the help of the former Directions, the following Method may assist you.

Example.



Measure out the several Lines from the Nut which are drawn across the Strings in the ensuing Example, [p. 10] and draw a Line with Pen and Ink across the Fingerboard of your Violin at the same distance from the Nut as the lowest Line in the Example: Having so done, screw up the first String to as high a Pitch as it will moderately

moderately bear ; then put your Little Finger on the aforementioned Mark, on the second String, and screw it higher or lower till it gives the same Sound (which is called an Unison) as the first String does when open : After that put your Little Finger on the third String, and, in the same Manner, cause it to give the same sound as the second String when open ; and lastly, put your Little Finger on the fourth String, and cause that to have the same sound as the third String open.

Directions for holding the VIOLIN, and playing the Gamut.

THE Violin must be rested just below the Collar-bone, turning the Right-hand side of it a little downwards, that the Bow need not be raised very high when the fourth String is to be struck. The Head of the Violin must be nearly horizontal with that Part which rests against the Breast, that the Hand may shift with Facility, without danger of dropping the Instrument. The Neck must rest between the Thumb and Finger of the Left Hand, a little lower than the top of the Neck, not griping it hard, but so as you can move your Hand easily, to shift, &c ; and to find when your Hand is in the right position, that is neither too near the Nut nor too far from it, place your third Finger on the first String, and, striking that and the second String open together, cause them, by shifting the Finger higher or lower, to sound an Octave or distance of eight Notes, which you will soon be able to distinguish ; and so you may proceed to play the Notes of the Gamut : To which purpose it may be proper to observe that there are four Notes appertaining to the fourth String, or Bass, namely G, A, B and C.—G is to be play'd open ; A must be stopped with the first Finger, about an Inch and a half from the Nut ; B with the second Finger, about the same distance from the first, and C with the third Finger close to the second. The third String has also four Notes, which are D, E, F and G.—D is struck open ; E is to be stopped with the first Finger, about an Inch and a half from the Nut ; F with the second Finger close to the first, and G with the third Finger about an Inch and half from the second. The second String has likewise four Notes, A, B, C and D, and are stopped the same as the third String. The Treble, or first String, has usually five Notes appropriated thereto, which are E, F, G, A and B.—E is struck open ; F is stopped with the fore Finger near the Nut ; G with the second Finger about an Inch and half from the first ; A with the third Finger about the same distance from the second, and B with the little Finger the same distance from the third. It will be best to strike the first Note with a down Bow, the second with an up Bow, the third with a down Bow, &c. Hold your Bow fast between the Thumb and fore Finger of your Right Hand, about two Inches from the Nut, spreading the other Fingers out towards the bottom, so as to ballance and command the top ; and draw the Bow, across the Strings, exactly parallel to the Bridge.

OF FLATS and SHARPS, &c.


BEFORE we proceed any further it will be necessary to take Notice of the *Flats* and *Sharps*, which Characters, marked as in the Margin, are very essential to Music, and must be particularly regarded. If a *Flat* be placed before any Note it denotes that such Note (and all the following, in the same Bar, except mark'd to the contrary) must be sung or play'd half a Note lower than it's Natural Pitch. The *Sharp* is of a contrary Nature ; for whereas the *Flat* takes away a Semitone, or half a Note, from the Sound of the Note before which it is set, the *Sharp* adds a Semitone to whatever Note it is set before : For Example, if a *Flat* (or *Flats*) be fixt at the beginning of any of the five Lines, it not only affects every Note on such Line or Space, but also all the Notes of that Denomination thro' the whole Movement ; so if a *Flat* be fixed on the middle Line, which is B, all the B's (or Octaves) both above and below that Line must be play'd flat, except mark'd to the contrary





OF TIME.


Example of COMMON TIME.

A Semibreve is equal,  in Length, to


Minims 


Crotchets 


Quavers 


Semi-Quavers 

Example of TRIPLE TIME.

A Prickt Minim is  equal to

Crotchets 

Quavers 

Semi-Quavers 

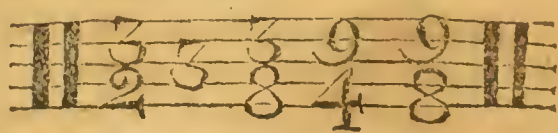
THERE are two Sorts of *Time*, *Common* and *Triple*. *Common Time* is known by some of the following Marks or Characters. The first of these Marks denotes the slowest kind of Movement, and contains a Semibreve (or as many other Notes as are equal to it's length) in a Bar, and must be held as long as you can distinctly tell 1, 2, 3, 4. The second denotes a Movement somewhat faster than the former, and contains also a Semibreve in a Bar. The third denotes a brisk Movement, and contains but one Minim, or two Crotchets, &c. in a Bar.—This is called *Retortive Time*. The fourth Mark contains twelve Quavers (or Notes to their Value) in a Bar; the fifth six Quavers in a Bar, and the last six Crotchets in a Bar. These three last Characters are fixed to Jiggs, &c.

Marks of Common Time.








Triple Time is known by the following Characters; the first of which has three Minims in a Bar, and is the slowest Triple Time in use. The second contains three Crotchets in a Bar, and is fixed to Minuets, and play'd quicker than the former. The third contains three Quavers in a Bar, and is the quickest. The fourth contains nine Crotchets in a Bar; the last nine Quavers. These last are rarely made use of, and then to Jiggs.

Marks of Triple Time.

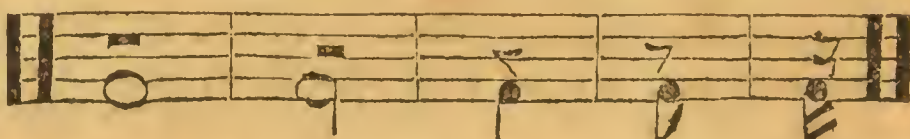


A POINT or Dot added to any Note, whether Minim, Crotchet, &c. makes it half as long again; and must always be put on the right Side of the Note, as in the following Example.

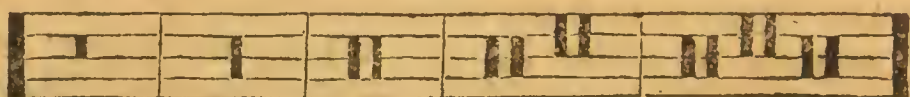
 is as long as    

Example of RESTS.

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semi-gr.



2 Bars. 4 Bars 8 Bars. 16 Bars. 24 Bars.



Note. A Semibreve Rest is a whole Bar, in any Time whatever.

Instructions for the Violin.

OF BARS, CLIFFS, REPEATS, &c.

Single Bar. Double Bar. Repeats. Directs. Pause. Da Capo.



A SINGLE Bar serves to divide the Time according to it's different Measures, whether *Common* or *Triple*. A Double Bar serves to divide every Strain or Part of a Song or Lesson. A Direct is put at the end of a Stave, and serves to direct to the Place of the first Note in the next Stave. A *Pause* signifies that the Note over which it is placed must be held out somewhat longer than the usual Time.—The same Mark also denotes the End of a Tune. A *Repeat* signifies that such a Part of a Song or Lesson must be perform'd over again from the Note over (or before) which it is put. *Da Capo* signifies the Tune does not end there, but must be begun again, and play'd till you come to the Mark \frown mention'd above to denote the End of the Tune. The Cliffs, (which see in the Margin) at the beginning of Music, are to distinguish one Part from another, as the *Treble* from the *Bass*, and the *Bass* from the *Tenor*. The *Treble Cliff* is generally fixt on the lowest Line but one, which is called G; tho' sometimes you will find it placed on the lowest Line, in which Case the Music is to be play'd a Third higher; and is mostly done to save *Ledger Lines*. \frown *Ledger Lines* are all those above or below the common Stave or five Lines. The *Tenor Cliff* is changeable, being sometimes fixed on one Line, sometimes on another; but on which Line soever it is fixt it is called C.—The *Tenor* is generally fixt on the Middle Line, and is play'd a Note lower than the *Bass*. The *Bass Cliff* is fixed on the fourth Line from the bottom, which is called F, and is play'd six Notes lower than the *Treble*.

Treble Cliff. Tenor. Bass Cliff.



Example of the Principal GRACES on the Violin.

Beat. Open Shake. Apogiatura. Swell. Staccatos. Slur.



A BEAT proceeds from the Note below that Note on which it is made, and must be heard before the Note is struck with the Bow; as for Example, in playing B you must first touch A open, and then beat down B with your fore Finger. An *Open Shake* comes from the next Note above; thus when you shake B, the Grace is taken from C, which you must touch a little and then shake it off; but be sure to let the proper Note B be heard at last.—Begin the Shake slow at first, and encrease it by Degrees. *Apogiatura*, or diminutive Notes, are exprest to sweeten or grace a Note, and must not be reckon'd in the Time. A *Swell* is done principally with the Bow. *Staccato*, marked with short perpendicular Strokes over the Notes, is an articulate or distinct Manner of Bowing; and when Dots are put over two or more Notes, with a curve Line drawn over them, it signifies that those Notes are all to be *staccato'd* with one Bow. A *Slur*, marked with a curve Line drawn over two or more Notes, is done with one Bow, instead of taking the Bow off and making separate Notes. The *Close Shake* cannot be described by Notes, as in the above Example. To perform it you must press the Finger strongly upon the String, and move the Wrist in and out slowly and equally: It may be made on any Note that is long enough to allow it. \frown There are several other Graces on the Violin, (See Mr. *Geminiani's Art of Playing on the Violin*, published in 1751, Price a Guinea) but as the Manner of performing them is difficult to describe, what is here said may be found sufficient, with proper Practice, to make a tolerable Performer.

A Representation of the Fingerboard of a Violin,

On which are marked all the TONES and SEMITONES within the Compaſs of that Inſtrument :

They are, according to the *Diatonic Scale*, Twenty-three in number, *viz.* Three Octaves and a Tone; and in every Octave of the *Diatonic Scale* there are five Tones and two of the greater Semitones. The Learner ought to have the Fingerboard of his VIOLIN marked in the following Manner, which will greatly facilitate his ſtopping in Tune.

The Nutt.

The diagram illustrates the violin fingerboard with four strings (G, D, A, E) and a nut at the top. The notes are arranged in a grid, with brackets indicating fingerings for the Little Finger, Third Finger, Second Finger, and First Finger. Open notes are also marked. The notes are: G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E.

Open Notes.

First Finger.

Second Finger.

Third Finger.

Little Finger.

Examples of all the GRACES and Ornaments of Expression on the Violin.

They are, according to Mr. GEMINIANI, fourteen in Number, viz.

1 t

Trillo Semplice.

Trillo Composto.

Apogiatura Superiore.

Apogiatura Inferiore.

5 t

Tratten. sopra la Nota.

Il simile.

Staccato.

Augmen. e Dimin. di Suono.

9 10

Piano.

Forte.

Anticipazione.

Separazione.

14

Separazione.

Mord.

Tremolo.

E X P L A N A T I O N

O F T H E

Foregoing GRACES and ORNAMENTS of EXPRESSION.

1. The Plain Shake.

THE *Plain Shake* is proper for quick Movements ; and it may be made upon any Note, observing after it to pass immediately to the ensuing Note.

2. The Turned Shake.

THE *Turned Shake* being made quick and long is fit to express Gaiety ; but if you make it short, and continue the length of the Note plain and soft, it may then express some of the more tender Passions.

3. The Superior Apogiatura.

THE *Superior Apogiatura* is supposed to express Love, Affection, Pleasure, &c. It should be made pretty long, giving it more than half the length or time of the Note it belongs to, observing to swell the Sound by degrees, and towards the End to force the Bow a little : If it be made short, it will lose much of the aforesaid Qualities ; but will always have a pleasing Effect, and it may be added to any Note you will.

4. The Inferior Apogiatura.

THE *Inferior Apogiatura* has the same Qualities with the preceding, except that it is much more confined, as it can only be made when the Melody rises the Interval of a Second or Third, observing to make a Beat on the following Note.

5. The Holding Note.

IT is necessary to use this often ; for were we to make Beats and Shakes continually, without sometimes suffering the pure Note to be heard, the Melody would be too much diversified.

6. The Staccato.

THIS expresses Rest, taking Breath, or changing a Word ; and for this Reason Singers should be careful to take Breath in a Place where it may not interrupt the Sense. *Staccato* is a distinct, articulate Manner of Bowing.

7. and 8. Swelling and Softening the Sound.

THESE two Elements may be used after each other ; they produce great Beauty and Variety in the Melody, and, employ'd alternately, they are proper for any Expression or Measure.

9 and 10. Piano and Forte.

THEY are both extremely necessary to express the Intention of the Melody ; and as all good Music should be composed in Imitation of a Discourse, these two Ornaments are designed to produce the same Effects that an Orator does by raising and falling his Voice.

11. Anticipation.

11. Anticipation.

ANTICIPATION was invented with a view to vary the Melody, without altering it's Intention. When it is made with a Beat or Shake, and swelling the Sound, it will have a greater Effect, especially if you observe to make use of it when the Melody rises or descends the Interval of a Second.

12. The Separation.

THE *Separation* is only designed to give a Variety to the Melody, and takes place most properly when the Note rises a Second or Third; as also when it descends a Second, and then it will not be amiss to add a Beat, and to swell the Note, and then make the *Apogiatura* to the following Note. By this Tenderness is express'd.

13. The Beat.

THIS is proper to express several Passions; as for Example, if it be perform'd with Strength, and continued long, it expresses Fury, Anger, Resolution, &c. If it be play'd less strong and shorter, it expresses Mirth, Satisfaction, &c. But if you play it quite soft, and swell the Note, it may then denote Horror, Fear, Grief, Lamentation, &c. By making it short and swelling the Note gently, it may express Affection and Pleasure.

14. The Close Shake.

THIS cannot possibly be described by Notes as in former Examples. To perform it, you must press the Finger strongly upon the String of the Instrument, and move the Wrist in and out slowly and equally, when it is long continued swelling the Sound by Degrees drawing the Bow nearer to the Bridge, and ending it very strong it may express Majesty, Dignity, &c. But making it shorter, lower and softer, it may denote Affliction, Fear, &c. and when it is made on short Notes, it only contributes to make their Sound more agreeable, and for this Reason it should be made use of as often as possible.

MEN of purblind Understandings, and half Ideas may perhaps ask, is it possible to give Meaning and Expression to Wood and Wire; or to bestow upon them the Power of raising and soothing the Passions of rational Beings? But whenever I hear such a Question put, whether for the Sake of Information, or to convey Ridicule, I shall make no Difficulty to answer in the Affirmative, and without searching over-deeply into the Cause, shall think it sufficient to appeal to the Effect. Even in common Speech a Difference of Tone gives the same Word a different Meaning. And with Regard to musical Performances, Experience has shewn that the Imagination of the Hearer is in general so much at the Disposal of the Master, that by the Help of Variations, Movements, Intervals and Modulation he may almost stamp what Impression on the Mind he pleases.

THESE extraordinary Emotions are indeed most easily excited when accompany'd with Words; and I would besides advise, as well the Composer as the Performer, who is ambitious to inspire his Audience, to be first inspired himself; which he cannot fail to be if he chuses a Work of Genius, if he makes himself thoroughly acquainted with all its Beauties; and if while his Imagination is warm and glowing he pours the same exalted Spirit into his own Performance.

Of BOWING.

THO' 'tis difficult to lay down any certain Rule for Bowing, by reason no two Persons bow alike, nor would the same Master bow one Piece of Music twice the same Way, yet it may not be improper to observe, That at the beginning of many Lessons you will find an odd Note excluded from the others by the first Bar, which must always be struck with an up Bow, that the Bar may be begun with a down Bow; but that wretched Way of beginning every Bar with a down Bow, which was formerly taught, is now justly exploded, as it tended only to confine the Bow-hand and consequently cramp the Execution. The Bow must be drawn smooth and evenly from one end to the other, pressing it only with the fore Finger, more or less, on the Strings; and all long Notes should be begun soft, gradually swelled to the Middle, and from thence gradually soften'd to the end.

To play the Bass Part on the VIOLIN.

To know the Bass Cliff on the Violin is very useful, and easily attained by the help of the following Gamut, where in the upper Stave are the Notes in the Bass Cliff, and in the lower those Notes as they are play'd on the Violin: Only observe that in the Bass Part you will often meet with Notes lower than are marked in this Scale, which Notes are out of the Compass of the Violin, and so must be play'd the Octave above.

Gamut for the Bass on the VIOLIN.

G A B C D E F G A B C D E F G A

Bass or Fourth String.
Third String.
Second String.
Treble, or First String.


Note, When the *Tenor Cliff* is found in the Bass Part it denotes that all the Notes following, till the Bass Cliff is again introduced, must be play'd a Fifth higher, which is easily done by skipping a String and playing them on the next higher.

Instructions for the German Flute.

Of the POSTURE of the Body, and Placing the Hands.

THE Body, sitting or standing, should be erect, the Head rather raised than inclined, and somewhat turn'd to the left Shoulder; the Hands high, without raising the Elbows or Shoulders; the left Wrist bent inwards, and the left Arm close to the Body. When standing stand firm, advancing the left Foot a little, and bearing the weight of the Body on the right Leg, without Constraint, and avoid all Motion of the Head or Body in beating Time. The Flute must be held between the Thumb and fore Finger of the left Hand, which must be uppermost; the first and second Fingers something more arched than the third; all the Fingers of the right Hand almost strait, the Thumb overagainst the fourth Hole or a little lower; the little Finger between the sixth Hole and the bottom Piece, and the Wrist bent a little inward. Keep the Flute almost strait, a little inclining to the lower Part.

Of FILLING the Flute

THO' some think this cannot be taught by Rules, yet the Description of a good Master, and Method, may facilitate the doing of it. Observe therefore the Lips are to be close, except just in the Middle, to give passage to the Wind, and must be contracted gently, even and smooth rather than pouting out. Place the Mouth-hole (the Flute resting on the under Lip) just opposite this Opening of the Lips, and blow moderately, (all the Holes open) turning the Flute outward or inward till you find the true Point.  Sitting before a Looking-Glass will be of some use. When the right Tone is found, place on the Fingers of the Left-Hand singly, blowing three or four Times to each Note to be sure of the true Tone; after that do the same with the right Hand. The first Note (*i. e.* all the Holes stopped) being difficult, 'twere best not to try at it till Practice has made the Flute easy to the Hand. When filling the Instrument is quite attained, consult the following Explanation of the Scale or Gamut.

An Explanation of the first SCALE of Natural Tones.

IN the upper Part of this Scale are the Notes placed on five parallel Lines, and distinguished by the Letters, D, E, F, &c. The *G-solreut Cliff*, which is placed at the Beginning of these five Lines and gives its Name to the Second, (on which 'tis placed) is most in use for Flute-Music: By this the Place of every other Note is found, according to it's Order on the Scale. The black Dots on the seven Lines below, representing the seven Holes on the Flute, shew the Holes on the Flute answering those Lines must be stopt, and those answering the white Ones open, to produce the Tone of the Note they stand under. This Scale contains the whole Compass of Notes on the German-Flute, whether Natural, Sharp, or Flat, and consists of two Octaves and some few Notes. The first Octave runs from the first Note to the Thirteenth; from that to the Twenty-first is the Second, which being stopped (except a few Notes) much like the first, the Manner of blowing only makes the Difference: The white Notes, or Minims, are Natural; the black Ones, or Crotchets, are Flats and Sharps. Beginners should first study only the Natural Notes. All the Holes (which ought) being perfectly stopt, blow gently for the lower Notes, growing stronger as they ascend, and strike every Note with the Tongue, as if the Syllable *tu* was pronounced.

THE Scale shews the first Note, D, is all the Holes stopp'd; the next, E, unstop the sixth Hole, as the white Dot on the sixth Line directs; so stop and open according to the black and white Dots for every other Note; only observe for F always to turn the Flute inwards (by inclining the Head a little) restoring it to it's former Position for G. If D is blown too strong it will be an Octave too high, yet it must be a little stronger than C, the Note before, as must each ascending Note be blown something stronger than the next before it: The Lips must be brought closer and the Tongue nearer for the high Notes: The Fingers must not be raised too high, and must fall plumb on the Holes. *N. B.* The seventh Hole is opened by pressing the Top of the Brass-Key with the little Finger. The second C being higher on some Flutes than others, lower it by turning the Flute outwards, or sound it as Note the Thirty-fifth in the Scale; but if it be too Flat, then raise it by stopping the third, fifth and sixth Holes, instead of the second, fourth, and fifth. All above the third E are forc'd Tones, and seldom used unless in Preludes. F in alt is made by stopping the first, second, fourth, and half the fifth, and opening the third, sixth and seventh Holes, blowing very sharp.—For the same Note sharp stop all but the second Hole. G is made by opening the first and third Holes. These are not to be depended on, therefore are not in the Scale; besides, the second G is high enough, till you are very perfect to that.

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the first being taken from F natural a whole Note, and the second from E natural half a Note distant. There is the same difference in all other Notes of the same kind: Thus F sharp, taken from G sharp, is begun with the Flute turned inwards, and ended with turning it outwards: Others begin and end quite contrarily, all Shakes being adjusted by the Notes they begin and end with. ☞ Shakes are seldom practised on any Note above B in Alt, 23. A *Cadence* is a Shake at the End of a Tune, not confined to Time. A *Double Cadence* is a Shake follow'd by two Semi-quavers slurr'd or tipp'd. The *Accent* is a Sound borrow'd from the end of a Note to give a greater Expression; as in the following Example.

Accents. *Double Cadences.*

Tu, tu, tu, tu, tu, tu tu tutu tu. Tu tu, tu tu tu, ru tu.

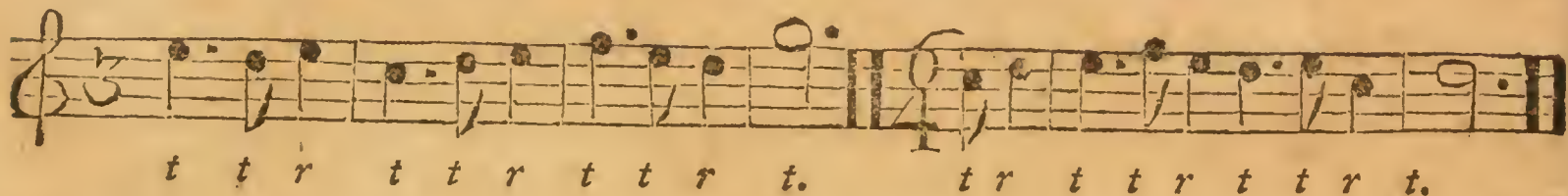
A BEAT is made the same as a Shake, only begun from the lower Note and ended with the upper, the Finger off except on D. The *Softening*, or lesser Shake, is begun and ended the same as the Beat, only it is made on a Hole distant from the Note, or on the edge of the same; thus G natural may be soften'd either on the edge of the fourth Hole, (which Hole open produces G) or full on the fifth, a Hole further from it.

Of Performing the BEATS and SOFTENINGS.

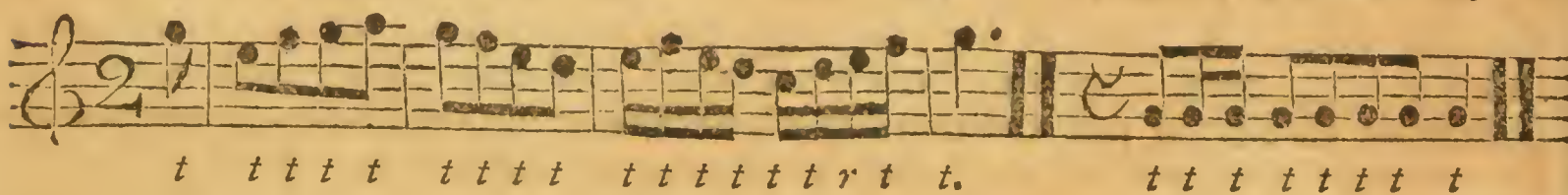
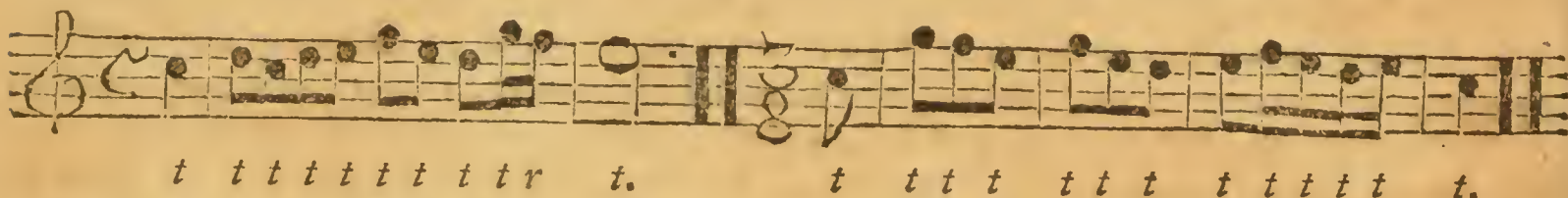
D NATURAL, the first Note, is softened by shaking the Flute, and has no Beat, the Fingers being all employ'd to form the Note. D sharp and E flat are softened the same Way, and beat on the Key, ending with it on. E natural is softened on the Edge of the sixth Hole, and beat full on the same. F sharp and natural are the same on the fifth; G natural on the fourth, or softened full on the fifth. G sharp and A flat are softened on the Edge of the third Hole, and beat full on the third Hole. A natural may be softened full on the fourth. A sharp, or B flat, softened and beat full on the sixth, unless preceded by a *Port-de-voix*, for then it must be beat on the second. B natural is softened full on the third, and beat full on the second. C natural is softened full on the fourth, beat on that and the fifth at the same time; but if preceded by a *Port-de-voix* on the first. C sharp, or D flat, is softened on the second Hole, and beat on the first. D natural is softened on the second full, and, when play'd in a natural Key, beat on the fourth; but when you play in a Key where C is sharp, on the second and third at once, both Softening and Beat beginning and ending with the Finger on. The same for D sharp, or E flat, which are softened on the first Hole: But D sharp beat on the second and third, the first open; and E flat on the Key, as was shewn above. B flat (all between the last Note and this agreeing with their Octaves) is soften'd on the edge of, and beat full on the fourth, unless following a *Port-de-voix*, then it is beat on the second. C natural may be softened and beat either on the third or sixth, and if after a *Port-de-voix* on the first. D natural and D sharp, or E flat, are softened and beat like their Octaves; but E flat may be beat on the fifth and sixth Holes at once, keeping the fourth and seventh open 'till the Beat is finish'd. E natural is softened on the Edge of the third Hole, and beat full on the same. Notes higher than these are very uncertain, and therefore omitted; nor can all these be depended on, neither ought they to be too hastily attempted. 'Tis scarce possible to lay down any Rule to shew on what Notes these Graces may, or may not, be made; but, in general, long Notes, as Semibreves, Minims and pointed Crotchets are softened; and Crotchets and Quavers, in light Movements and where they pass equally, are beat: But the best Method of teaching the Ear (which in this Case is the best Judge) what Notes these Graces most agree with, is to play only, for some time, such

Instructions for the German Flute.

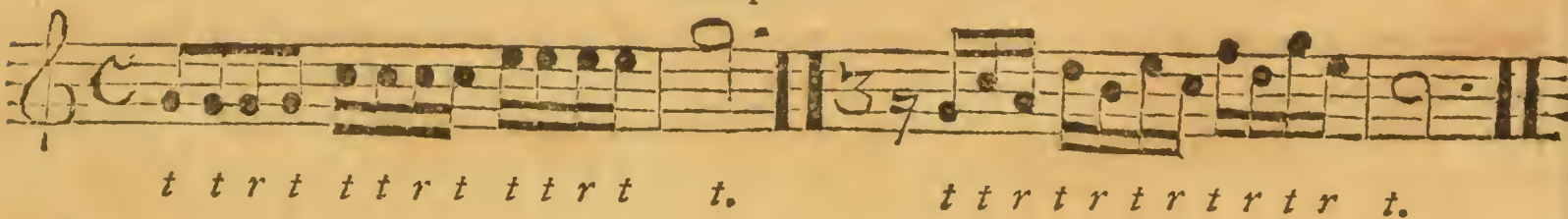
IN Triple and Jigg Time of $\frac{6}{4}$ *ru* is used for the Note following a Quaver which ascends or descends but one Note. The following is an Example.



IN Movements where Quavers are held like Crotchets, and Semiquavers like Quavers, the first must be play'd equally, (*tu* pronounced to them all) and the latter pointed; and to them *ru* is used, as directed before for the Quavers, whether they stand on one Line or skip. The same Rule stands for $\frac{6}{8}$ $\frac{12}{8}$ and $\frac{9}{8}$.

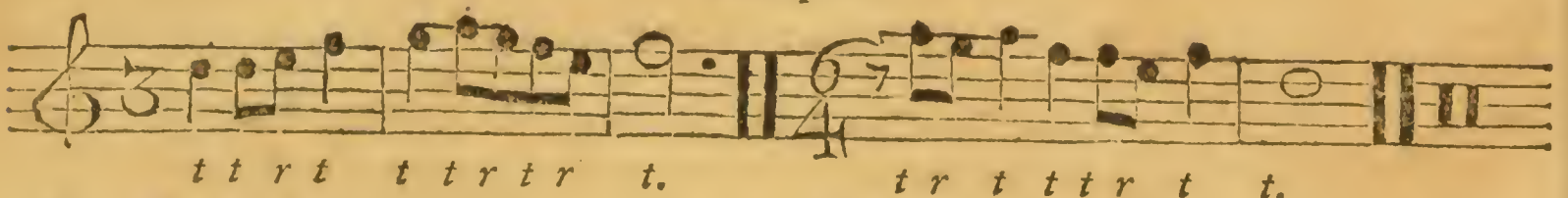


THESE Rules admit of a few Exceptions, in some Cases, as in the following Examples.

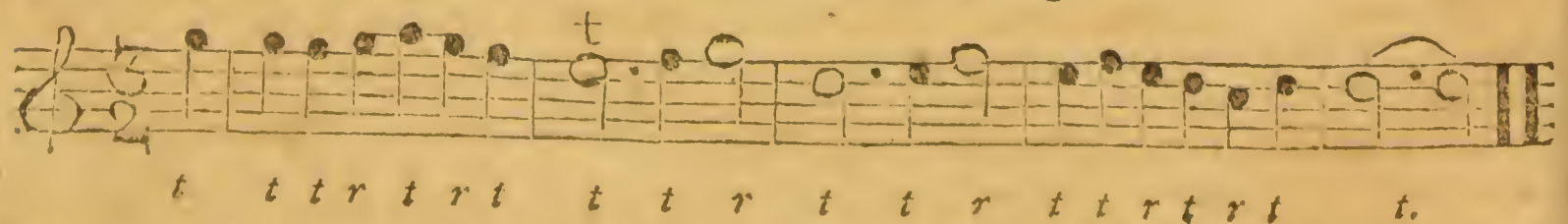


WHEN two Quavers are mixed with Crotchets, or two Semiquavers with Quavers, *tu ru* are pronounced to the two first of each; but as this is chiefly done for a greater Sweetening the Ear must be consulted, and that Way used which is most agreeable, without any regard to these Rules, the ranging of Notes, or difference of Movements; only *ru* should not be pronounced on a Shake, or two Notes together.

Examples.

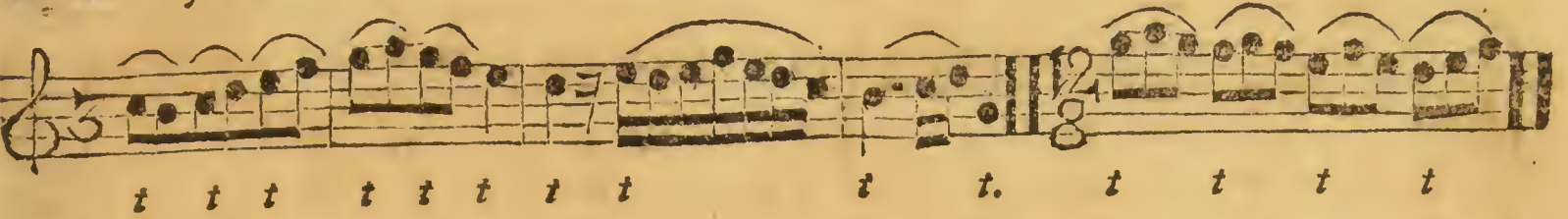


IN double Triple Time, or $\frac{3}{2}$, Minims are held but as Crotchets, and Crotchets as Quavers; therefore Crotchets must be pointed according to the Rule before you for Quavers, and *ru* is always used on Minims following a Crotchet, when they rise or fall but one Note; as in the Example next following.

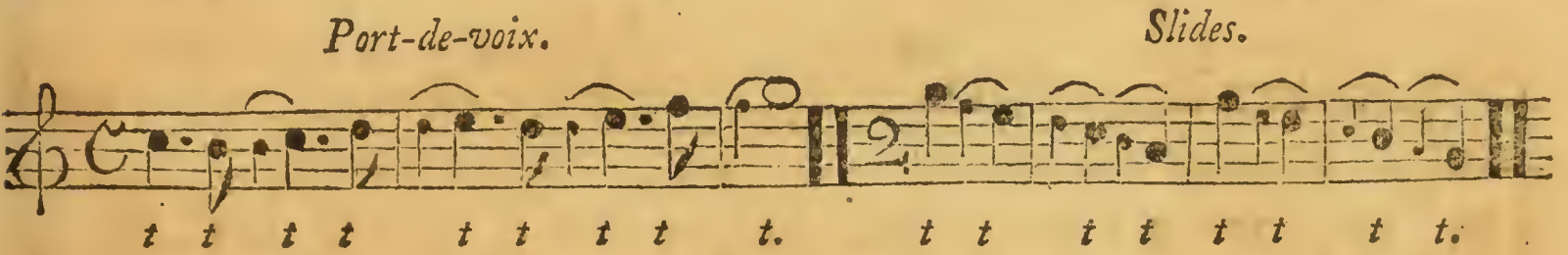


Instructions for the German Flute.

SLURRING is when two or more Notes are passed over with one Tip, which is marked by a curve Line over or under the Heads of Notes.



THE little Notes following, which denote the *Port-de-voix* and *Slide*, are a tipping with the Tongue, anticipated by one Note below that on which 'tis made.— The *Slide* is taken a Note above, and is never practised but in descending to a Third. They are never reckon'd into the Time.



Observe, THAT the Tonguing is soft on the *German Flute*, more distinct on the *Flute-a-bec* or *Common Flute*, and very strong on the *Hautboy*.

FOR TRANSPOSITION, &c. See p. 6.

Instructions for the Hautboy.

THE HAUTOY is a very fine Instrument, and when well performed is equal, if not preferable, in Tone, to the *German Flute*. 'Tis Pity it is not practised more, being particularly oblig'd in Overtures, &c.

A SCALE of the Plain Notes on the HAUTOY.

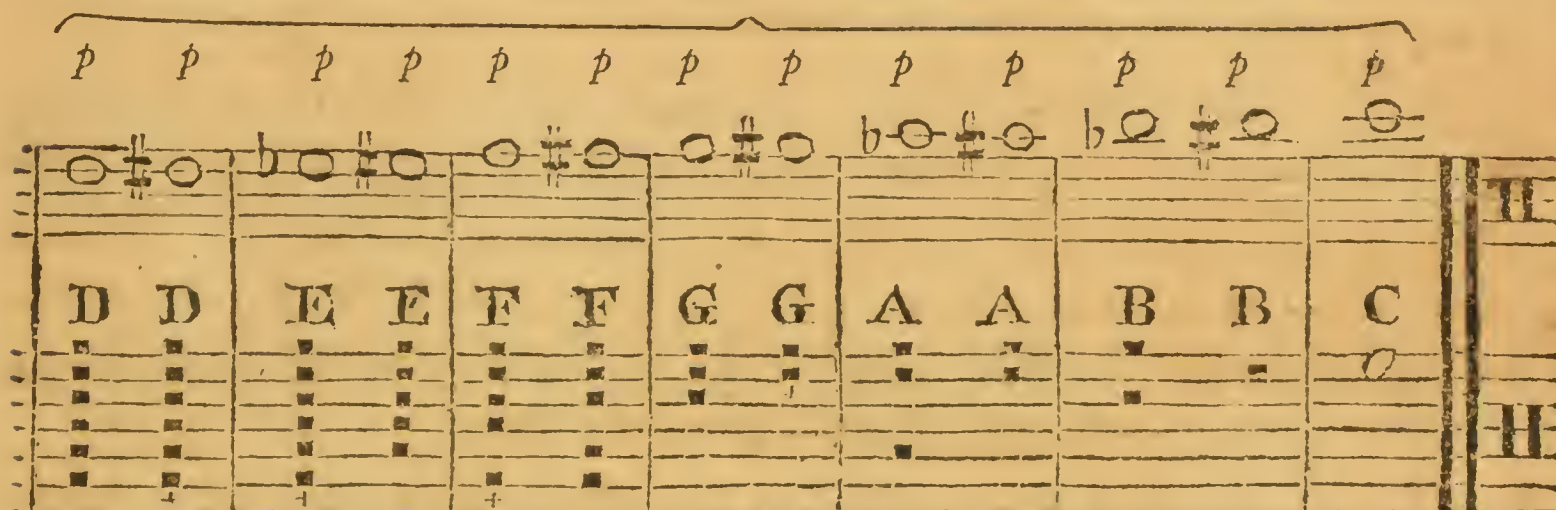
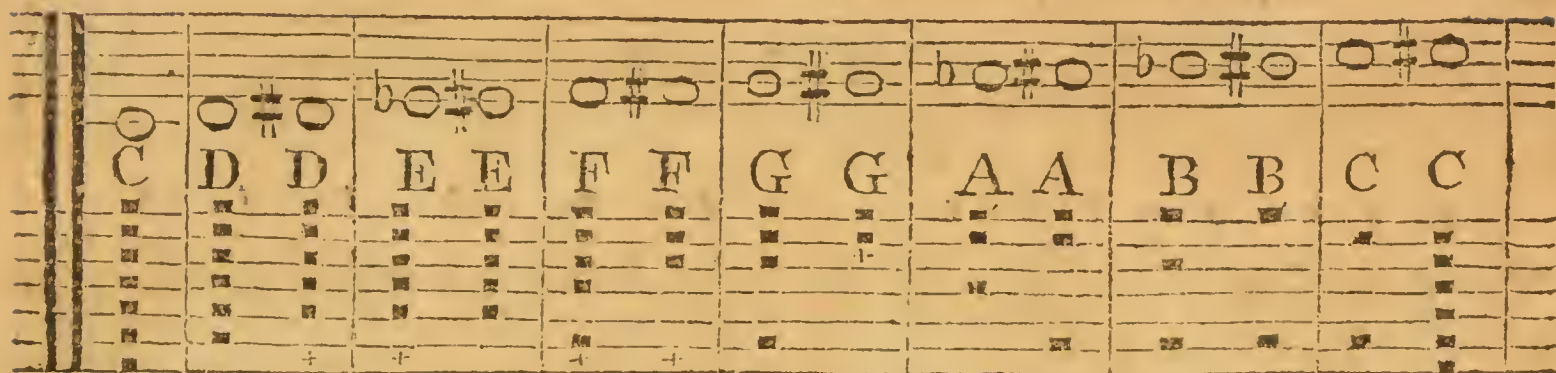
GAMUT

	C-faut	D-solre	E-lami	F-faut	G-solreut	A-lamire	B-fabemi	C-solfa	D-lasolre	E-la in Alt	F-faut in Alt	G-solreut in Alt	A-lamire in Alt	B-fabemi in Alt	C-solfaut in Alt
Left H. {	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3	1	2	3
Right. {															

HAVING perused the above Scale, or Gamut, and taken particular Notice of every Note, and of the Line or Space on which it stands, so that you can readily tell it's Name and know how to touch it on your Instrument in any other Place or Lesson, you may then have Recourse to the following General Scale of all the Notes, flat and sharp, and by taking Care to place your Fingers as the Dots direct you may with Ease attain to play them.

20. Instructions for the Hautboy.

A SCALE of all the Notes, flat and sharp, on the HAUTBOY.



WHERE you meet with a Cross placed on the third Line it shews that you must stop but one of those two Holes that are cover'd with the third Finger of your Left Hand, but let that be the Hole which is next your Hand. Observe that where this Mark [p] is put over the Notes in the Scale, which begin at *D-solre* and so on all the Notes in Alt, you must press the Reed almost close between your Lips, and blow stronger than you did before, and the higher you go continue blowing stronger.

The Manner of holding the HAUTBOY, and playing the Notes.

PLACE your Left Hand uppermost, and your Right Hand below ; and let the fore Finger of your Left Hand cover the first Hole, the second Finger the second Hole, and the third Finger the next two Holes : In like Manner the fore Finger of your Right Hand must stop the next two Holes, then place the second Finger of the same Hand on the next Hole, the third Finger on the lowest Hole in View, and the little Finger will command the biggest Brass Key, so that by pressing it down pretty hard it will cover the lowest Hole. Thus all the Holes of your Pipe being stoppt, blow something strong and you will distinctly hear *C-faut*, which is the lowest Note on the Hautboy. *D-solre* is the second Note, and to sound that you must lift up the Little Finger of your Right Hand. For *E-lami*, the third Note, take up the third Finger of your Right Hand. For *F-faut*, the fourth Note, take up the second Finger and put down the third Finger of your Right Hand, together with the little Finger of the same Hand on the small Brass Key. For *G-solreut*, the fifth Note, take up the little Finger, with the second and first Finger of your Right Hand. For *A-lamire*, the sixth Note, you must keep the first and second Fingers of your Left Hand and the third Finger of your Right Hand close stoppt. For *B-fabemi*, the seventh Note, stop the fore Finger of your Left Hand and the third Finger of your Right. For *C-solfaut*, the eighth Note, stop only the second Finger of your Left Hand and the third of your Right. For *D-solre*, the ninth Note, stop all, only keep the Little Finger off the Brass Key, and press the Reed between your Lips almost close together, and blow stronger than you did before, whereupon you will hear a sound the distance of a Note above the former ; but it ought to be observed that in all the following Notes which are above this *C*, the Reed must be kept pressed between your Lips, as you did for the preceding Note ; and the higher you go still continue blowing

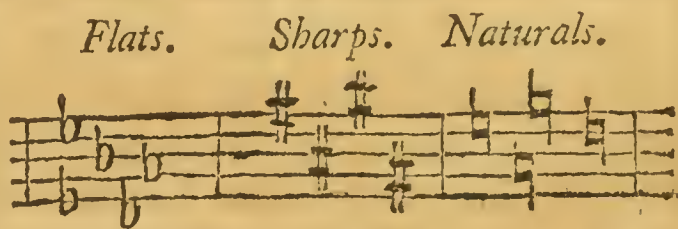
ing

ing something stronger. To sound *E-la in alt*, the tenth Note, take up the third Finger of your Right Hand.—Forget not to order the Reed according to the former Direction. For *F-faut in alt*, the eleventh Note, take up the second Finger of your Right Hand and set down the third Finger of the same Hand, placing the little Finger on the small Brass Key. For *G-solreut in alt*, the twelfth Note, take up all the Fingers of your Right Hand, and stop all those of your Left. *A-lamire in alt*, the thirteenth Note, is sounded by stopping only the first and second Fingers of your Left Hand. *B-fabemi in alt*, the fourteenth Note, is sounded by stopping the second Finger of your Left Hand. *C-faut in alt*, the fifteenth or highest Note, is sounded by keeping all the Fingers open.

UNDER the first Scale of Notes, before delineated, I have described seven Lines, signifying the seven Fingers, and the Dots marked on them are to shew which Fingers must be stopt and which not; but on the lowest Line you will sometimes find a Cross, which denotes that your little Finger must be set on the lesser Brass Key, which lifts that off from the Hole. Again, when a Dot is placed on the lower Line you must put your little Finger on the large Key, until it beats that down to cover the Hole. Observe likewise, when this Mark [*p*] is put over any Note the Reed is to be pressed close together and blown stronger, as before directed.

Of FLATS, and SHARPS, &c.

A FLAT placed before any Note makes it half a Tone lower, and a Sharp adds a Semitone, or half a Note, to whatever Note it is fixt before. The Natural serves to reduce Notes made flat or sharp by the governing Flats or Sharps to their proper Pitch, as they stand in the Gamut—They are marked as in the Margin. For a further Explanation see Instructions for the Violin, p. 9.

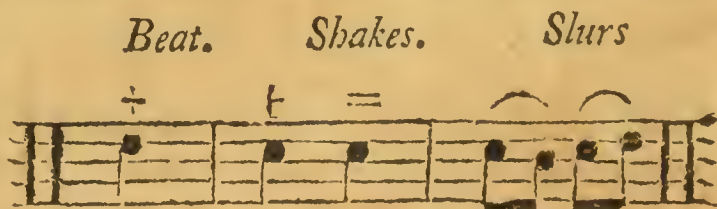


Of TIME, &c.

THERE are two Sorts of Time, *Common* and *Triple*. *Common Time* contains one Semibreve, two Minims, four Crotchets, &c. in a Bar. *Triple Time* contains three Minims, three Crotchets, &c. in a Bar. See p. 11.

Example of all the GRACES on the HAUTBOY.

A BEAT proceeds from the Note below that on which it is made, which must be just touch'd before the other is play'd; as for Example, in playing D you must just touch C, by beating down the large Brass Key with your Little Finger. A Shake, marked either of the Ways as in the Example, comes from the next Note above; thus when you shake C the Grace is taken from D, which you must first touch and then shake it off, but be sure to let the proper Note C be heard at last. A Slur is a curve Line, drawn over or under the Heads of two or more Notes, and signifies that all those Notes are to be sounded in one Breath.



FOR the greater Satisfaction and Encouragement of the Practitioner I have subjoin'd the following Scale, wherein all the Notes and Half Notes and the Beats and Shakes on each are delineated, and the proper Fingering described. Observe that on whatever Line this Mark of a Beat [+] is placed it denotes that the Finger answering thereto must be just beat down and lifted up again. The rest will be easily understood.

A SCALE

Instructions for the Hautboy.

A SCALE of the BEATS, SHAKES, &c. on the HAUTOBOY.

The musical score is organized into four systems, each containing a staff of notes and a corresponding staff of fingerings. The notes are half notes, and the fingerings are indicated by black squares on the staff lines. The systems are as follows:

- System 1:** C shake, D beat, D shake, D sharp beat, D sharp shake, E flat beat, E flat shake, E nat. beat, E nat. shake, F beat, F shake, F sharp beat, F sharp shake.
- System 2:** G beat, G shake, G sharp beat, G sharp shake, A flat beat, A flat shake, A nat. beat, A nat. shake, B flat beat, B flat shake, B nat. beat, B nat. shake, C beat, C shake.
- System 3:** C sharp beat, C sharp shake, D beat, D shake, D sharp beat, D sharp shake, E flat beat, E flat shake, E nat. beat, E nat. shake, F beat, F shake, F sharp beat, F sharp shake.
- System 4:** G beat, G shake, G sharp beat, G sharp shake, A flat beat, A flat shake, A nat. beat, A nat. shake, B flat beat, B flat shake, B nat. beat, B nat. shake, C beat.

Instructions for the Flute.

THE first Thing necessary to be learn'd in order to play the FLUTE A BEC or COMMON FLUTE, is, as well in this as all other Instruments, the Scale of the GAMUT, as follows.

GAMUT for the COMMON FLUTE.

SCALE
of the
PLAINNOTES.

☞ THOSE Notes which have this Mark [+] under, are pinch'd Notes.

THE eight Lines represent the eight Holes on the Flute. The first or uppermost Line is for the under Hole, where the Thumb of the Left Hand is placed ; the second Line for the first Finger ; the third Line for the second Finger, and the fourth Line for the third Finger. The Fingers of the Left Hand being thus fixed, proceed to stop the rest of the Holes with the Right Hand, viz. The fifth Line for the first Finger ; the sixth Line for the second Finger ; the seventh Line for the third Finger, and the eighth Line for the Little Finger. All the Holes being thus close stopped, blow gently, and you'll find the lowest Note, which is *F-faut* ; then observe to take off the Fingers gradually as you ascend ; and observe that where no Dots are the Holes must be open. Observe also that the pinch'd Notes, mark'd [+], must be perform'd by stopping but half the Hole, and pinching it with the end of your Thumb, by which means those Notes sound an Octave, or eight Notes, higher than they would if the Hole was quite stop't.

Of FLATS and SHARPS, TIME, &c.

A FLAT being placed before any Note denotes it to be play'd half a Note lower than it's natural Pitch. The *Sharp* is of a different Nature ; for whereas the *Flat* takes away a Semitone, the *Sharp* adds a Semitone to whatsoever Note it is set before. There is another Character called a *Natural*, the quality of which is to reduce any Note made flat or sharp by the governing Flats or Sharps to it's primitive Sound as it stands in the Gamut. See a full Explanation, in p. 9.

THERE are two sorts of Time, *Common* and *Triple*, which are distinguish'd by the Moods or Characters in the Margin. The first is a slow Movement, the second a little faster, and the third a brisk Movement. In the *Triple Time* the first Mood denotes a slow Movement, the second somewhat faster, and the third a brisk Movement. For a further Explanation of which see p. 11.

Common Time.

Triple Time.

A SCALE of the NOTES both Flat and Sharp.

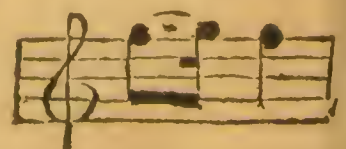
Exampl.

G A B C D E F G A B C D E

An Explanation of the GRACES, shewing how to perform them.

THE Marks and Rules for Gracing are, a *Close Shake*, marked thus [*t*, or *tr*]; an *Open Shake*, *Beat* or *Sweetening* thus [+]; the *Double Shake*, which is only on G in alt, thus [//], and a *Slur* thus [— or —]. A *Slur* denotes that the Notes under or over it must be play'd in one Breath, striking the first of them only with your Tongue. A *Close Shake* must be play'd from the Note or Half Note immediately above; for Example, if you would shake on F in alt first sound G in alt, then shake your Thumb, in the same Breath, on it's proper Hole, concluding with it on. An *Open Shake* or *Sweetening* is made by shaking your Finger over half the Hole immediately below the Note to be sweeten'd, ending with it off; as thus to sweeten D you must sound D, shaking the third Finger of your Left Hand over the half Hole next below, keeping your Finger up: In short, after a *Close Shake* keep your Finger down, and after an *Open Shake* keep it up. F and G in alt are both to be sweeten'd with the fore Finger of your Left Hand.—B flat, both in alt and below, with the middle Finger of your Right Hand.—B natural with the fore Finger of your Right Hand.—E flat with the middle Finger of your Left Hand; and all the other as marked in the Scale above. The *Double Shake* is to be perform'd thus: Place the fore and middle Fingers of your Right Hand, and the middle and third Fingers of your Left Hand on their proper Holes, blow pretty strong, and 'twill sound A in alt; then shake the third Finger of your Left Hand on it's proper Hole, concluding with that and all the other Fingers up except the middle Finger of your Left Hand and lowest but one of your Right. When E is to be close shook, where F is sharp, first sound F sharp, and in the same Breath take off the middle Finger of the Left Hand, shaking the Thumb on it's proper Hole. There are two other Shakes, F sharp, in a Tune where G is sharp, and G in alt in a Tune where A is flat; the former is perform'd by sounding G sharp as directed in the Scale of Flats and Sharps above, only taking off the middle Finger of your left Hand, it not altering the Tone in the least; then shake the middle Finger of your Right Hand full upon it's Hole, concluding with it up, and 'twill give the same Sound as if your F sharp was stopped with the proper Fingers.—The latter is thus; place your Fingers as directed in the Double Shake, only adding the third Finger of your Right Hand on it's proper Hole; blow, then shake the fore and middle Fingers of your Right Hand together, full upon their Holes, ending with them and the third Finger of your Left Hand up. All descending long Notes must be close shook, and ascending long Notes sweeten'd. Slur down to a third descending Crotchet. If two third descending Crotchets come together, shake the first and slur to the next. If two Crotchets happen together in one Key, sigh the first and sound the second plain. A Sigh divides a Crotchet into a prickt Quaver and Semi-quaver, slur'd; the prickt Quaver to be on it's proper Key, and the Semi-quaver on the Note or Half Note just above; so you must play two Crotchets on F as in the Example annexed. If three Crotchets come together, in one Key, beat the first, sigh the second and play the third

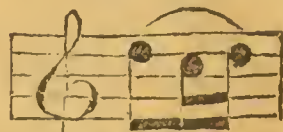
Example.



third

third plain. If three Crotchets gradually descend, beat the first, shake on the second, and play the third plain : If three gradually ascend, sigh the first, double-relish the second and play the last plain, provided the Movement be slow enough to allow the dividing your Crotchet. A *Double Relish* divides a Crotchet into a Quaver and Semiquavers, flurr'd ; the Quaver to be shook on it's proper Key, the first Semiquaver on the Note or Half Note just below, and the latter Semiquaver on the Key with the Quaver. A Crotchet on D is double-relished as in the Example.

Example.



Flat Notes are generally play'd from the half Note below, and Sharp Notes from the half Note above ; but if the Flats are in a sharp Tune, or the Sharps in a flat one, the Rule is without exception. G sharp and A flat are stopt alike, yet their Difference is easily distinguished in playing ; for when you play G sharp you first sound A in alt, and in the same Breath slur down to your G sharp ; but when you play A flat you must first sound G in alt, and in the same Breath slur up to your A flat. ☞ This may be an Example for playing all other Flats and Sharps

FOR TRANSPOSITION, See p. 6, 7.

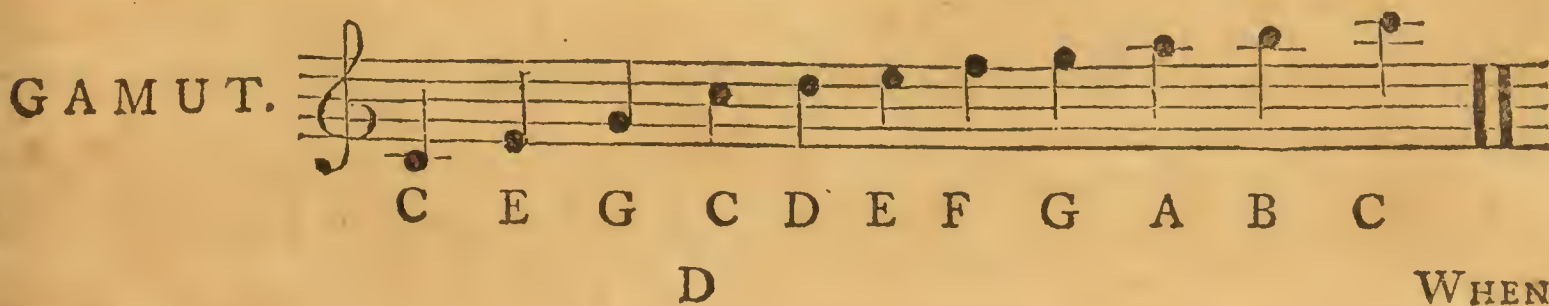
Instructions for the French Horn.

THE FRENCH HORN is a noble Instrument, and has a fine Effect in a Concert, as well as in the Field and on the Water. This Instrument may be learn'd, by the following Rules, with a very little Practice to what is requisite for the VIOLIN and several others of greater Extent.

IN the first Place you must procure such a Mouth-piece as may be most convenient for your Lips : If your Lips be thick your Mouth-piece must be pretty broad, but if thin something smaller. Next, you must procure such a Horn as is most proper for a Beginner : There are several Sizes, and different Pitches, as G, F, E, D and C ; but most Masters allow a D Horn to be the best to begin upon. After having provided a good Horn and Mouth-piece you are to proceed to the ensuing Examples ; by the Help of which, and Application, you may be able to blow the Horn pretty well in a short Time, without the Help of a Master.

Of placing the Mouth-piece, blowing the Notes, &c.

PLACE the Mouth-piece about the centre of your Lips, and contract them so that you may have a Command of your Tongue, and that the Wind may pass with the greater force. Take not too much of the upper, nor too much of the under Lip. Blow with a smooth Breath, with your Lips a little open for the lowest Note, which is C : But as the Horn is not so perfect as most Instruments, the Notes do not move so gradually. But to proceed, After having express C, sound E with a little Pinch of the under Lip ; then sound G, C, D, E, F, G, A, B and C, or higher if the Wind will admit ; but this being the ordinary Compass of the Horn it may suffice. Observe as the Notes rise to pinch the Lips, and likewise express each Note with the Tip of the Tongue ; and draw in your Cheeks, that you may have a greater Command of the Instrument. Then have Recourse to the Gamut, as follows.



The Running.

Musical notation for 'The Running' consisting of two staves. The first staff begins with a treble clef and a key signature of one flat. The music is written in a rhythmic pattern with many eighth and sixteenth notes, featuring numerous slurs and accents. The second staff continues the piece and ends with a double bar line and repeat dots.

Cherish when the Hounds are in full Cry.

Musical notation for 'Cherish when the Hounds are in full Cry' consisting of three staves. The notation is similar to the first section, with a treble clef and one flat key signature. It features complex rhythmic patterns with many slurs and accents. The piece concludes with a double bar line and repeat dots on the third staff.

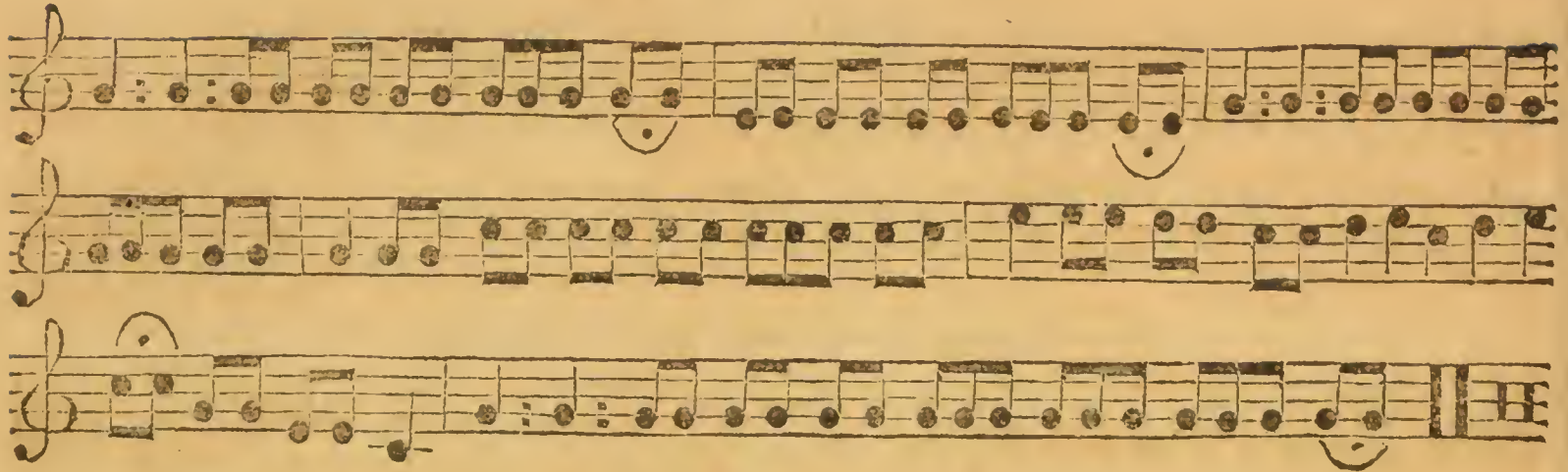
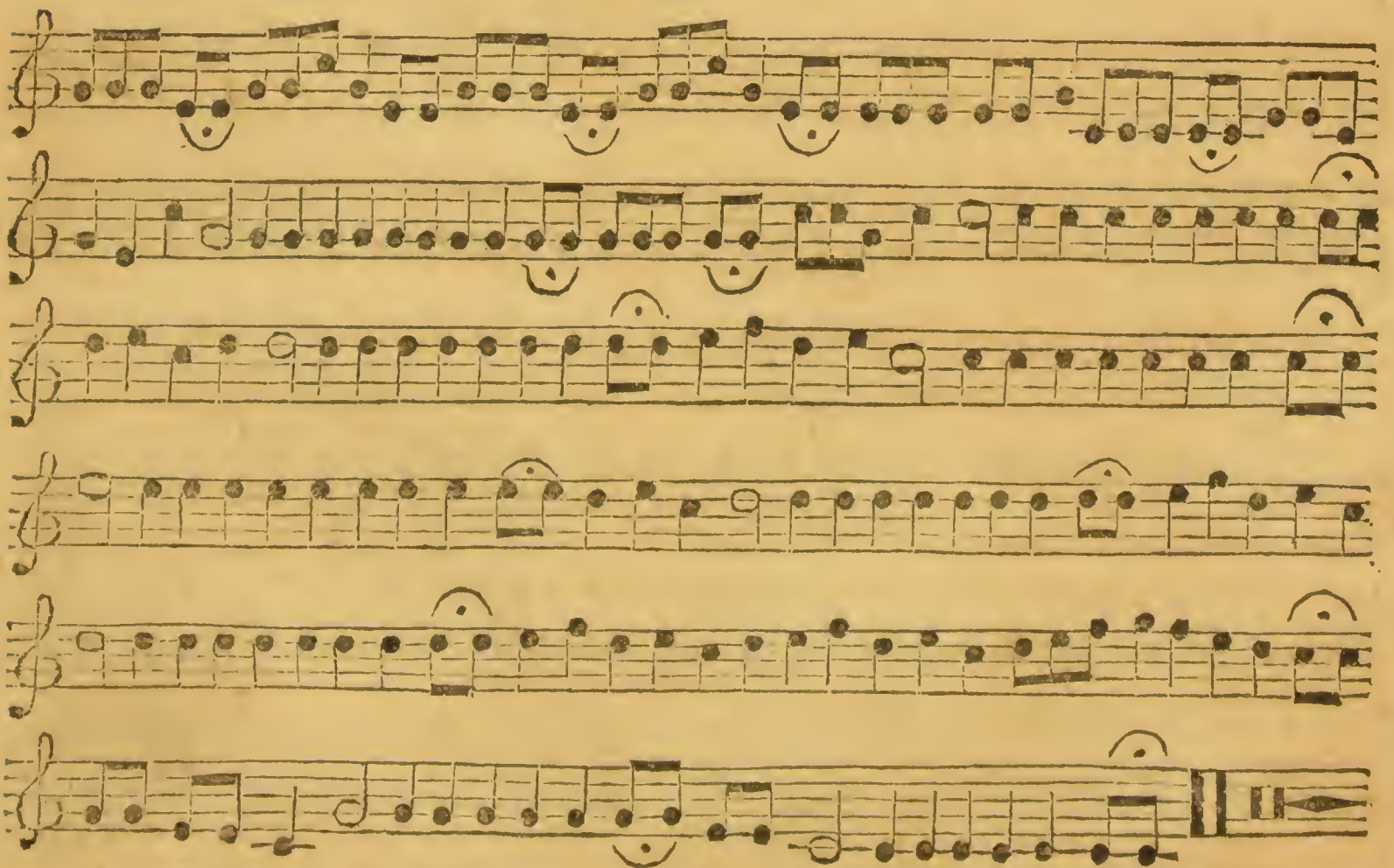
The Breaking Cover.

Musical notation for 'The Breaking Cover' consisting of four staves. The notation continues with a treble clef and one flat key signature, featuring rhythmic patterns with slurs and accents. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots on the fourth staff.

The View.

Musical notation for 'The View' consisting of four staves. The notation continues with a treble clef and one flat key signature, featuring rhythmic patterns with slurs and accents. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots on the fourth staff.

Instructions for the French Horn.

The Fault, or Call Back.*The Soil.**The Death of a Stag, or any other Game.*

The Retreat from the Field.

Musical score for 'The Retreat from the Field' consisting of three staves. The first staff is in 6/8 time, the second in 2/4 time, and the third in 7/8 time. The music features various note values and rests.

The Huntsman's March.

Musical score for 'The Huntsman's March' consisting of six staves. The music is in common time (C) and features a variety of rhythmic patterns and articulations.

Four empty musical staves, each consisting of five lines, provided for practice or additional notation.

The Harpsichord, Spinnet, or Organ, Illustrated and Improved.

In the following SCALE the three Cliffs signify the *Treble*, *Tenor*, and *Bass*: The first, placed on *F-faut*, is the *Bass Cliff*, and prefix to the *Bass* Staff, sometimes on the *Middle* Line, but generally on the fourth Line from the bottom. The *Tenor Cliff*, placed on *C-solfaut*, is used mostly to avoid *Ledger* Lines; it may be fixt on any of the four lowest Lines, and is always the *Middle C-faut* of your Instrument. The *Treble Cliff*, placed on *G-solreut*, is prefix to the *Treble* Staff, sometimes on the lowest Line, but generally on the second Line from the bottom.

GAMUT for the HARPSICHORD, SPINET, &c.

The diagram illustrates the Gamut for the Harpsichord, Spinnet, and Organ. It consists of three staves of musical notation and a keyboard diagram below them. The staves are labeled as follows:

- Treble Staff:** G-solreut in alt (G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G)
- Tenor Staff:** C-solfa in alt (C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C)
- Bass Staff:** F-faut in alt (F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F)

The keyboard diagram below shows 48 keys, each labeled with a letter and its corresponding note name. The keys are arranged in two rows of 24 keys each. The top row contains keys labeled G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The bottom row contains keys labeled G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G, A, B, C, D, E, F, G. The keys are numbered 1 through 48 from left to right, top to bottom.

BASS, or Left Hand.

TREBLE, or Right Hand.

OBSERVE in this Scale that the eight Notes above the Treble Staff are call'd in *alt*, and those below the Bass *double*.

Those Lines above and below the Common Staff, or five Lines, are called *Ledger Lines*.

Instructions for the Harpsichord, &c.

BEFORE you can attain to play the HARPSICHORD, ORGAN, or SPINNET, you must learn the Gamut, or Scale of MUSIC, by Heart; with the Names of the Notes, and what Lines and Spaces they stand on. In order to which you must know that all Lessons for these Instruments are prick'd on two Staves, each consisting of five Lines. The first, or highest Staff contains the *Treble*; and the second, or lowest, the *Bass*. But for the better Understanding your Notes, and to what Keys of your Instrument they refer, be pleas'd to observe the foregoing Scheme; in which there are thirty-six white Keys, and twenty-five black Keys (somewhat shorter than the others) placed between them, which serve for *Flats* and *Sharps*; for Example, the short black Key between G and A serves both for G sharp and A flat; as does that between A and B for A sharp and B flat; therefore if any Note has a Sharp set before it you must touch the short Key above it, and if there be a Flat touch the short Key below it, and so on with all the inward Keys, which are Flats to the Plain Keys above and Sharps to the Plain Keys below them. Between B and C, and E and F, there is no short Key, because their Intervals are naturally but a Half Note.

Of TIME, or the Length of Notes, BARS, RESTS, &c.

THERE are six Sorts of Notes now in Use, which are a Semibreve, a Minim, a Crotchet, a Quaver, a Semiquaver and a Demisemiquaver. Their Proportions to each other are these; a Semibreve as long as two Minims, four Crotchets, eight Quavers, &c. See the following Example.

A Semibreve.

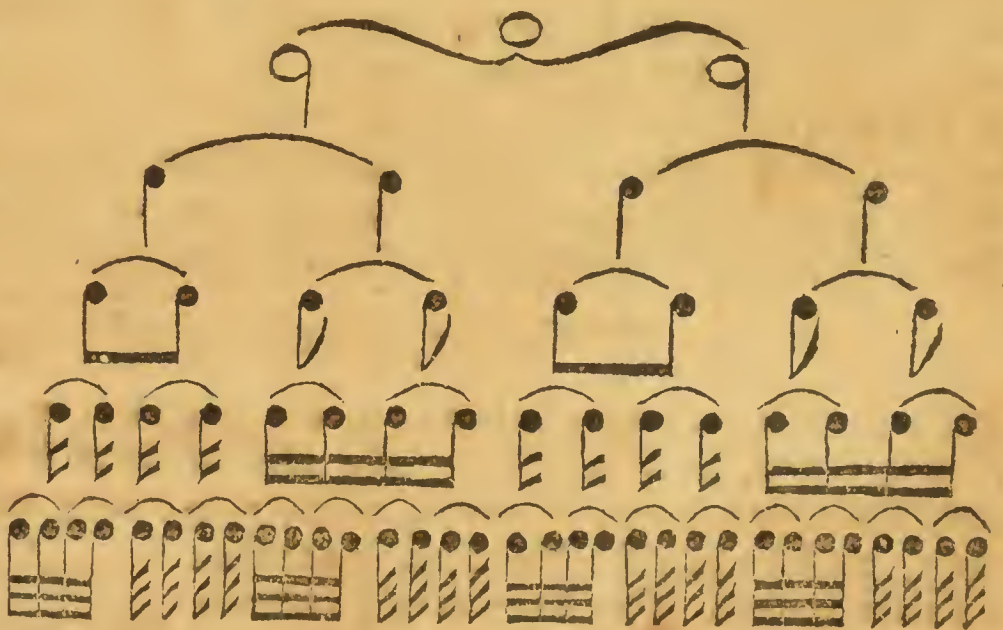
Two Minims.

Four Crotchets.

Eight Quavers.

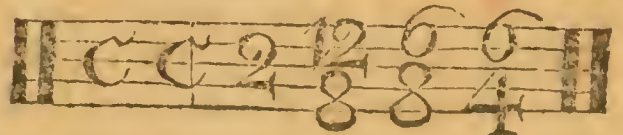
Sixteen Semiquavers.

Thirty-two Demisemiquavers.



THERE are two Sorts of Time, *Common* and *Triple*. *Common Time* is known by some of the following Marks or Characters. The first of these Marks, or Moods, denotes the slowest kind of Movement, and contains a Semibreve (or as many other Notes as are equal to it's length) in a Bar, and must be held as long as you can distinctly tell 1, 2, 3, 4. The second denotes a Movement somewhat faster than the former, and contains also a Semibreve in a Bar. The third denotes a brisk Movement, and contains but one Minim, or two Crotchets, &c. in a Bar—This is call'd *Retortive Time*. The fourth Mark contains twelve Quavers (or Notes to their Value) in a Bar; the fifth six Quavers in a Bar, and the last six Crotchets in a Bar. These three last Characters are fixed to Jiggs, &c.

Marks of Common Time.

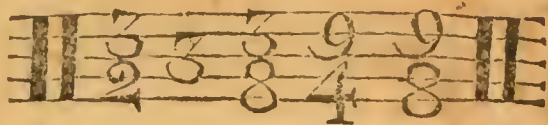


Triple

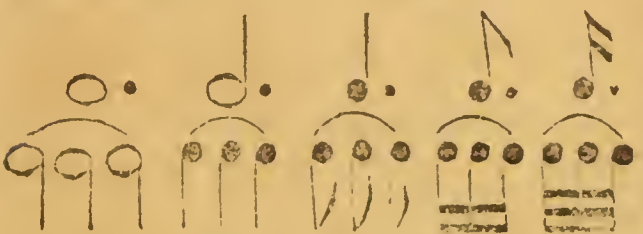
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Triple Time is known by the following Characters; the first of which has three Minims in a Bar, and is the slowest Triple Time in use. The second contains three Crotchets in a Bar, and is fixed to Minuets, and play'd quicker than the former. The third contains three Quavers in a Bar, and is the quickest. The fourth Mark contains nine Crotchets in a Bar; the last nine Quavers. These last are rarely made use of, and then to Jiggs.

Marks of Triple Time.



A POINT or Dot added to any Note, whether Minim, Crotchet, &c. makes it half as long again; and must always be put on the Right Side of the Note; as in the Example following.



Example of RESTS.

Semibreve. Minim. Crotchet. Quaver. Semiqu.



2 Bars. 4 Bars. 8 Bars. 16 Bars. 24 Bars.



Note. A Semibreve Rest is a whole Bar, in any Time whatever.

Single Bar. Double Bar. Repeats. Directs. Pause, or Close. Da Capo.

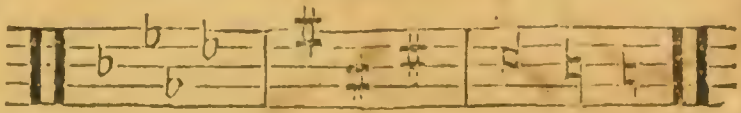


A SINGLE Bar serves to divide the Time according to it's different Measures, whether *Common* or *Triple*. A *Double Bar* serves to divide every Strain or Part of a Song or Lesson. A *Repeat* signifies that such a Part of a Song or Lesson must be perform'd over again from the Note over (or before) which it is set. A *Direct* is put at the end of a Stave, and serves to direct to the Place of the first Note in the next Stave. A *Pause* signifies that the Note over which it is placed must be held out somewhat longer than the usual Time.—The same Mark also denotes the End of a Tune. *DC*, or *Da Capo*, signifies that the Tune does not end there, but must be begun again, and play'd till you come to the Mark \frown mention'd before to denote the End of the Tune.

OF FLATS, SHARPS, and NATURALS.

THESE Characters, marked as in the Margin, are very significant in Music, and must be particularly regarded. If a *Flat* be placed before any Note it signifies that such Note (and all the following Notes in the same Bar, except mark'd to the contrary) must be play'd half a Tone lower than it's natural Pitch. The *Sharp* is of a contrary Nature; for whereas the *Flat* takes away a Semitone, or half Note, from the Sound of

Flats Sharps. Naturals.



the Note before which it is set, the *Sharp* adds a Semitone to whatever Note it is set before: For Example, if a *Flat* (or *Flats*) be fixed at the beginning of any of the five Lines, it not only affects every Note on such Line, or Space, but also all the Notes of that Denomination thro' the whole Movement; so if a Flat be fixed on the Middle Line, B, all the B's (or Octaves) both above and below that Line must be play'd flat, except mark'd to the contrary by a *Natural*. The same is also to be observed of the *Sharp*; so if a *Sharp* be fixed on the highest Line, F, all the F's are to be play'd sharp thro' the whole Tune, except a *Natural* be plac'd before some of them to denote the contrary. A *Natural* serves to reduce any Note, made flat or sharp by the Governing *Flats* or *Sharps* fixt at the Beginning, to it's primitive Sound,

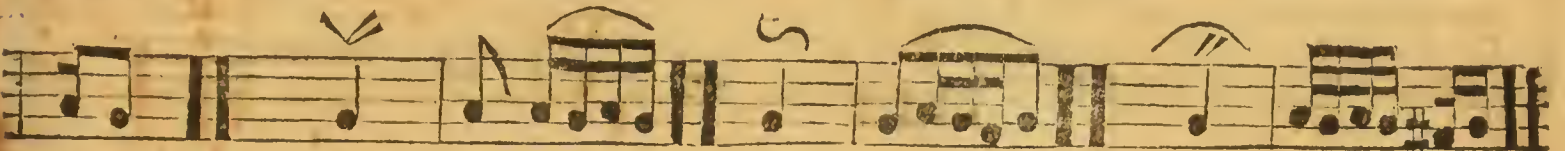
Sound, as it stands in the Gamut: For Instance, a Flat being placed on B makes all the B's flat, as aforefaid; but if the Composer should have a Mind to have some one, or more, of them sharp, then the *Natural* is set before such Notes.

Of the GRACES on the HARPSICHORD OR SPINET.

Shake. Explain'd. Beat. Expl. Forefall. Expl. Backfall



Expl. Plain Note & Shake Expl. Turn. Expl. Shake turn'd. Expl.



Shake from the Note above, and beat from the Note, or Halfnote, below.

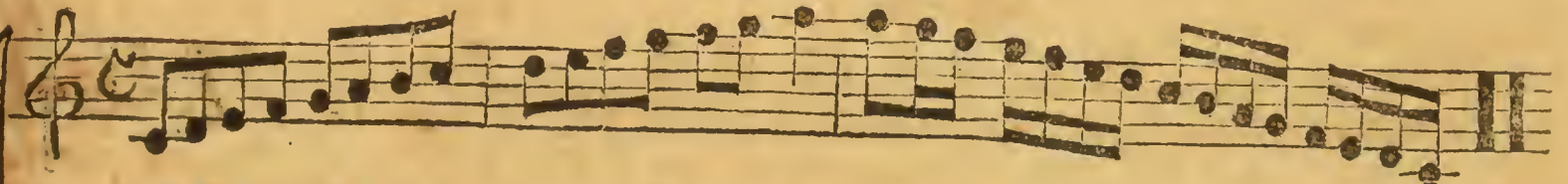
Of FINGERING the HARPSICHORD, &c.

THO' there is no certain Rule for Fingering, yet the following Preludes, if well observed, may be a great Help towards putting the Beginner in the true Method.

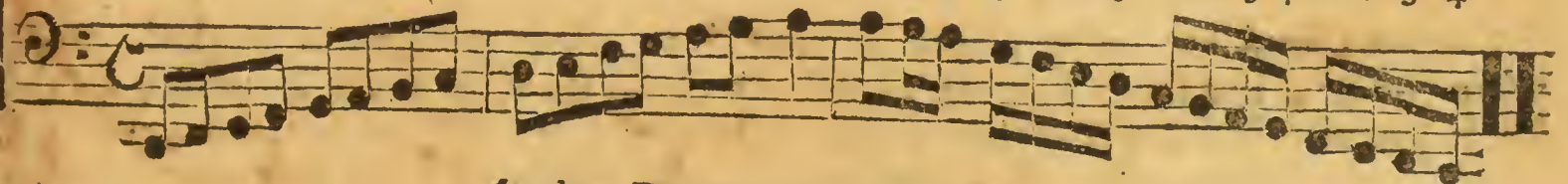
* * In Fingering, the Thumb is call'd the first Finger, and so on to the Little Finger, which is the fifth.

A Prelude for Fingering.

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1

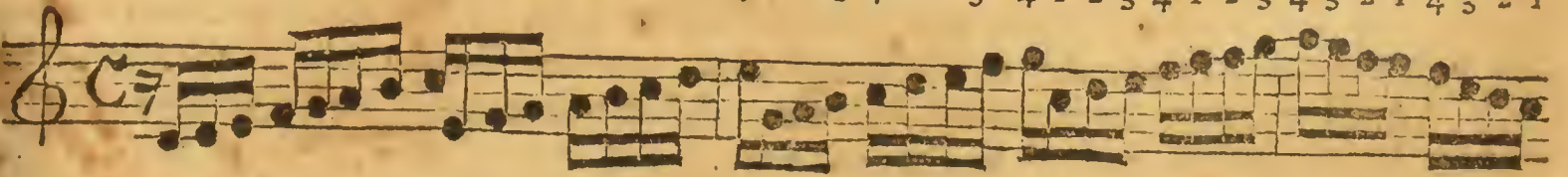


4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4

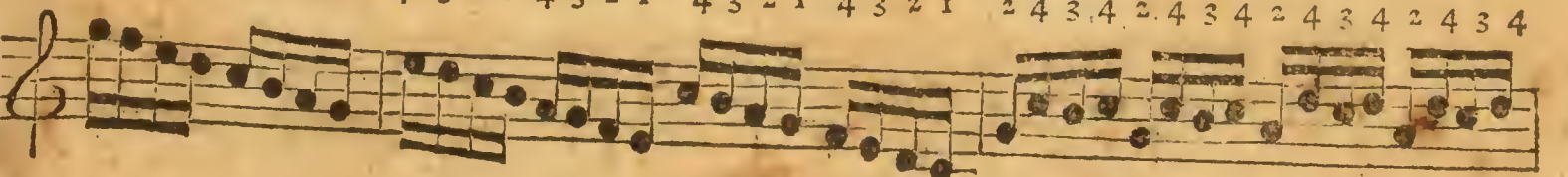


Another Prelude for Fingering.

1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 1 2 3 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1



4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 4 3 2 1 2 4 3 4 2 4 3 4 2 4 3 4 2 4 3 4



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RULES for attaining to play a THOROUGH BASS.

Music consists of *Concords* and *Discords*. *Concords* are either *perfect* or *imperfect*: The Perfect Concords are the 5th and 8th; the Imperfect Concords the 3d, 4th and 6th. *Discords* are the 2d, the Tritone or sharp 4th, the flat 5th, the 7th and the 9th.—Tho' the 2d and the 9th are the same Thing, yet their Accompaniments are very different. *Common Chords* are the 3d, 5th and 8th. There are two sorts of Thirds and Sixes, viz. flat and sharp; a flat Third contains four Semitones, or Half Notes, and a sharp Third five. A flat Sixth contains nine Semitones, and a sharp Sixth ten.

Concords.

Discords.

Example.

Common Chords are to be play'd on any Note where nothing is marked, except when you play in a sharp Key the 3d and 7th above the Key naturally require a 6th; but if you play in a flat Key then a 6th is required to the 2d and 7th above the Key, unless mark'd otherwise. All Keys are either flat or sharp; not by what Flats or Sharps are set at the beginning of a Tune, but by the Third above the Key; for Example, if in the Third above the Key-Note there be two whole Tones it is a Sharp Key, but if only a Tone and Half it is a Flat Key. Two Fifths or two Octaves are never allow'd in playing a Thorough-Bass, nor in Composition; therefore the best Way is to move by contrary Motion. All extraordinary sharp Notes naturally require Sixes, unless mark'd to the contrary. All natural sharp Notes require flat Thirds, and all natural flat Notes require sharp Thirds. B, E and A are naturally sharp in an Open Key, and F, C and G are naturally flat.

Of Common Chords and Natural Sixes.

Example.

A SHARP or Flat put under or over any Note signifies that a sharp or flat Third must be play'd to that Note.

IF a natural flat Sixth be required to any Note, you may play either two Thirds and one Sixth, or one Third and two Sixes; but if the Sixth be sharp the best Way is to play 3d, 6th and 8th.

Example.

A musical example consisting of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom in bass clef. It shows a sequence of chords and intervals: a 2nd and 4th together, a 2nd and sharp 4th together, a flat 5th and 6th together, and an extreme sharp 2nd and 4th together. The bass line provides accompaniment for these intervals.

WHEN you see the 2d and 4th joined together they are to be accompanied with the 6th. The 2d is only used when the Bass is a Driving Note.

Example.

A musical example showing a 2nd and 4th interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 6th in the bass clef. The bass line is a driving note.

THE 2d and sharp 4th are likewise accompanied with a Sixth. This Passage also happens when the Bass is a Driving Note.

Example.

A musical example showing a 2nd and sharp 4th interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 6th in the bass clef. The bass line is a driving note.

THE 2d is accompanied with the 5th and 9th.

Example.

A musical example showing a 2nd interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 5th and 9th in the bass clef.

THE 3d and 4th joined together may be accompanied either with a 7th or with a sharp 6th. This Passage seldom happens but when the Bass ascends by Degrees.

Example.

A musical example showing a 3rd and 4th interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 7th and sharp 6th in the bass clef.

THE flat 5th and 6th joined together must be accompanied with a 3d. Here, if you think fit, you may add the Octave. The natural 5th and 6th joined together are accompanied the same Way.

Example.

A musical example showing a flat 5th and 6th interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 3rd in the bass clef.

THE extreme sharp 2d and 4th must be accompanied with a 7th. This Passage is seldom used but in order to a Cadence.

Example.

A musical example showing an extreme sharp 2nd and 4th interval in the treble clef, accompanied by a 7th in the bass clef.

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THE 6th and 4th joined together are accompanied two different Ways : If the Bass descends by Degrees, they are accompanied with a 2d ; but if it lies still, or moves by Intervals, with an 8th.

Example.

A musical example showing a 6th and 4th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The first accompaniment uses a 2d interval (G3 and E3). The second accompaniment uses an 8th interval (G3 and G4). The notes are labeled with numbers 5, 3, 4, 6, 6, 4.

THE 7th and 5th joined together are accompanied with the 3d. This Passage is often used before a Cadence.

Example.

A musical example showing a 7th and 5th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 3d interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 9, 7, 9.

THE extreme flat 7th and flat 5th, joined together, which are never used but to the Note before a Cadence, require a 3d to accompany them.

Example.

A musical example showing an extreme flat 7th and flat 5th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 3d interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 9, 7, 9.

THE sharp 7th, when the Bass lies still, must be accompanied with the 2d and 4th. This seldom or never happens in a sharp Key.

Example.

A musical example showing a sharp 7th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 2d and 4th interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 5, 7.

THE 9th resolved into an 8th must be accompanied with a 3d and 5th.

Example.

A musical example showing a 9th resolved into an 8th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 3d and 5th interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 9, 8.

THE 4th resolved into a 3d is always accompanied with a 5th and 8th.

Example.

A musical example showing a 4th resolved into a 3d interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 5th and 8th interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 9, 8, 4, 3, 9, 8, 4, 3.

THE 7th resolved into a 6th may be accompanied with a 3d and 5th : But you must drop the 5th when you touch the 6th.

Example.

A musical example showing a 7th resolved into a 6th interval. The treble clef has notes G4 and E4. The bass clef has notes G3 and E3. The accompaniment uses a 3d and 5th interval (G3 and B3). The notes are labeled with numbers 7, 6, 7, 6.

THE 9th and 4th joined together are accompanied with the 5th, and resolved into the 8th and 3d.

Example.

THE 9th and 7th joined together must be accompanied with the 3d, and resolved into the 6th and 8th.

Example.

THERE are three Sorts of CADENCES, or Ways of preparing for a Close ; which are, the *Common Cadence*, the *6th and 4th Cadence* and the *Great Cadence*. The first and third of these are most properly used in Common Time, and the other in Triple Time ; yet the *Common Cadence* is very often used in Triple Time.

Common Cadence.

6th and 4th Cad.

Great Cadence.

THERE is another Cadence, called the 7th and 6th Cadence, which is nothing else but the 7th resolved into a 6th, and from thence into an 8th. This Cadence is never used before a final Close, unless it be in *Adagios* or any other Sort of Slow Movement. 'Tis used both in a sharp and in a flat Key.

Ex. in a Sharp Key.

Ex. in a Flat Key.

OBSERVE, in the first of these Examples, that the 7th descends but a Half Note into the sharp 6th ; whereas in the other Example it descends a whole Note into the sharp 6th. Observe also, in the first Example, that the Bass descends a Whole Note ; whereas in the second it descends but a Half Note.

OF DISCORDS, and how many Ways they are Prepared and Resolved.

BEFORE you can play a good Thorough Bass you must know these three Things, with respect to *Discords* ; first, how to *prepare* them ; secondly, how to *accompany* them ; and thirdly, how they are *resolved* : In order to which observe the following Rules.

THE 2d is always used when the Bass is a Driving Note, and in that Case if it be prepared by a 3d or 8th it must be resolved into a 3d, the Bass descending a Whole Note or a Half Note.

THE extreme sharp 2d must be prepared by a sharp 3d, and resolved into a sharp 3d or a 6th.

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THE 4th, when joined with the 3d, is prepared by a 5th, and resolved into a 3d, the Bass ascending by Degrees.

THE natural 4th and sharp 4th, when joined with a 2d, may be prepared by a 3d or 5th, and resolved into a 6th; the Bass descending one Note.

THE sharp 4th may also be prepared by a 4th or 6th, and resolved into a 6th.

THE natural 4th, when joined with the 5th or 6th, may be prepared by a 3d, 5th, 6th, or 8th, and resolved into a 3d; but that in order to a Close.

THE flat 5th, when joined with a 6th, may be prepared by a 3d, 4th, or 5th, and resolved into a 3d.

THE natural 5th, if joined with a 6th, may be prepared by a 3d, 6th, or 8th, and resolved into a 3d, when in order to a Cadence.

THE 7th may be prepared by a 3d, 5th, 6th, or 7th, and resolved into a 3d or 6th; sometimes from a 7th to a 5th, before a Cadence: It may also be prepared by an 8th, and resolved into a 6th. Moreover, it must be prepared by an 8th when it is resolved into a 3d, at a Close.

WHEN the Bass lies still the sharp 7th may be prepared by an 8th and resolved into an 8th again, which is generally in a Flat Key.

THE 9th may be prepared by a 3d, 5th, 6th, or 8th, and resolved into an 8th, the Bass lying still; but if the Bass should rise a 3d, then it is resolved into a 6th; but if the Bass falls a 3d, then it is resolved into a 3d.

THE 9th, if joined with the 7th, may be prepared by a 3d or 5th, and resolved into an 8th; and the 7th into a 6th.

THE 9th and 4th joined together are best prepared by the 3d and 5th, and resolved into an 8th and 3d.

HERE follow several EXAMPLES, wherein these *Discords* are promiscuously used, as Occasion requires.

EXAMPLES in a Flat Key.

The image contains three systems of musical notation, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is in C major (one sharp, F#) and shows various chord progressions and resolutions. The second system is in D minor (two sharps, F# and C#) and also shows complex chord progressions. The third system is in E-flat major (three flats, Bb, Eb, Ab) and continues the examples. The notation includes notes, rests, and figured bass (numbers 1-7, #, b) indicating fingerings and accidentals. The examples illustrate the resolution of various intervals (3rds, 4ths, 5ths, 6ths, 7ths, 8ths, 9ths) as described in the text above.

4 3 4 3 4 3 # 6 9 8 7 # 6 3 4 # 3

EXAMPLES in a Sharp Key.

5 6 5 4 5 3 6 7 7 7 7 4 3 4 3 4 3 4 3 # 7 6

7 # 3 4 4 b 3 7 # 3 4 4 b 3 7 # 3 4 4 b 3 7 # 3 4 4 b 3 3 6 4 4 3 4 2

6 # 3 # 4 # 3 4 2 7 7 # 3 6 9 6 9 6 9 6

9 6 9 6 7 4 3 6 5 4 6 5 4 6 4 6 4 3

6 5 6 3 6 3 # 3 6 7 6 7 6 9 6 7 6 4 3

6 6 5 8 9 5 7 6 5 4 3 9 8 4 3 9 3 7 6 3 4 5 4 3

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Some EXAMPLES, shewing what may be done when the Bass descends by Degrees.

In a quick Movement the *Natural Way* is to play Sixes.

The *Natural and Artificial Way*.

Musical notation for 'The Common Way'. The bass line descends by degrees (G, F, E, D, C, B). The right hand plays sixes (6) in the left hand position.

Musical notation for 'The Natural and Artificial Way'. The bass line descends by degrees. The right hand plays sixes (56, 76, 76, 56, 56, 76, 76) in the left hand position.

The *Common Way*.

When the Bass ascends by Degrees.

Musical notation for 'The Artificial Way'. The bass line ascends by degrees (B, C, D, E, F, G). The right hand plays sixes (6, 76, 56, 6, 76) in the left hand position.

Musical notation for 'When the Bass ascends by Degrees'. The bass line ascends by degrees. The right hand plays sixes (56, 56, 56, 56, 56, 56, b56) in the left hand position.

The *Artificial Way*.

When the Bass ascends by Degrees.

Musical notation for 'The Artificial Way'. The bass line ascends by degrees. The right hand plays sixes (56, 76, 76, 76, 76, 76, 76) in the left hand position.

Musical notation for 'When the Bass ascends by Degrees'. The bass line ascends by degrees. The right hand plays sixes (76, 61, 9, 8, 76, b6, 5) in the left hand position.

For the better rememb'ring all sorts of Chords, and what Chords they make to any other Notes, observe that a Common Chord to any Note makes a 2d, 4th and 7th to the second above it; or a 3d, 6th and 8th to the third above it; or a 2d, 5th and 7th to the fourth above it; or a 4th, 6th and 8th, to the fifth above it; or a 3d, 5th and 7th, to the 6th above it; or a 2d, 4th and 6th, to the seventh above it. In like Manner observe what any other Chord to any Note makes to the 2d, 3d, 4th, &c. to any Note.

Example.

The 2d and 4th to any Note.

Musical notation for 'Example'. The right hand shows chords with intervals: 7/4, 6, 7/2, 64, 7, 4/2.

Musical notation for 'The 2d and 4th to any Note'. The right hand shows chords with intervals: 4/2, 7/4, 6, 7/2, 64, 7.

The 7th to any Note.

The 4th and 6th to any Note.

Musical notation for 'The 7th to any Note'. The right hand shows chords with intervals: 7, 4/2, 7/4, 6, 7/2, 6.

Musical notation for 'The 4th and 6th to any Note'. The right hand shows chords with intervals: 64, 7, 4/2, 7/4, 6, 7/2.

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The 2d, 5th and 7th, to any Note.

The 6th to any Note.

The 2d, 4th and 7th, to any Note.

The 3d and 4th to any Note.

A SHARP Seventh, marked where the Bass lies still, makes a 3d, sharp 6th and 8th to the Note above it; and a 5th, 7th and sharp 3d to the 4th below it, or 5th above it.

Example.

THE 9th and 4th to any Note is the perfect 5th 6th and 3d on the Whole Note below it, and flat 5th 6th and 3d on the Half Note below it; as also 3d, 7th and 9th to the 3d above it.

Example.

THE 9th and 7th to any Note is the 4th 5th and 9th to the 3d below it, and the perfect 5th, 6th and 3d, to the 5th above it; as also the flat 5th, 6th and 3d, to the extreme sharp 5th above it.

Example.

THE flat 5th and sharp 4th, the extreme sharp 2d and flat 3d, the extreme flat 7th and sharp 6th, the extreme flat 4th and sharp 3d, the extreme sharp 5th and flat 6th, upon any fretted Instrument, as the Harpsichord, Spinnet, &c. are the same Thing in Distance, yet they are distinguished as under.

Of DIVISION by Supposition.

To find the just Chords, in Division by *Supposition*, is, perhaps, one of the most critical Beauties in the Practice of Thorough-Bass: But, where there is no Score, or Upper Part, to point them out, the unexperienced Performer will be often perplexed.

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plexed. To such, therefore, it may be necessary to observe, that, in all Passages founded on this Rule of the unprepared and transient Discords, the Harmony, which is *supposed* to follow the Discord, is always melted into the passing Note, and thence is called *Supposition*. To elucidate this Difficulty the following Example is laid down, with the Method also of figuring this kind of Division; by which it will appear that the Chord described by the Figure must be struck to the preceding Note thus marked

Example.

The example consists of three staves. The top staff is labeled 'Division by Supposition' and shows a sequence of chords with figures 6, 7, 4, and 3. The middle staff is labeled 'Fundamental Bass' and shows the corresponding bass notes. The bottom staff shows the original harmonic structure.

OF TRANSPOSITION.

BEFORE you can Transpose from one Key into another, it is necessary to know all the Flats and Sharps naturally belonging to every Key, which are as follow.

This section displays key signatures for various keys, each with its corresponding notes indicated by flats or sharps. The keys and their notes are: C Natural (C Sharp 3d.), A Natural (A Natural Flat 3d.), F Natural (F Natural Sharp 3d.), D Natural (D Natural Flat 3d.), B Flat (B Flat Sharp 3d.), G Flat (G Flat 3d.), F Sharp (F Sharp Sharp 3d.), C Sharp (C Sharp Flat 3d.), A Flat (A Flat Sharp 3d.), F Flat (F Flat 3d.), A Sharp (A Sharp Sharp 3d.), F Sharp (F Sharp Sharp 3d.), C Sharp (C Sharp Flat 3d.), B Flat (B Flat Sharp 3d.), G Flat (G Flat Sharp 3d.).

Additional Flats and Sharps, in Order.

THE Reason why I call Flats or Sharps first, second, third, &c. is, because B being the sharpest Note in the *Diatonic Scale*, E the next, and A the next, the first accidental Flat must be on B, the second on E, &c. The same holds good in respect to Sharps; for F being the flattest Note in the *Diatonic Scale*, C the next, and G the next, the first Sharp must be on F, &c. with ever so many Sharps or Flats.

Of the CLIFFS, and their several Removes.

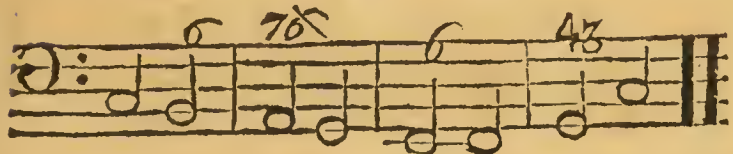
THE next Things necessary to be observed are the *Cliffs*, and their several Removes; as follows.

F-faut Cliffs. C-solfaut Cliffs. G-solreut Cliffs.

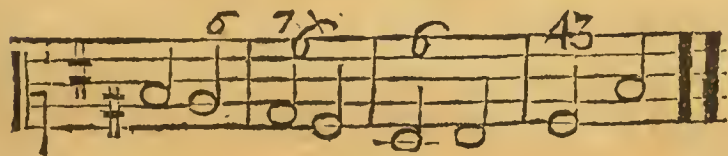
Example of the three Cliffs.



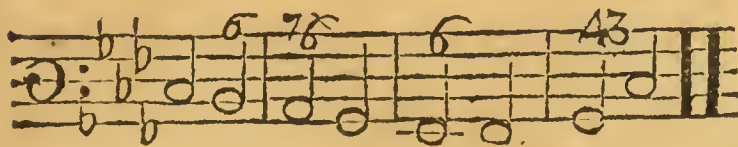
In a sharp Key, the Natural Key.



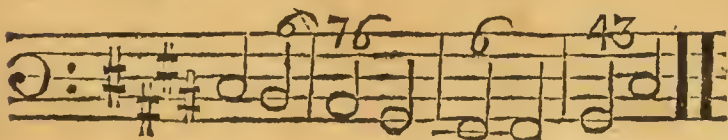
D, a Note higher.



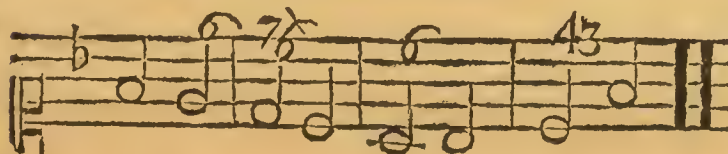
E flat, a flat Third higher.



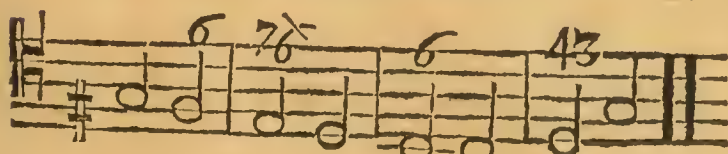
E, a sharp Third higher.



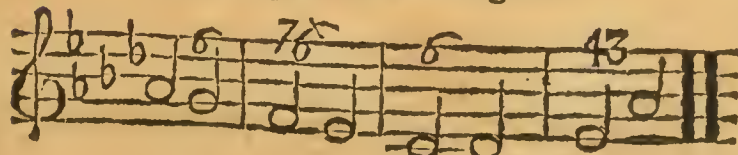
F, a Fourth higher.



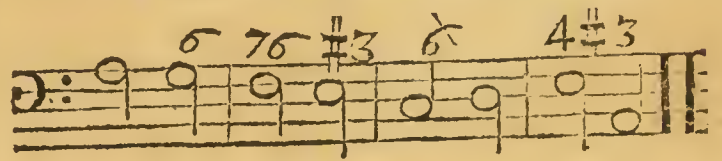
G, a Fifth higher.



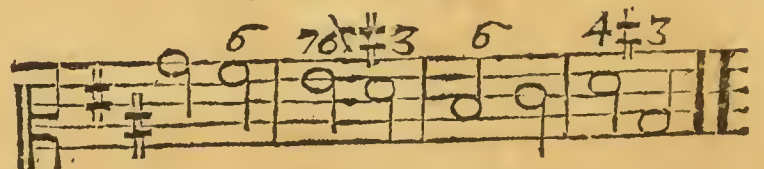
A, a flat Sixth higher.



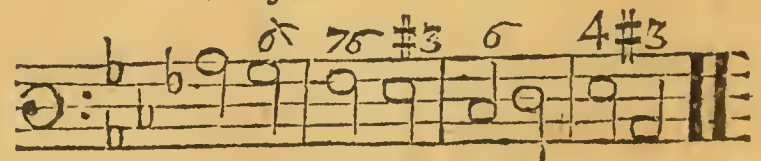
In a Flat Key, the Natural Key.



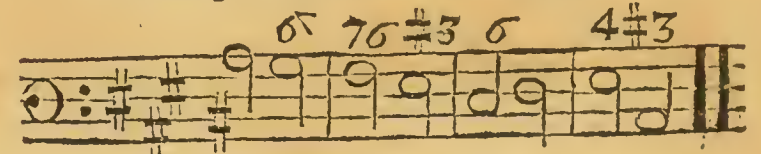
B, a Note higher.



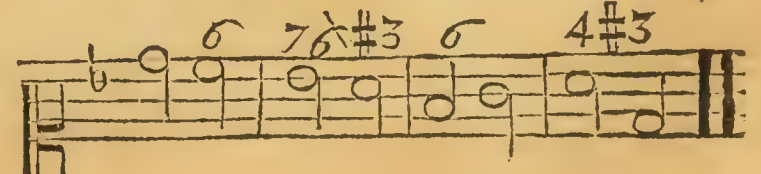
C, a flat Third higher.



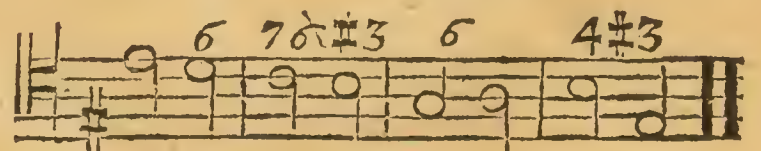
C sharp, a sharp Third higher.



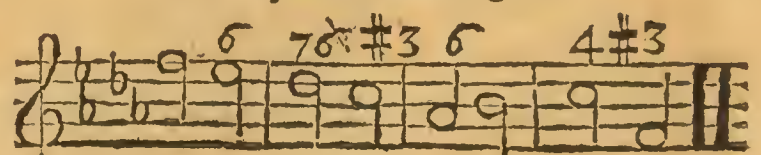
D, a Fourth higher.



E, a Fifth higher.



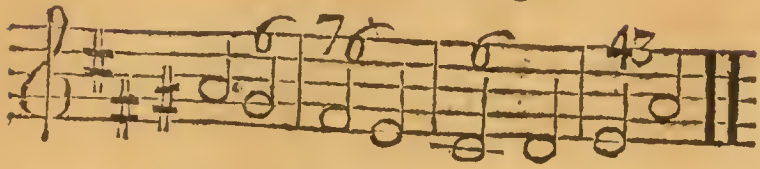
F, a flat Sixth higher.



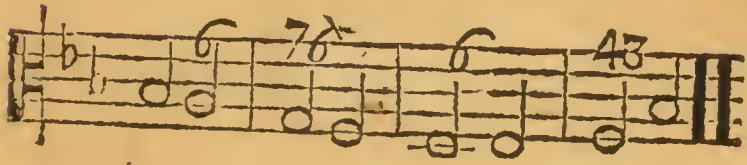
A, a sharp

44 Instructions for the Harpsichord, &c.

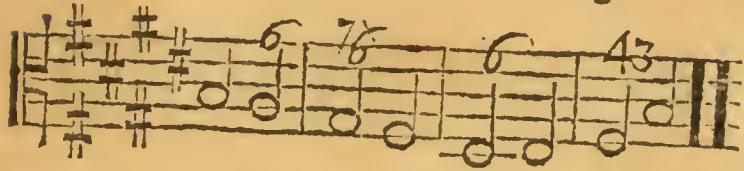
A, a sharp Sixth higher.



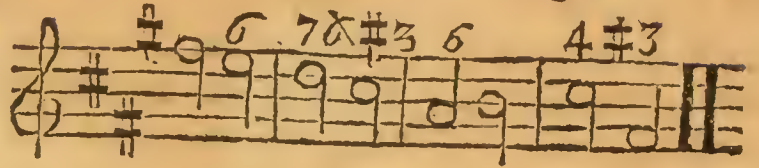
B flat, a flat Seventh higher.



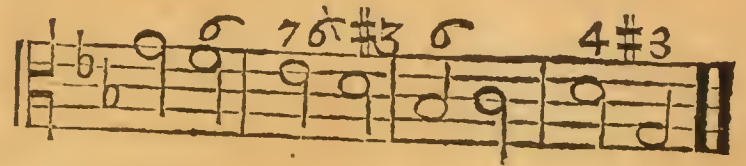
B sharp, a sharp Seventh higher.



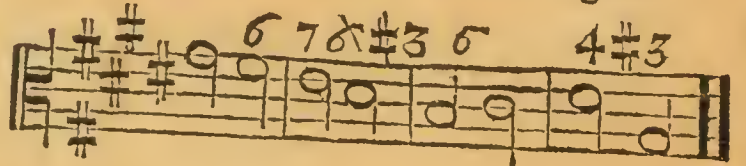
F sharp, a sharp Sixth higher.



G natural, a flat Seventh higher.



G sharp, a sharp Seventh higher.



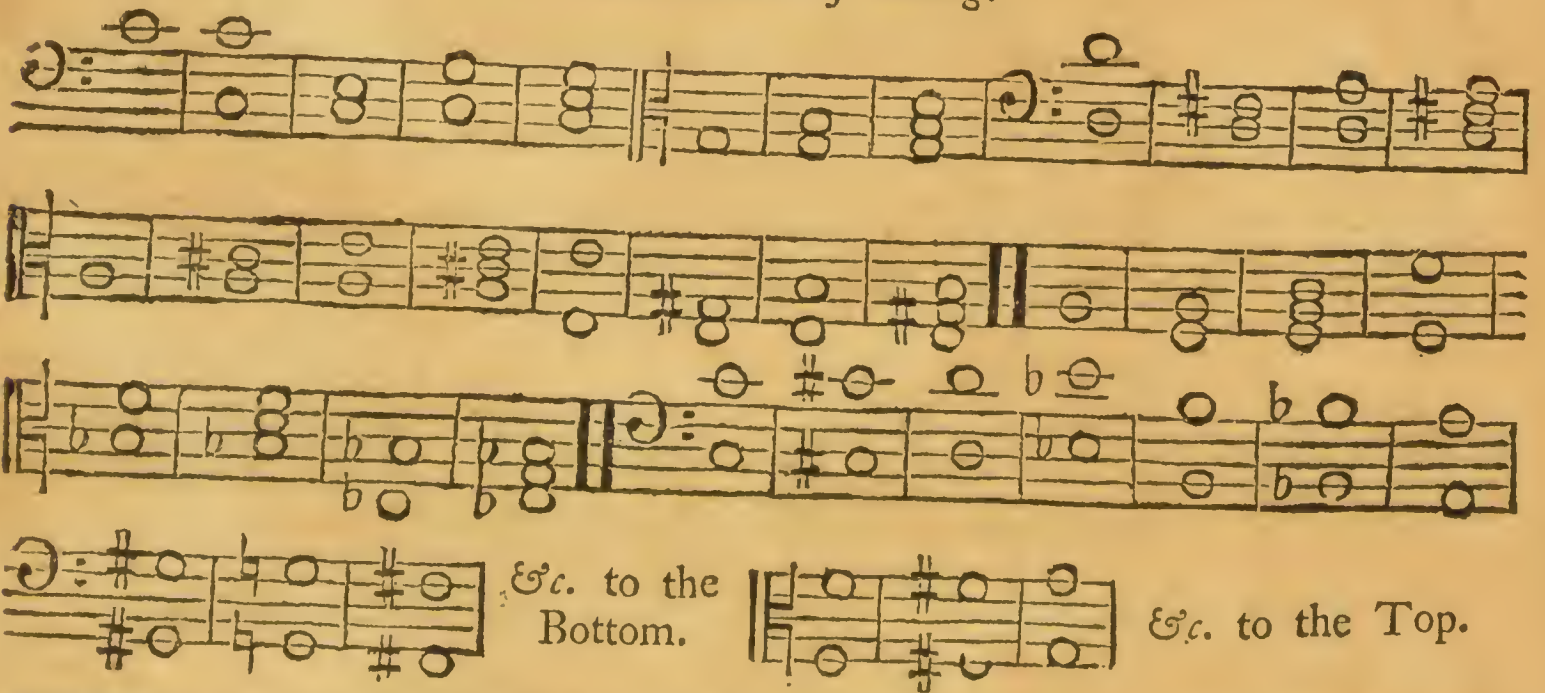
☞ You are here to observe what Flats or Sharps belong to every one of these Keys, and imagine the Cliff that puts you in the Key you have a Mind to play in; thus you may, with a little Practice, transpose as you play, without altering either Lines or Spaces.

RULES for tuning the HARPSICHORD or SPINET.

FIRST set your Instrument to Concert Pitch by a Pitch-Pipe, or Concert Flute, taking your Pitch from *C-solfaut*, as in the Scale following; then tune your 8ths, 3ds and 5ths, as the Scale directs; and when you have tuned the Middle, or as much as is set down in the Scale, the remainder, both above and below, must be tuned by Octaves.

The Pitch.

The Manner of Tuning.



OBSERVE that all *sharp Thirds* must be as *sharp* as the Ear will permit, and all *Fifths* as *flat* as the Ear will permit.

Example.

☞ Now and then, while you are Tuning, you may, by Way of Trial, touch Unison, Third and Fifth; and afterwards Unison, Fourth and Sixth, as in the Example annexed.



Instructions for the Violoncello or Bass Violin.

THE VIOLONCELLO is an Instrument of great Service in Concert ; and as the Bass Part, in general, is not very difficult, a Person may soon perform so as to be useful on the BASS VIOLIN. The first Thing necessary to be learnt is the Gamut, as under, which the Learner must get by Heart, so that he may readily know any Note, and how it is to be play'd, when he sees it in a Lesson, Concerto, &c.

The Gamut for the BASS VIOLIN.

4th String.				3d String.				2d String.				1st String.			
o 1 2 4				o 1 2 4				o 1 2 4				o 1 2 4			
Double C-faut	Double D-solre	Double E-lami	Double F-faut	G-solreut	A-re	B-mi	C-faut	D-solre	E-lami	F-faut	G-solreut	A-lamire	B-fabemi	C-solfaut	D-lasolre

O signifies open, 1 the first Finger, 2 the 2d Finger, and 4 the Little Finger.

THE Bass is tuned by Fifths, like the Violin : Thus the fourth String open is CC, the third String G, the second String D, and the first String A, as in the Example.

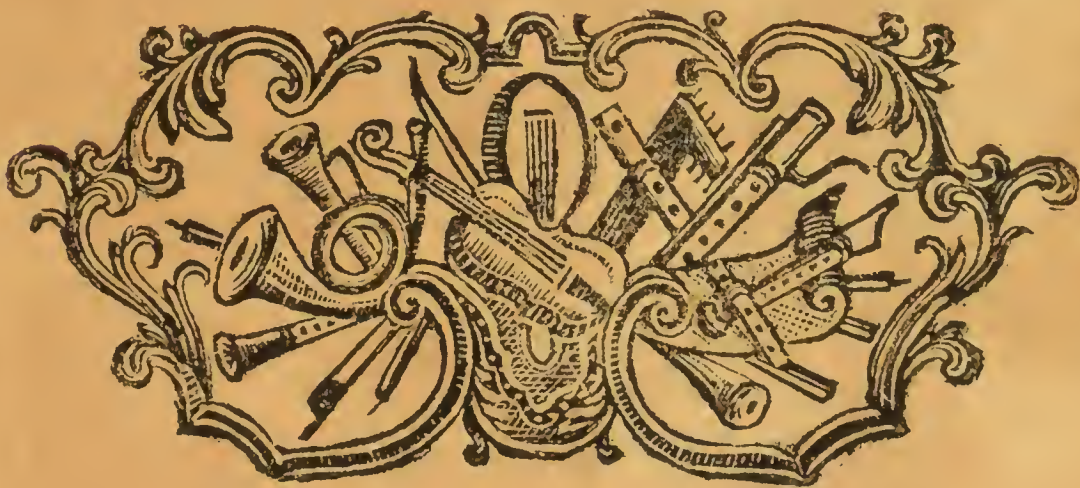
But if you cannot put your Instrument in Tune by the above Directions, you may do it by the same Method made use of for the Violin, p. 8, by drawing a Line across the Fingerboard of your Bass, at the same distance from the Nut as the lowest Line in the following Example ; and so screwing the first String pretty tight, (*i. e.* to make it the same sound as the lowest *A-lamire* on a *German Flute*) put your second Finger on the second String, on the aforesaid lowest Line, and cause it to have the same sound as the first String open ; then put your second Finger in like manner on the third String, and cause it to sound like the second String open, and so on.

WHEN your Bass is in tune you may proceed to play the Gamut, observing that there are four Notes belonging to each String : Those of the 4th String are CC, DD, EE and FF ; CC is play'd open, DD is stopped with the first Finger, about three Inches from the Nut ; EE with the second, nearly the same distance from the first, and FF with the Little Finger, about an Inch and quarter from the second. Those of the third String are G, A, B and C ; G is open, A is stopped with the first Finger, B with the second, and C with the Little Finger, as on the 4th String. Those of the second String are D, E, F and G ; G is play'd open, E is stopped with

with the first Finger, about three Inches from the Nut ; F with the second, about an Inch and half from the first, and G with the Little Finger about two Inches and a quarter from the second. Those of the first are A, B, C and D ; A is open, B the first Finger, C the second, and D the third, stopped as on the second String. But, for the Learner's further Improvement, on the following Page is an Example wherein the Fingerboard of a BASS VIOLIN is represented, and divided into Tones and Semitones, according to the foregoing Directions, which will greatly facilitate the stopping in tune.

THE Bow must be drawn across the Strings parallel to the Bridge : But as both Bowing and Fingering is not only difficult to describe but also practised various Ways by different Performers, what has already been said will be found sufficient for an Introduction to playing this Instrument.

ONLY observe, further, That when the *Tenor Cliff* is found in the *Bass Part* it denotes, generally, that all the Notes following, till the *Bass Cliff* is again introduced, are to be play'd a fifth higher. For a particular Explanation of all the CLIFFS and their several Removes, TRANSPOSITION, &c. see p. 42. 43.



A Representation of the Fingerboard of a Violoncello or Bass Violin;

On which are marked all the Tones and Semitones on that Instrument, necessary for a Beginner.

FF#	C#	G#	D#					CC	G	D	A
FF	C	G	D					CC#	A ^b	E ^b	B ^b
EE	B	F#	C#					DD	A	E	B
EE ^b	B ^b	F	C								

Open Notes.

First Finger.

Second Finger.

Little Finger.

THE length of the Strings, from the Nut to the Bridge, must be about two Foot two Inches, which is easily done by moving the Bridge backward or forward: This done, measure the cross Lines of Frets with a pair of Compasses, and mark them with Pen and Ink on the Fingerboard of your Instrument, at the same distance as in the above Example; then you have all the Notes necessary for a Beginner, and will soon be able to stop them pretty well in Tune.

T H E

MUSES DELIGHT.

AN ACCURATE

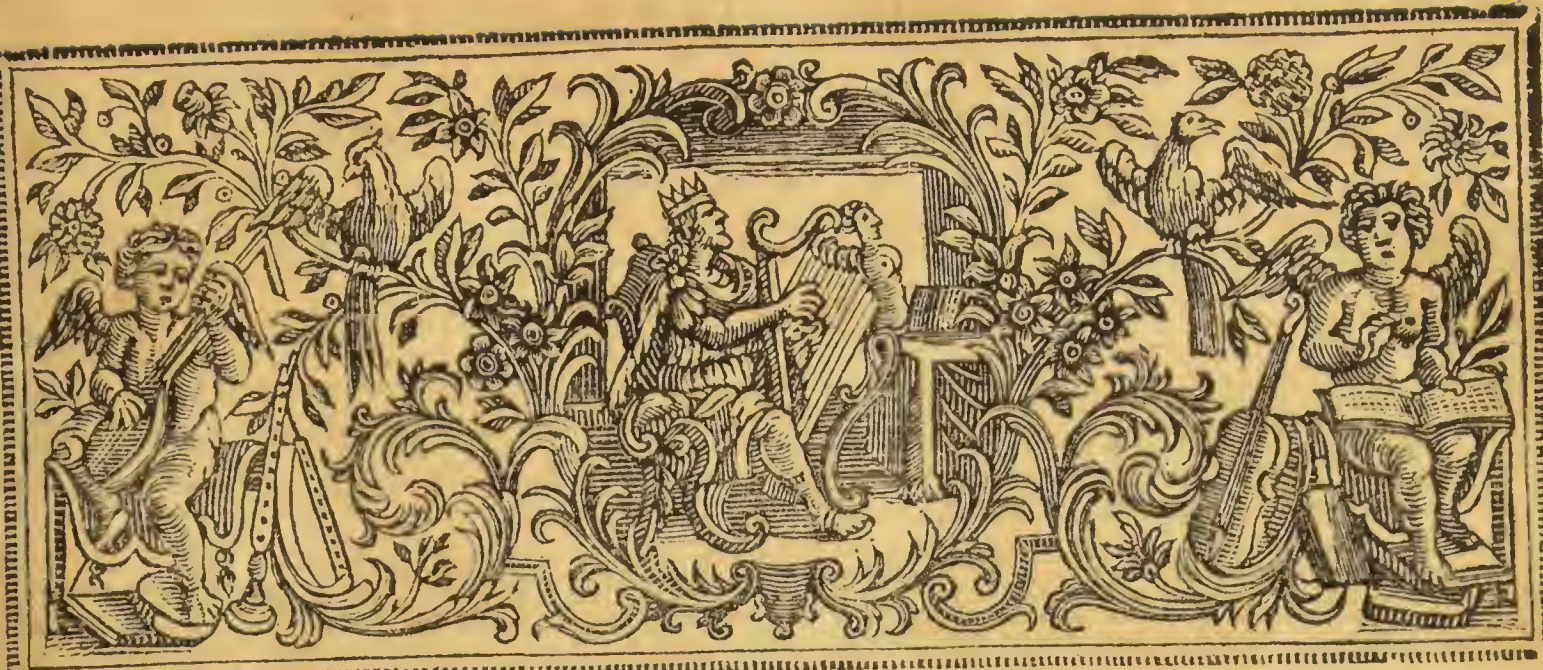
C O L L E C T I O N

Of ITALIAN and ENGLISH

SONGS, CANTATAS and DUETTS.

To the READER.

THE Young Practitioner, who might possibly be at a Loss without this Hint, as he would probably expect to find the Governing FLATS or SHARPS set to the beginning of *every* Stave, (which tho' common in Printed Music are not so necessary but they may be dispensed with) is desired to observe, That the Governing FLATS or SHARPS, fixed only to the *first* Stave of each Part thro' ~~several~~ ^{every} Movements in this Work, are to be play'd thro' each respective Piece, as if they had been fixt at the beginning of every Stave : For Example, in the following Song every B and E must be flat thro' the whole, tho' marked only at the beginning of the first Stave of each Part, except a *Natural* denotes the contrary. And so of the rest.



T H E
MUSES DELIGHT, &c.

The Wit and Beau. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Andante.

With ev'ry grace young Strephon chose, His per-son to a-dorn ;

That by the beauties of his face, In Sil-via's

love he might find place, and wonder'd at her scorn.

2.

3.

4.

With bows and smiles he did his part,
But ah ! 'twas all in vain ;
A youth less fine, a youth of art,
Had talk'd himself into her heart,
And would not out again.

With change of habits Strephon
press'd,
And urg'd her to admire ;
His love alone the other drest
As verse or prose became it best,
And mov'd her soft desire.

This found, his courtship Strephon
ends,
Or makes it to his glass ;
There in himself now seeks amends,
Convinc'd that where a wit pretends
A beau is but an ass.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Judicious Fair One. Set by Mr. HOLCOMB.

You tell me I'm handsome, I know not how true, and ca—sy and chat—ty and

good-humour'd too ; that my lips are as red as a rose-bud in june, and my voice like the

nightingale sweetly in tune :

All this has been told me by twenty before, but he that would win me must fla — — —

— — — — — ter me more ; but he that would

win me must flatter me more.

2.

If beauty from virtue receives no supply,
Or prattle from prudence, how wanting am I!
My ease and good-humour short raptures will bring,
And my voice, like the nightingale's, know but a spring :

For charms such as these then your praises give o'er,
To love me for life you must yet love me more.
To love me, &c.

3.

Then talk to me not of a shape or an air,

For Cloe the wanton can rival me there ;
'Tis virtue, alone, that makes beauty look gay,
And brightens good-humour as sunshine the day :
For that if you love me your flame shall be true,
And I in my turn may be taught to love too. And I, &c.

The Charms of Belinda. Set by Mr. CORFE.

The
nymph & seems to love inclin'd Is ever love-ly seen : Has wisdom's goddess
in her mind, And fair as beauty's queen, And fair as beauty's queen.

2.

Chaste as Aurora's dewy flow'r,
That purifies the morn,
And drops it's sweets on ev'ry flow'r
That does her neck adorn.
That does, &c.

Her breath such odors does disclose,
Perfumes whate'er it meets.
Perfumes, &c.

5.

Such is the nymph, and such my love,
With all her native charms ;
Protect her then, ye pow'rs above,
To blefs Philander's arms.
To blefs, &c.

3.

Her cheeks are like the op'ning rose,
That blushes at it's sweets ;

Her lilly breasts are like young doves
With innocency blest,
And at each other trembling move,
As fearful to be prest.
As fearful, &c.

G

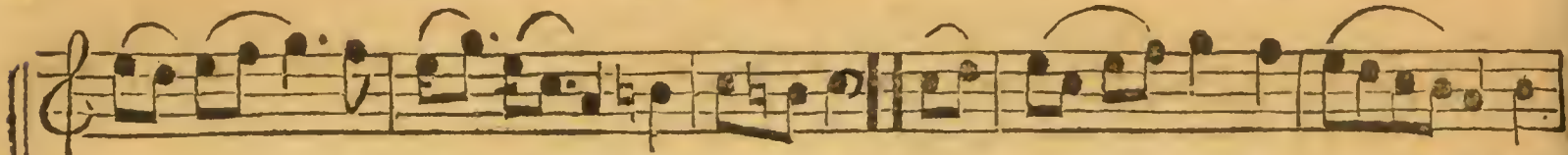
The

The Muses DELIGHT.

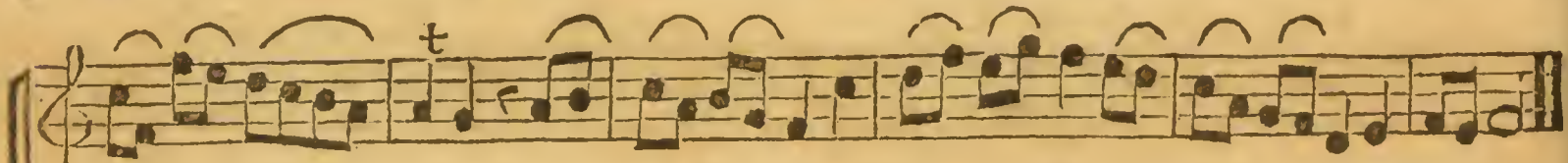
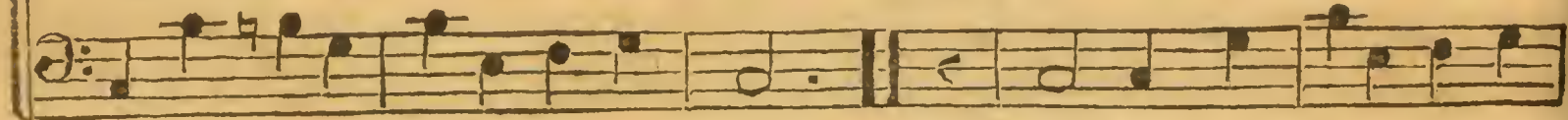
The Faithful Shepherdess. Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.



At setting day and rising morn, with soul that still shall love thee, I'll ask of heav'n thy



safe return, with all that can im—prove thee : I'll vi—sit oft the birken bush where



first you kind—ly told me soft tales of love, and hid my blush, while round you did enfold me.

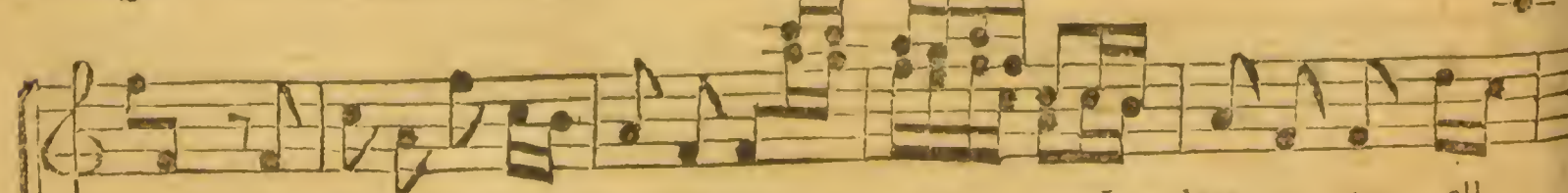
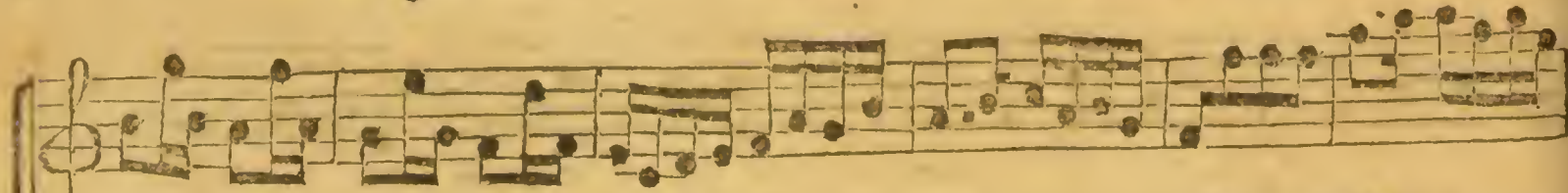


To all our haunts I will repair,
By green-wood shade or fountain ;
Or where the summer's day I'd share

With thee upon yon mountain :
There will I tell the trees & flow'rs,
From thoughts unfeign'd & tender,

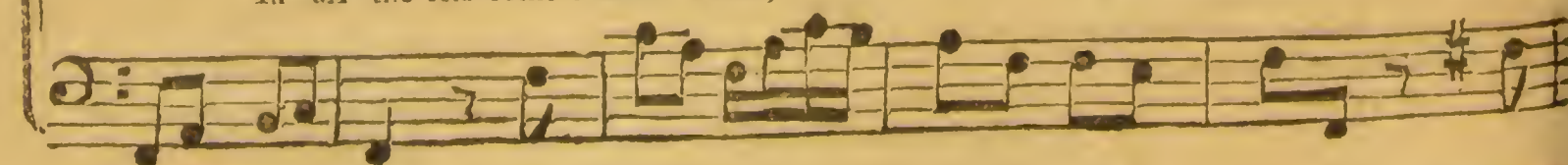
By vows you're mine, by love is
yours
A heart that cannot wander.

The ROVER. Sung by Mr. BEARD, at Ranelagh.



In all the sex some charms I find,

I love to try all



womankind,

womankind, the smart the fair the witty ; the smart the fair the wit—ty ; the

smart the fair the wit—ty :

In Cupid's fetters most severe, I languish'd out the long long year, The slave of wanton

Kitty. The slave of wanton Kitty.

2.

3.

4.

At length I broke the galling chain,
And swore that love was endless
pain,
One constant scene of folly ;
One constant, &c.
I vow'd no more to wear the yoke,
But soon I felt a second stroke,
And sigh'd for blue-ey'd Molly.
And sigh'd, &c.

With tresses next of flaxen hue,
Young Jenny did my Soul subdue,
That lives in yonder Alley ;
That lives, &c.
Then Cupid threw another snare,
And caught me in the curling hair
Of little tempting Sally.
Of little, &c.

Adorn'd with charms tho' blithe and
young,
My roving heart from bondage sprung
This heart of yielding metal ;
This heart, &c.
And now it wanders here and there,
By turns the prize of brown and fair,
But never more will settle.
But never more, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Sincere Lover. Set by Mr. ORME.

First system of musical notation, consisting of two staves (treble and bass) with notes and rests.

Second system of musical notation, including the vocal line with lyrics: Sil—via shall I speak or die, My Heart is burst—ing with a sigh; My

Third system of musical notation, including the vocal line with lyrics: heart is burst—ing with a sigh :

Fourth system of musical notation, including the vocal line with lyrics: Let it have vent ; oh ! hear the plea Of love and strict sin—ce—ri—ty. Of

Fifth system of musical notation, including the vocal line with lyrics: lo—ve, of lo—ve, of lo—ve and strict Sin—

Sixth system of musical notation, including the vocal line with lyrics: ce—ri—ty.

2.

The swain who tells his passion
best,
Is ever thought to feel it least ;
Is ever thought, &c.
Yet must my coward tongue begin,
For silence ne'er did beauty win.
For silence, &c.

3.

It is our duty first to speak,

The forms of nice decorum break ;
The forms, &c.
The blush of yielding to prevent,
And from a languish steal consent.
And from a languish, &c.

4.

To rack my brain for simile,
And strive to liken aught to thee,
And strive, &c.
Would eloquence, not passion
prove,

Your likeness would divide my love.
Your likeness, &c.

5.

Safe then the lilly and the rose,
May, uncompar'd, their sweets dis-
close :
May, uncompar'd, &c.
If Silvia's conquer'd, it shall be
By love and strict sincerity.
By love, &c.

The Happy Couple. Sung by Mr. LOWE at Vaux-hall.

Poco Allegro. Staccato.

At Upton on the Hill there lives a happy pair, the swain his
name is Will, and Molly is the fair : Ten years are gone and more since
Hymen join'd these two, their hearts were one be—fore the sa—cred rites they knew.

2

Since which auspicious day
Sweet harmony does reign ;
Both love and both obey :
Hear this each nymph and swain.
If, haply, cares invade
(As who is free from care)
Th' impression's lighter made
By taking each a share.

3

Pleas'd with a calm retreat
They've no ambitious view ;
In plenty live, not state,
Nor envy those that do.
Sure pomp is empty noise,
And cares increase with wealth ;
They aim at truer joys,
Tranquillity and health.

4

With safety and with ease
Their present life does flow,
They fear no raging seas .
Nor rocks that lurk below :
May still a steady gale
Their little bark attend,
And gently fill each sail
Till life itself shall end.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Rural Invitation. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.

Come, dear A—man—da, quit the Town, And to the
 ru—ral ham—lets fly; Be—hold the win—try storms are gone, A
 gen—tle ra—diance glads the sky. A gentle radiance glads the sky.
 The birds a—wake, the flowers appear, Earth
 spreads a ver—dant couch for thee; 'Tis joy and

mu—fic all we hear, 'Tis love and beau—ty all we see. 'Tis lo—
 —ve and beauty all we see. 'Tis love and
 beau—ty all we see.

Come, let us mark the gradual
 spring,
 How peeps the bud, the blossom
 glows ;
 Till Philomel begins to sing,

And perfect May to spread the
 rose :
 And perfect, &c.
 Let us secure the short delight,
 And wisely crop the blooming

day ;
 For soon, too soon, it will be night.
 Arise, my love, and come away.
 Arise, &c.

DELIA. *The Music from Mr. HOWARD's Musette in the Amorous Goddess.*

Andante.

De—lia in whose form we trace, All that can a virgin grace, Haik where
 pleasure blithe as May, Bids us to Vaux-hall a—way : Verdant vistas, melting sounds,
 ma—gic e—cho, fairy rounds : Beauties ev'ry where surprize ; Sure that place dropt from the skies.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Did you see e'er a Shepherd. *Set by Mr. WORGAN.*

Did you see e'er a shepherd, ye

nymphs, pass this way, Crown'd wth myrtle and all the gay verdure of may? 'Tis my Strephon, O!

bring him once more to my eyes, From his Lu—cy in search of new pleasure he

flies. All day have I

travell'd and toil'd o'er the plains, In pur—suit of a rebel that's scarce worth my pains. In pur—

suit of a re—bel that's scarce worth my pains.

2.

Take care, maids, take care,
when he flatters and swears,
How you trust your own eyes, or
believe your own ears :
Like the rose-bud in June, every
hand they'll invite,
But wound the kind heart, like the
thorn out of sight.
And, trust me, whoe'er my false
shepherd detains,
She will find him a conquest that's
scarce worth her pains.
She will find, &c.

3.

Three Months at my feet did he
languish and sigh,
E'er he gain'd a kind look or a ten-

der reply ;
Love, honour and truth, were the
themes that he sung,
And he swore that his heart was a-
kin to his tongue.
Too soon I believ'd, and replied to
his strains,
And gave him, too frankly, my
heart for his pains.
And gave him, &c.

4.

The trifle once gain'd, like a
child at his play,
Soon the wanton grew weary, and
threw it away ;
Now cloy'd with my love, from my
arms he does fly,
In search of another as silly as I.
But, trust me, whoe'er my false

shepherd detains,
She will find him a conquest that's
scarce worth her pains.
She will find, &c.

5.

Beware, all ye nymphs, how you
soothe the fond flame,
And believe me, in time all the sex
are the same ;
Like my Strepson, from beauty to
beauty will range,
Like him they will flatter, dissem-
ble and change ;
And do all we can, still this max-
im remains,
That a man, when we've got him,
is scarce worth the pains.
That a man, &c.

ISABEL. Set by Mr. ARNE, and Sung by Mr. BAKER.

Andante.

Fair is & swan, the er-mine white, And fair the lilly, the lil-ly of the vale, & moon re-

splen-dent queen of night, & snows that drive before & gale ; In fairness these the

rest excel, But fair-er is my I-label : In fairness these the rest excel, but

fair-er is my I-label.

2.

Sweet is the vi'let, sweet the
rose,
And sweet the morning breath
of May ;
Carnations rich their sweets dis-
close,
And sweet the winding wood.

lines stray.
In sweetness these the rest excel ;
But sweeter is my Isabel.
In sweetness, &c.

3.

Constant the poets call the dove,
And am'rous they the sparrow

call ;
Fond is the sky-lark of his love,
And fond the feather'd lovers
all :
In fondness these the rest excel,
But fonder I of Isabel.
In fondness, &c.

H

Push

The Muses DELIGHT.

Push about the brisk Bowl. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Vivace. Push about & brisk bowl, 'twill en-

liven & heart while thus we sit round on & grafs: The lover who talks of his sufferings & smart de-

erves to be reckon'd an afsan afs, deserves to be reckon'd an afs.

2. 4. 6.

2. The wretch who sits watching his ill-gotten pelf, And wishes to add to the mafs; Whate'er the Curmudgeon may think of himself, Deserves to be reckon'd an afs. *Deserves, &c.*

4. The merchant from climate to climate will roam, Of Croesus the wealth to surpass; And oft' while he's wand'ring my lady at home Claps the horns of an ox on an afs. *Claps the horns, &c.*

6. The formal physician, who knows ev'ry ill, Shall last be produc'd in this class; The sick man awhile may confide in his skill, But death proves the doctor an afs. *But death, &c.*

3. The beau, who so smart, with his well-powder'd hair, An angel beholds in his glass; And thinks with grimace to subdue all the fair, May justly be reckon'd an afs. *May justly, &c.*

5. The lawyer so grave, when he puts in his plea, (brass; With forehead well cover'd with Tho' he talks to no purpose, he pockets your fee: (the afs. There you, my good friend, are *There you, &c.*

7. Then let us companions be jovial and gay, By turns take the bottle and lass; For he who his pleasures puts off for a day, Deserves to be reckon'd an afs. *Deserves, &c.*

The Charms of FLORIMEL.

The charms of Flo—ri—mel, No force of time o: at shall se—ver from my

heart; But e—ver to the world I'll tell the charms of beaut'ous Florimel.

Each rock and sunny hill,
The flow'ry meads and groves,
Shall say Myrtillo loves;
And echo shall be taught to tell,
The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
And echo, &c.

3.

Each tree within the vale,
That on its bark doth wear

The triumphs of my Fair,
To future times, in verse shall tell
The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
To future times, &c.

4.

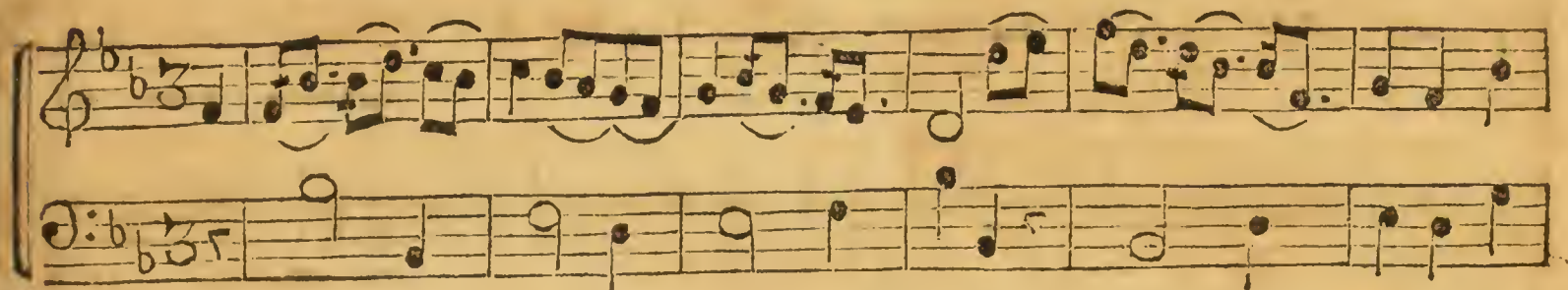
Each brook and purling rill
Shall, on its bubbling stream,
Convey the virgin's name;
And as it rolls, in murmurs tell

The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
And as it rolls, &c.

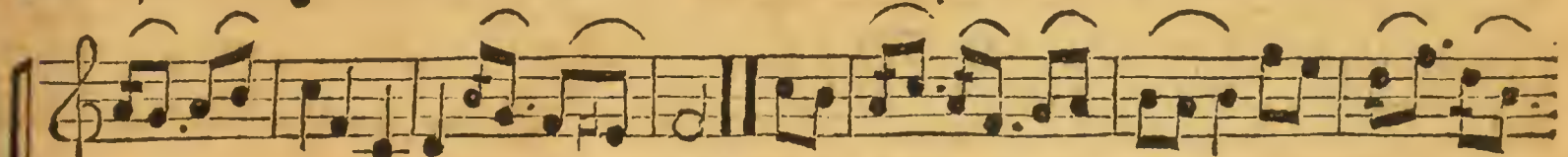
5.

The silvan Gods, that dwell
Amidst this sacred grove,
Shall wonder at my Love;
Whilst every sound conspires to tell
The charms of beaut'ous Florimel.
Whilst ev'ry sound, &c.

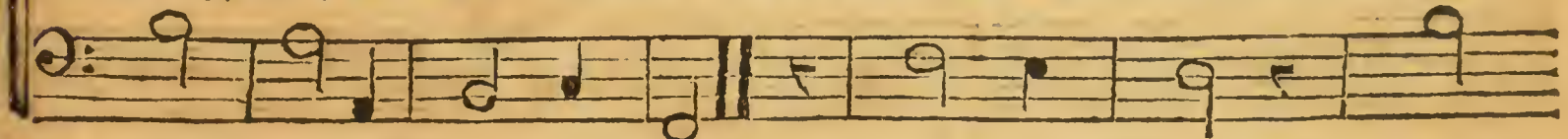
The Disconsolate Lover. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*



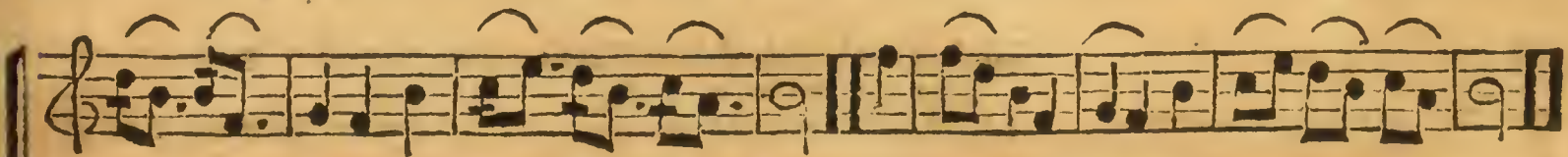
Why heaves my fond bosom, Ah! what can it mean? Why flut-



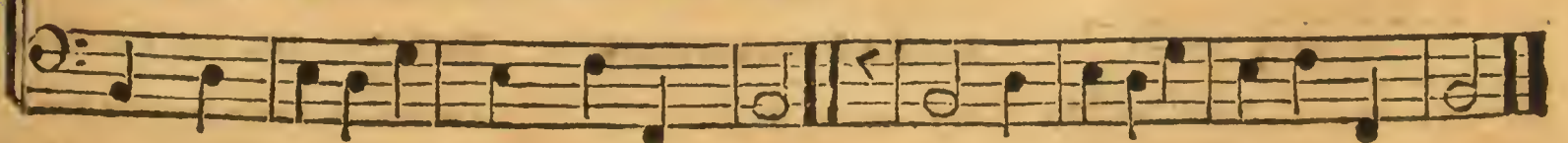
ters my heart & was once so se-rene? Why this sigh-ing and trembling When Daph-ne



is near? Or why when she's ab-sent this for-row and fear? Or why



when she's absent this for-row and fear?



2

For ever, methinks, I with wonder
could trace,
The thousand soft charms that em-
bellish thy face;
Each moment I view thee, new beau-
ties I find,

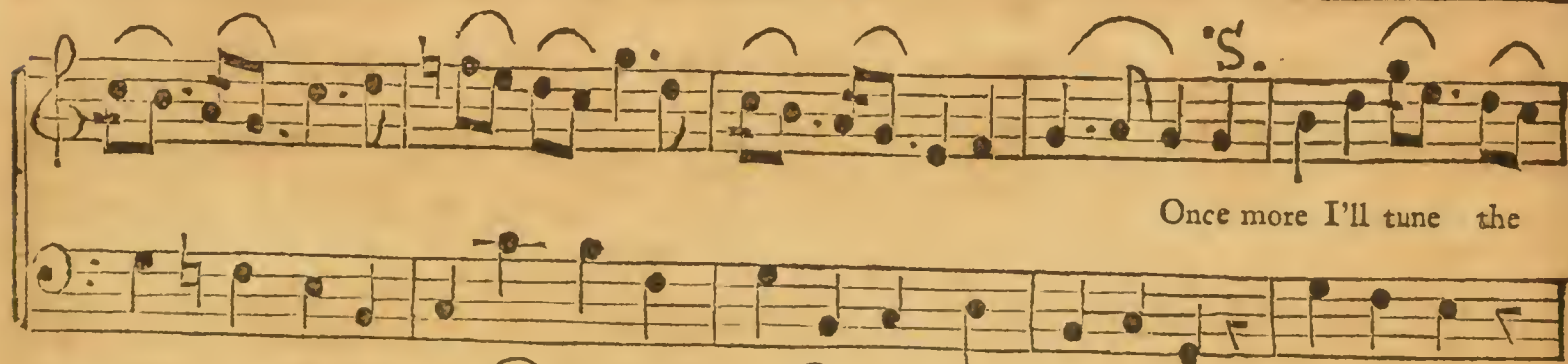
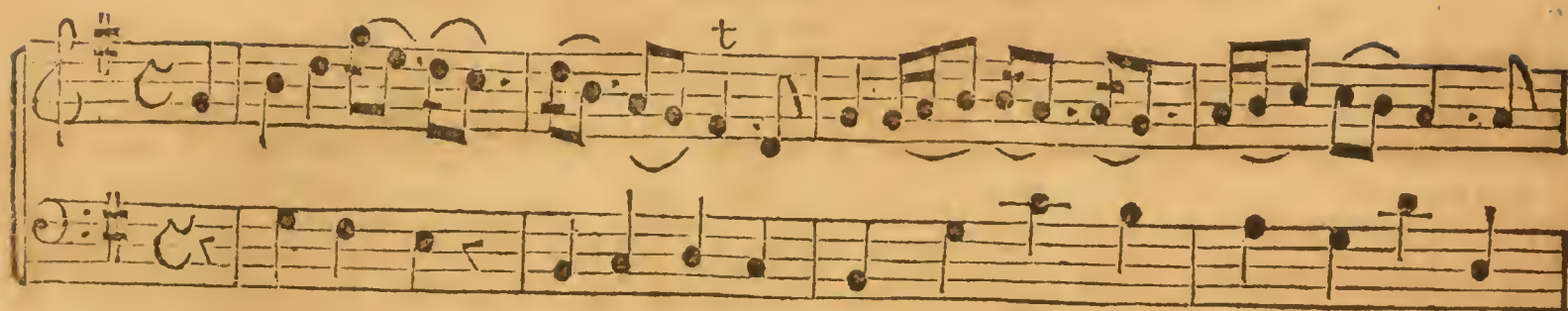
With thy face I am charm'd, but
enslav'd by thy mind.
With thy face, &c.

3

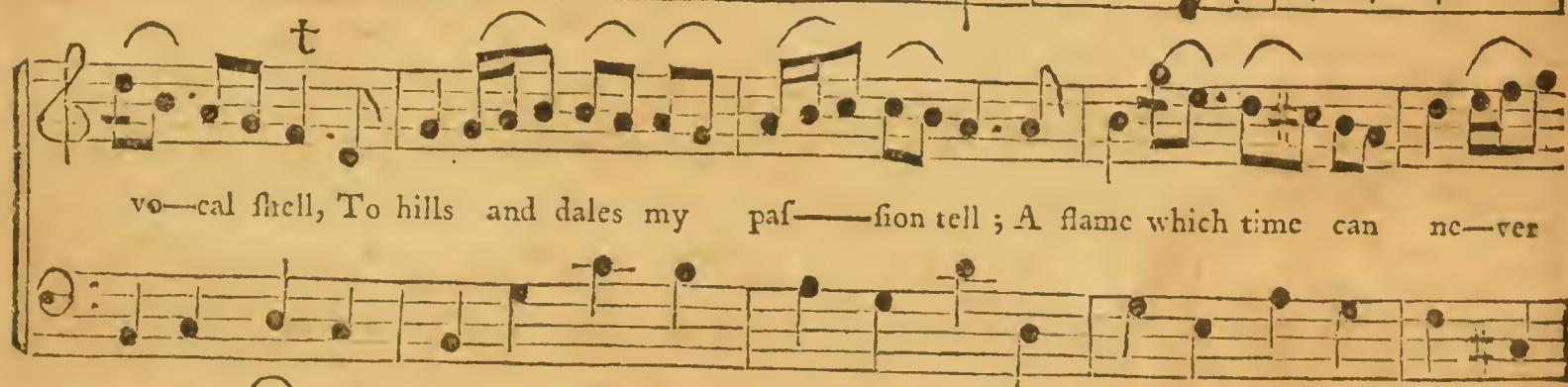
Untainted with folly, unsullied by
pride,

There native good humour, and vir-
tue reside;
Pray heaven that virtue thy soul
may supply,
With compassion for him, who with-
out thee must die.
With compassion, &c.

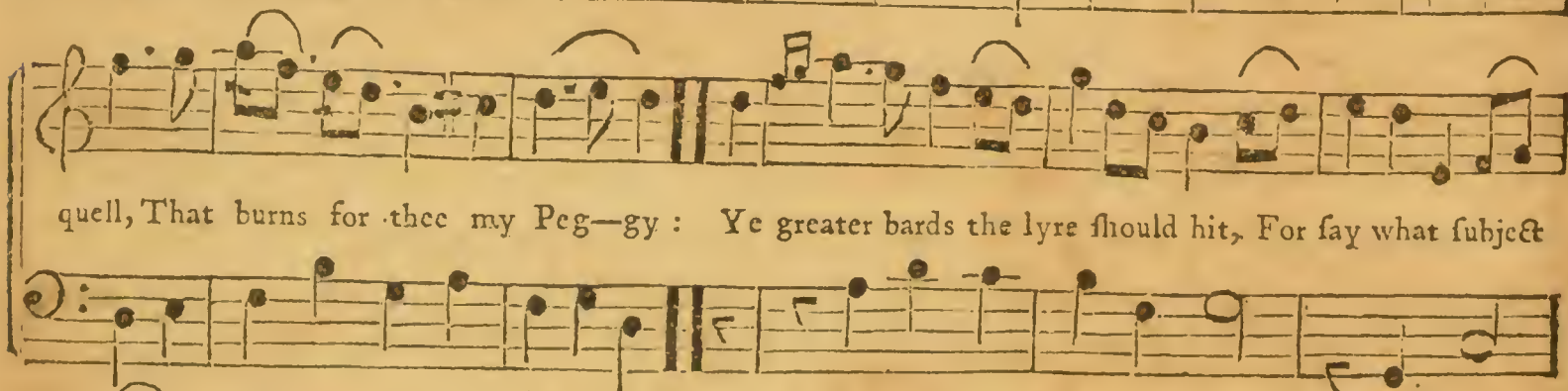
The Charms of Lovely PEGGY. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



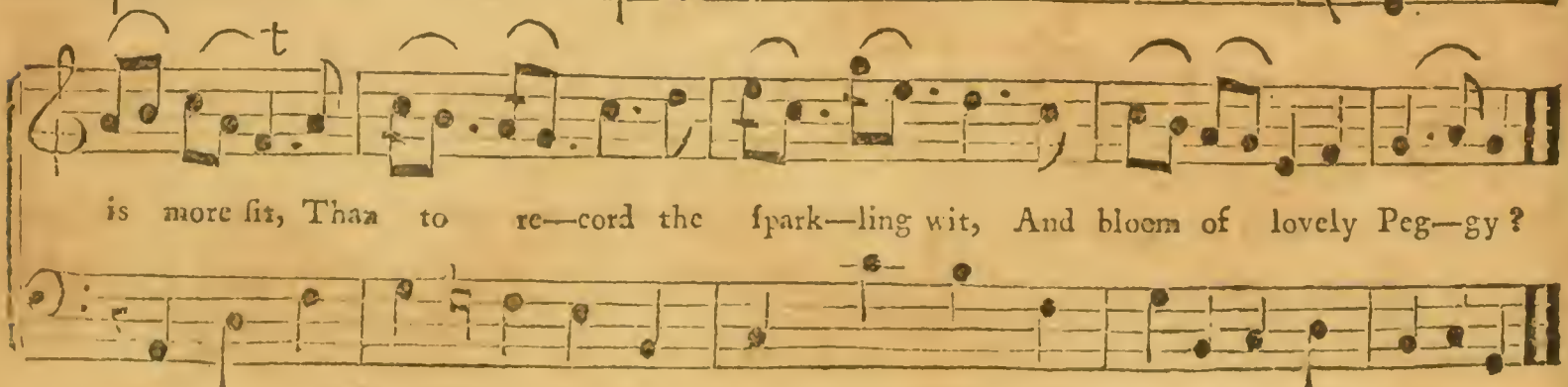
Once more I'll tune the



vo—cal shell, To hills and dales my pas—sion tell ; A flame which time can ne—ver



quell, That burns for thee my Peg—gy : Ye greater bards the lyre should hit, For say what subject



is more fit, Than to re—cord the spark—ling wit, And bloom of lovely Peg—gy ?

2.

The Sun first rising on the morn,
That paints the dew-bespangled
thorn,
Does not so much the day adorn,
As does my lovely Peggy :
And when in Thetis' lap to rest,
He streaks with gold the ruddy west,
He's not so beautous, as undrest,
Appears my lovely Peggy.

3.

When Zephyr o'er the violet blows,
Or breaths upon the damask rose,

He does not half the sweets disclose,
That does my lovely Peggy.
I stole a kiss the other day,
And trust me nought but truth I say,
The fragrant breath of blooming
May
Was not so sweet as Peggy.

4.

Was she array'd in rustic weed,
With her $\frac{1}{2}$ bleating flocks I'd feed,
And pipe upon an oaten reed,
To please my lovely Peggy.
With her a cottage would delight,
All's happy while she's in my sight,

But when she's gone, 'tis endless
night,
All's dark without my Peggy.

5.

While bees from flow'r to flow'r
shall rove,
And linnets warble thro' the grove,
Or stately swans the water love,
So long shall I love Peggy.
And when Death's his pointed dart,
Shall strike the blow that rives my
heart,
My words shall be when I depart,
Adieu my lovely Peggy.

The Muses DELIGHT.

61

Advice to CUPID. Set by Mr. VINCENT.

How can they taste of joys or grief, Who beauty's power did
 ne—ver prove? Love's all our torments,
 our re—lief; Our fate de—pends a—lone on love; Our fate de—pends a—
 lone on love.

2.
 Were I in heavy chains confin'd
 Neara's smiles would ease that
 fate;
 Nor wealth nor pow'r, could bless
 my mind;
 Caus'd by her absence or her hate.
 Caus'd by, &c.

3.
 Of all the plants which shade the
 field,
 The fragrant myrtle does surpass;

No flow'r so gay, that doth not
 yield
 To blooming roses gaudy drefs.
 To blooming roses, &c.

4.
 No star so bright, that can be seen
 When Phœbus' glories gild the
 skies;
 No nymph so proud adorns the
 green,
 But yields to fair Neara's eyes.
 But yields, &c.

5.
 Th'am'rous swains no offerings bring
 To Cupid's altar, as before;
 To her they play, to her they sing,
 And own in love no other Pow'r
 And own, &c.

6.
 Cupid, thine empire to regain,
 Upon this conqu'ror try thy dart;
 Oh! touch, with pity for my pain,
 Neara's cold, disdainful heart.
 Neara's cold, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

A Song in the Judgment of PARIS. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Largo. *forte*

Na-ture fram'd thee sure for loving, Thus a-dorn'd with ev'ry

grace : Venus' self thy form ap-proving, Looks wth pleasure, with

pleasure, Looks with pleasure on thy face, looks with

plea- - - - - sure on thy face.

2.
Happy nymph who shall enfold
thee,
Circling in her yielding arms ;
Should bright Helen once behold
thee,

She'd surrender all her charms.
See'd surrender, &c.

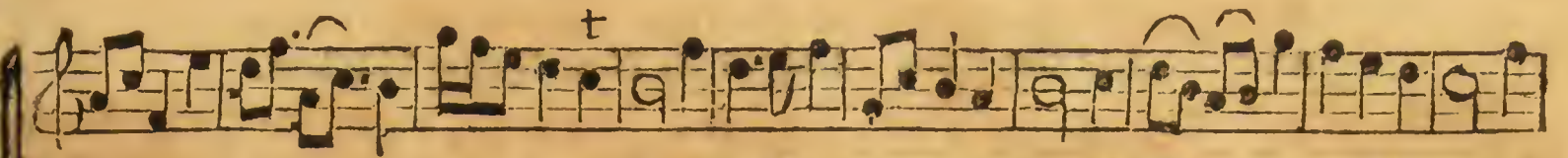
Love himself the Conquest aiding,
Thou that matchless fair shalt
gain.

3.
Gentle shepherd, if my pleading,
Can from thee the Prize obtain,

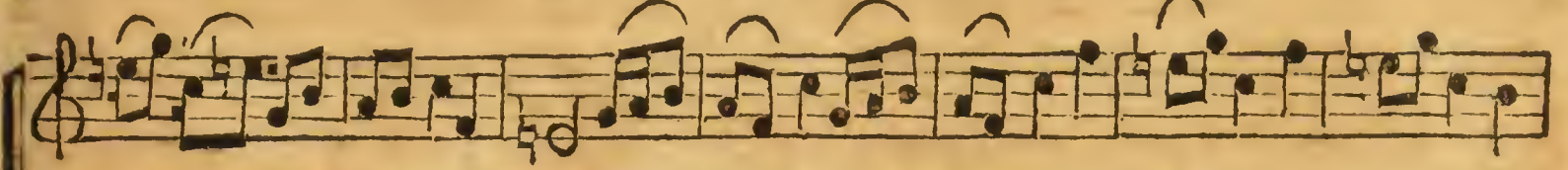
Thou that matchless, &c.

The Complaint. Set by Mr. ARNE.

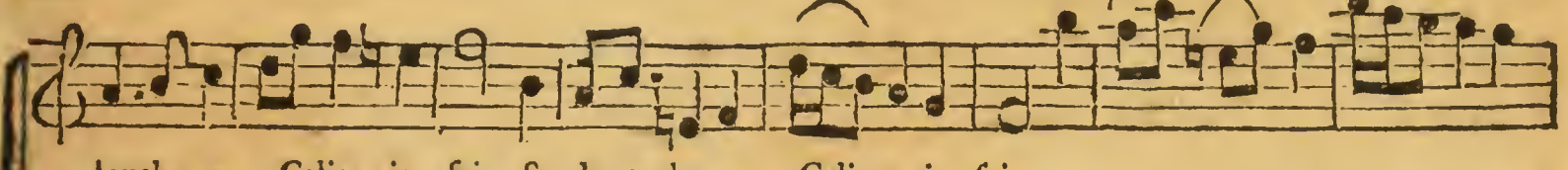
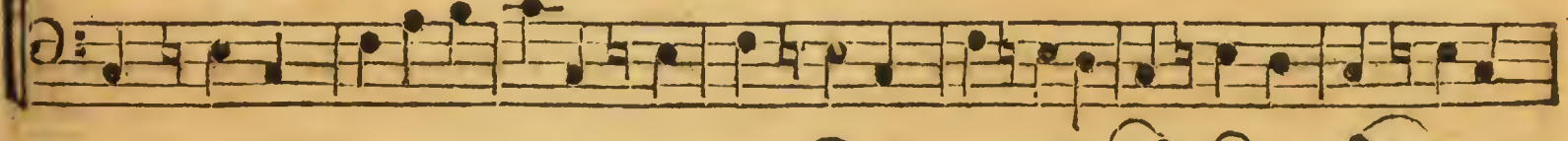
Allegro assai.



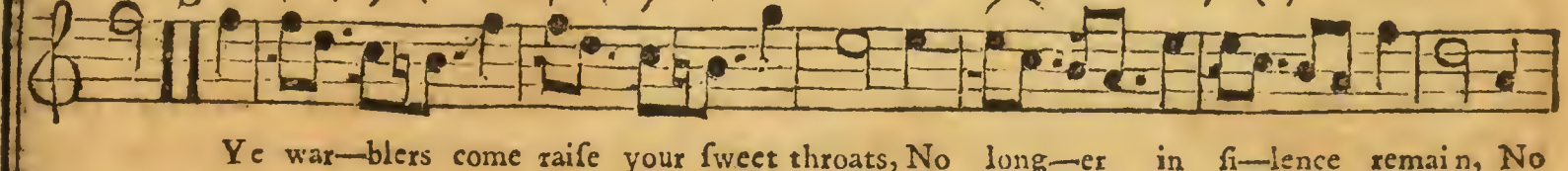
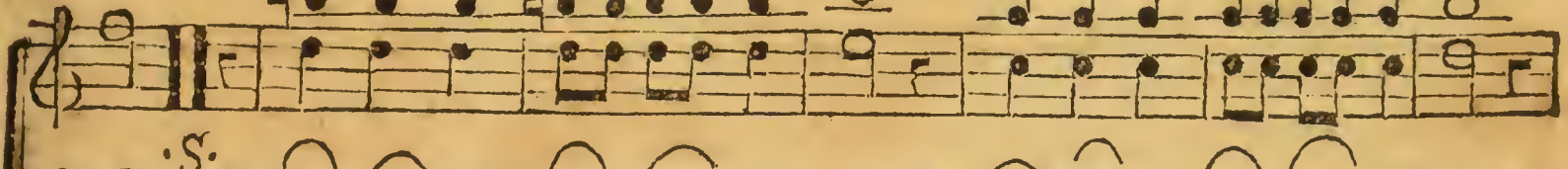
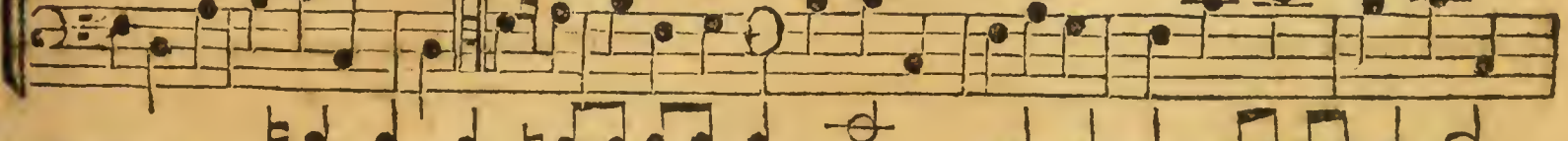
Beholy $\frac{f}{\flat}$ sweet flowers around, & all $\frac{f}{\flat}$ gay beauties $\frac{f}{\flat}$ wear, yet



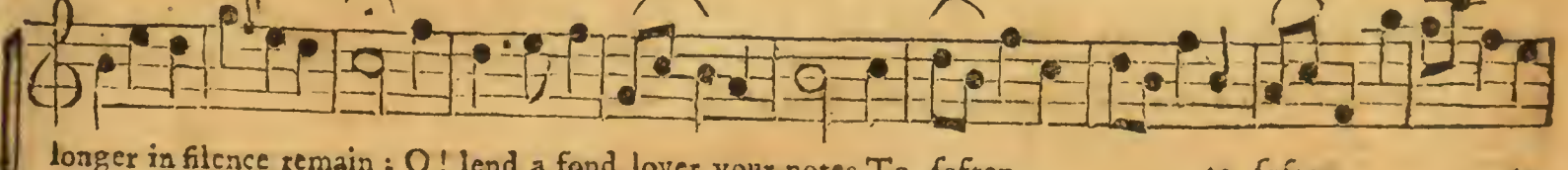
none on the plain can be found So lov—ly so love—ly so



lovely as Celia is fair, So love—ly as Celi—a is fair.



Ye war—blers come raise your sweet throats, No long—er in si—lence remain, No



longer in filence remain ; O ! lend a fond lover your notes To soften to soften to



sof—ten my Ce—lia's dif—dain, To soften my Celia's dif—dain.



2.

Fair Flora attends the soft tale,
And sweetens the borders along :
And sweetens, &c.
But Celia, whose breath might per-
fume

The bosom of Flora in May,
The bosom, &c.
Still frowning, pronounces my doom,
Regardless of all I can say.
Regardless, &c.

Oft times in yon flow'ry vale,
I breathe my complaints in a
long;

Sweet

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sweet NAN of the Vale. *Sung at the New Spring Gardens.*

In a small pleasant village, by nature compleat, Of a few honest shepherds the
 quiet retreat, There liv'd a young lass of so love—ly a mein, as feldom at balls or at
 courts can be seen : The sweet damask-rose was full blown on her
 cheek, The lil—ly display'd all its white on her neck ; The lads of the village all strove to af-
 fail, And call'd her in raptures sweet Nan of the vale.

2

First young Hodge spoke his passion
 'till quite out of breath,
 Crying wounds! he cou'd hug her &
 kifs her to death ;
 And Dick with her beauty was so
 much possess'd,
 That he loathed his food and abandon'd his rest :
 But she cou'd find nothing in them
 so endear,

So sent them away with a sea in
 their ear,
 And said no such boobies cou'd tell
 a love tale,
 Or bring to compliance sweet Nan
 of the vale.

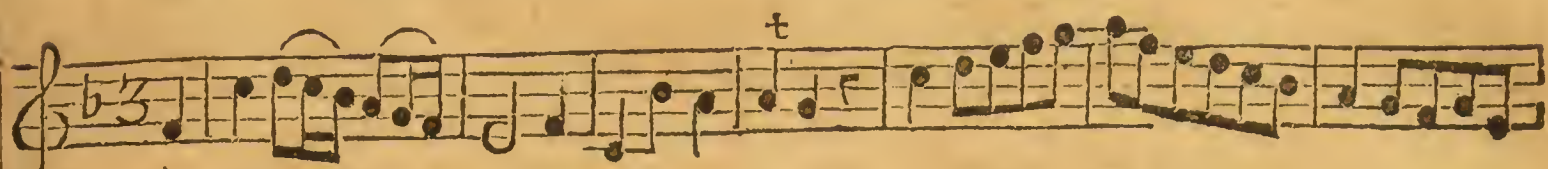
3

Till young Roger the smartest of all
 the gay green,
 Who lately to London on a frolick
 had been,

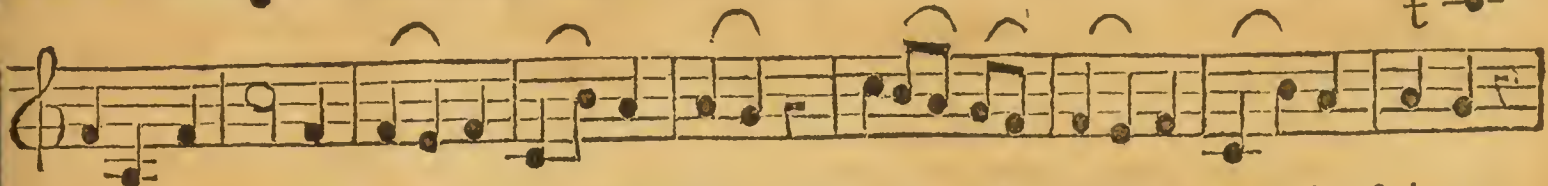
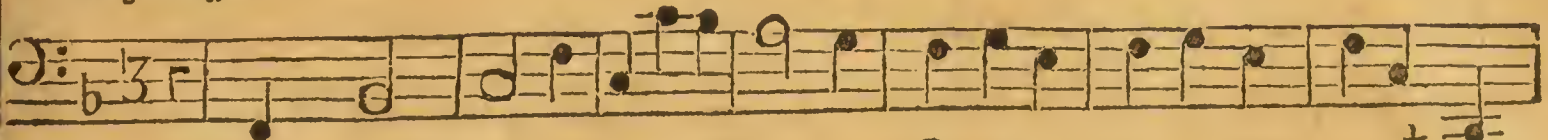
Came home much improv'd in his
 air and address,
 And boldly attack'd her, not fear-
 ing success ;
 He said Heav'n form'd such ripe
 lips to be kifs'd,
 And press'd her so closely she cou'd
 not resist,
 And shew'd the dull clowns the
 right way to assail,
 And brought to his wishes sweet
 Nan of the vale.

The Muses DELIGHT.

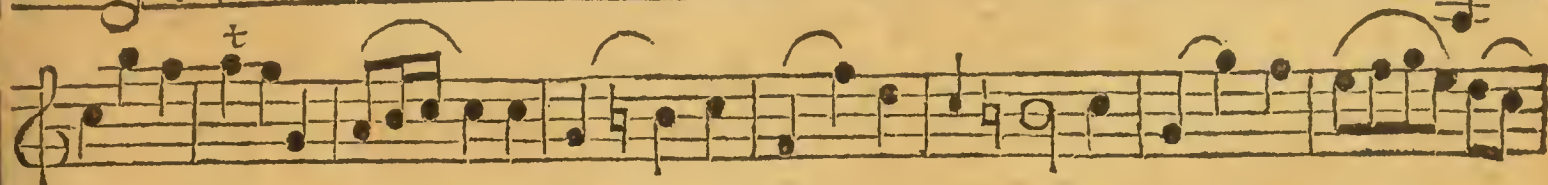
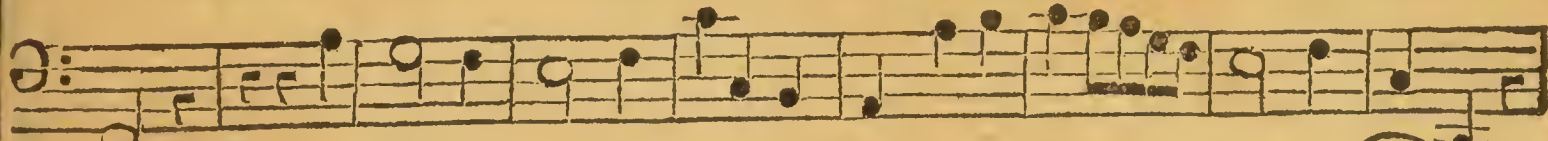
The Blushing Rose. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



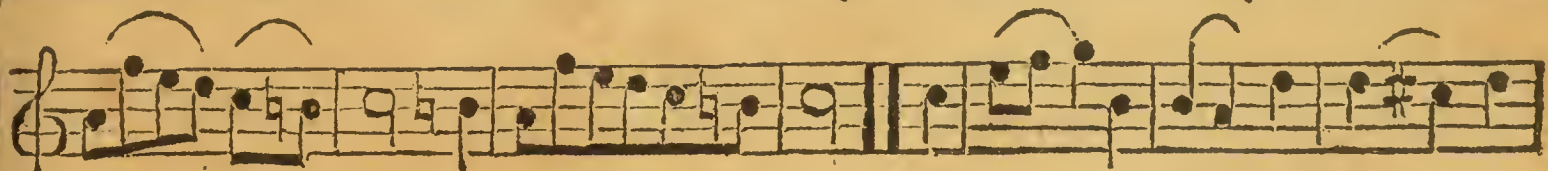
Allegro, assai.



Observe the fragrant blushing rose, Tho' in the humble vale it spring;

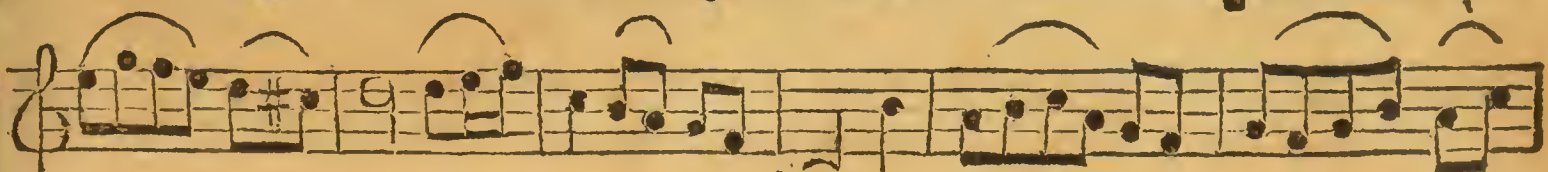
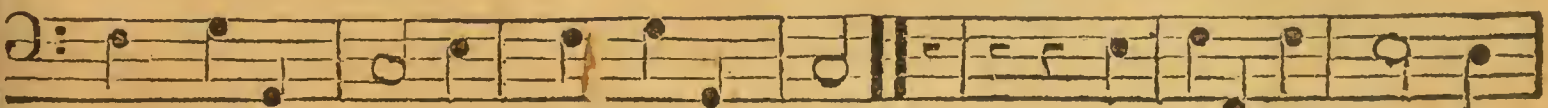


It smells as sweet, as fair it blows, as in the gar—den

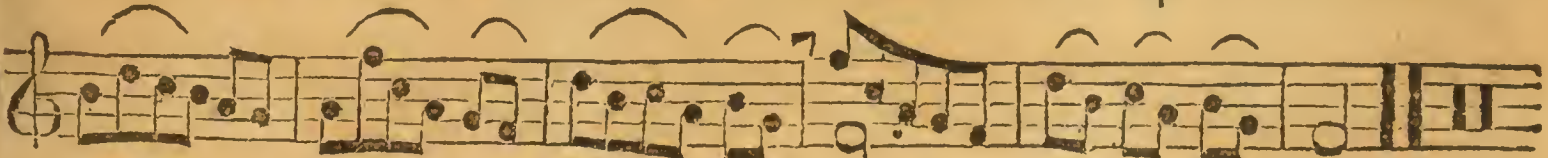
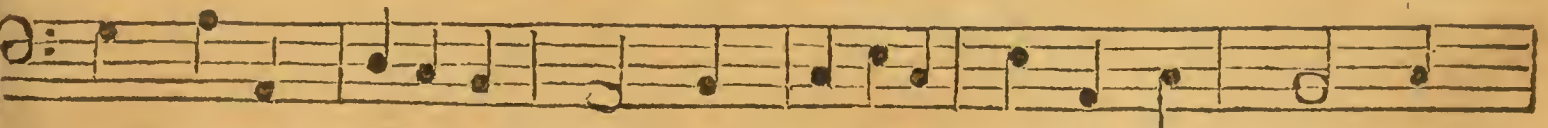


of a king.

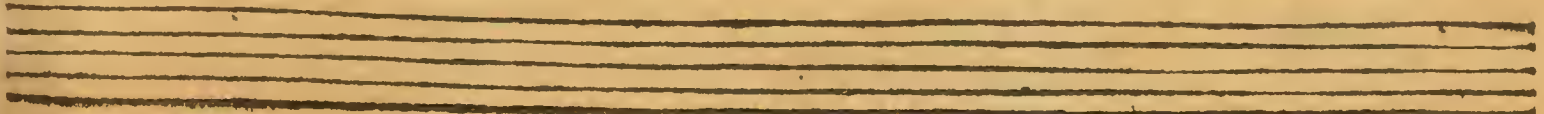
So soft con—tent as oft is



found com—plete in the low—ly cot as in the lof—ty



feat, As in the lof—ty feat.



The Muses DELIGHT.

The Highland Laffie. Set by Mr. ARNE.

The

Lowland Maids go spruce & fine, But oft they're vain and pert—ly faucy; So proud they ne—ver

can be kind, Like my good-humour'd High—land Laffie. Like my good-hu—mour'd

High—land Laffie. O! my bonny bon—ny High—land Laffie, My hand—some

charming Highland Laffie; May ne—ver care make thee less fair: But

bloom of youth still blefs my Laffie.

2.
 Fore any lass in Burrow's town,
 Who makes her cheeks wi' patch-
 es mottie,
 I'd take my Katie wi' one gown,
 Barefooted in her little Coatie.
 Barefooted, &c.
 O! my bonny bonny, &c.

3.
 Beneath the brier or birken bush,
 Whene'er I court or kifs my
 beauty,

Happy and blithe as one would wish,
 My flutt'ring heart goes pitty-
 patty.
 My flutt'ring heart, &c.
 O! my bonny bonny, &c.

4.
 The mountains clad wi' purple bloom
 And berries ripe, invite my trea-
 sure ;
 Enamell'd flowers breathe perfume,
 And court my love to rural plea-
 sure.
 And court, &c.

O! my bonny bonny, &c.

5.
 Come, lovely Katie, come away,
 We'll cheerful range the flow'ry
 meadows ;
 Thy smiles shall gild each live-
 long day,
 And love and truth for ever bed
 us.
 And love, &c.
 O! my bonny bonny Highland
 Laffie,
 My hearty, smiling, &c

TO ZEPHYRUS. *The Music from Mr. HOWARD'S Musette.*

Sportive Ze—phy—rus, fondly blow—ing, breathing o—dours through the
 air ; blooming life on groves be—stow—ing, to Vaux—hall my
 De—li—a bear : Flora can't more sweet—ly blefs thee play-
 ing stray—ing round her charms, Than when De—li—a's smiles a-
 drefs me, figh—ing, dy—ing, in her arms.

NANNY of the Hill. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

As—fist me

ev'—ry tuneful bard, O! lend me all your skill; In choicest lays that

I may praise Dear Nanny of the Hill. Sweet Nanny, dear Nan—ny, Sweet Nan—ny of the

Hill.

2.
How gay the glitt'ring beam of
morn,
That gilds the chrystal rill;
But far more bright than morning
light,
Shines Nanny of the Hill.
*Dear Nanny, shines Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.*

*Sweet Nanny, blooms Nanny,
Sweet Nanny of the Hill.*

Wit, beauty, truth, and blooming
youth,
Deck Nanny of the Hill.
*Deck Nanny, sweet Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.*

3.

The gayest flow'er so fair of late,
The ev'ning damps will kill;
But ev'ry day more fresh and gay
Blooms Nanny of the Hill.

4.
Old Time arrests his rapid flight,
And keeps his motion still;
Resolv'd to spare a face so fair
As Nanny's of the Hill.
*Dear Nanny's, sweet Nanny's,
Dear Nanny's of the Hill.*

6.

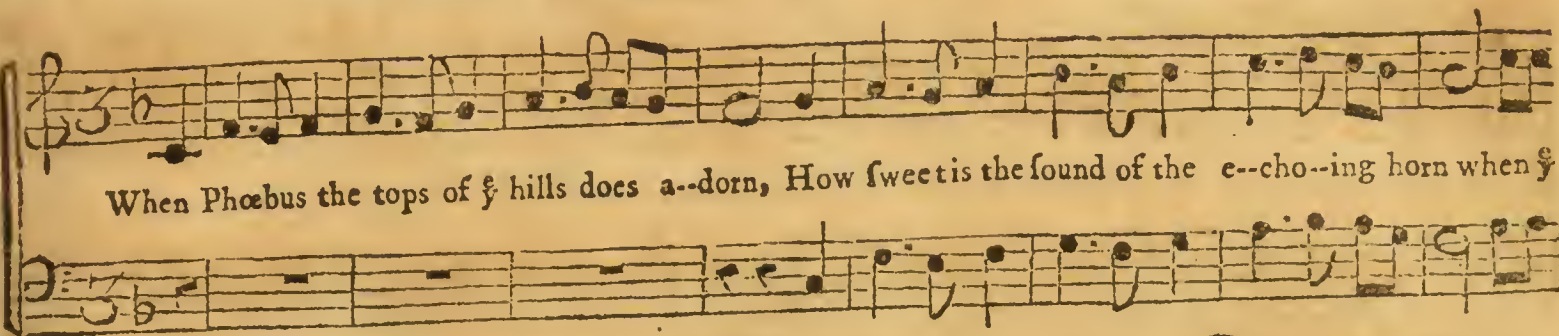
And now around the feastive board
The jovial bumpers fill;
Each takes his glass to my dear
lafs,
Sweet Nanny of the Hill.
*Dear Nanny, sweet Nanny,
Dear Nanny of the Hill.*

5.

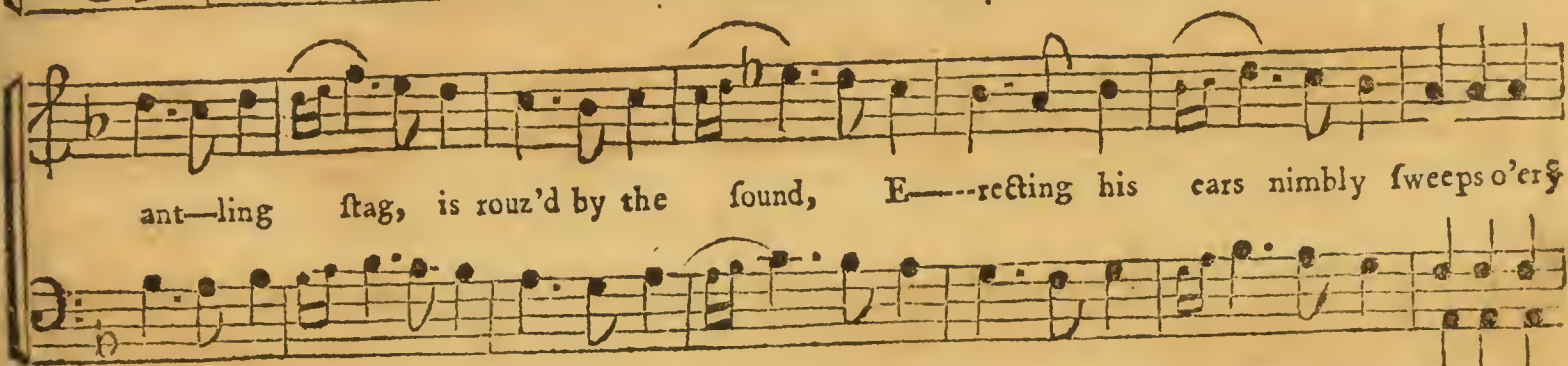
To form my charmer, nature has
Exerted all her skill;

The Muses DELIGHT.

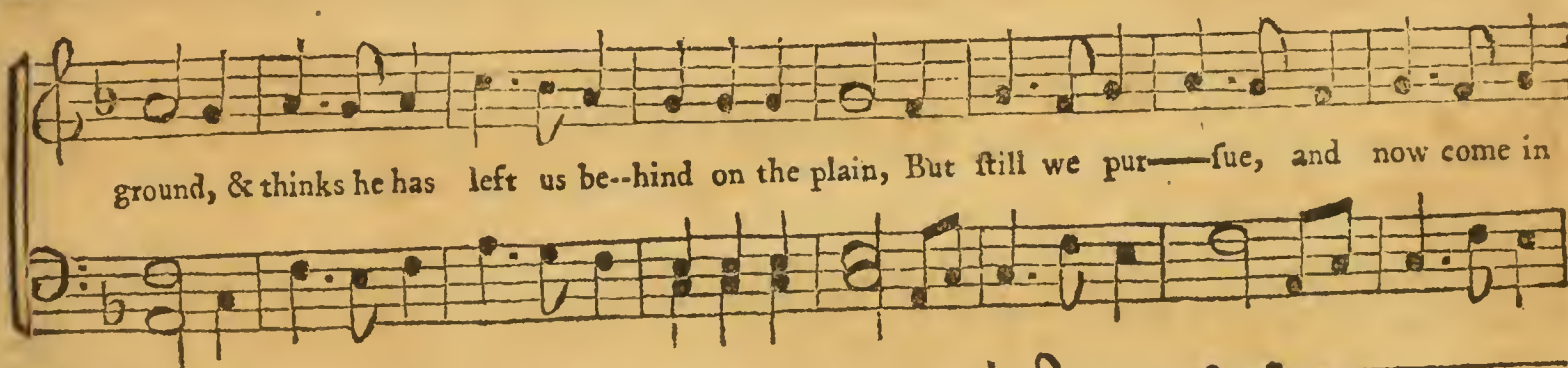
A favourite Hunting Song. For two Voices.



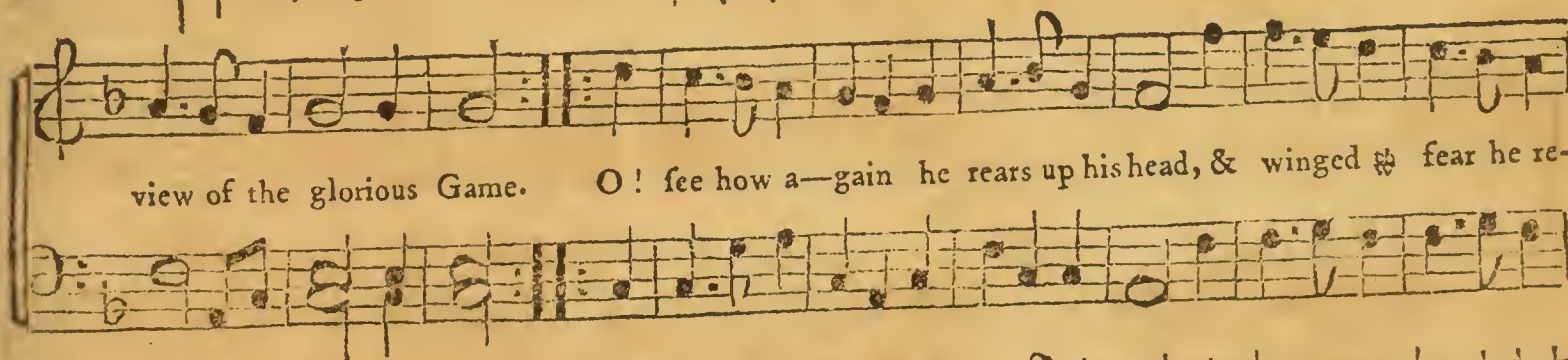
When Phœbus the tops of $\frac{1}{2}$ hills does a--dorn, How sweet is the sound of the e--cho--ing horn when $\frac{1}{2}$



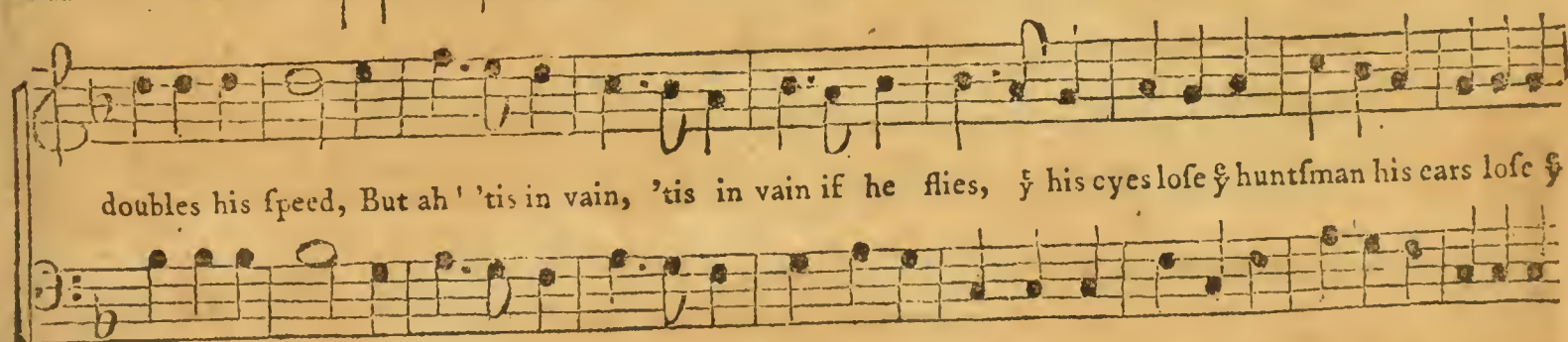
ant--ling stag, is rouz'd by the sound, E-----recting his ears nimbly sweeps o'er $\frac{1}{2}$



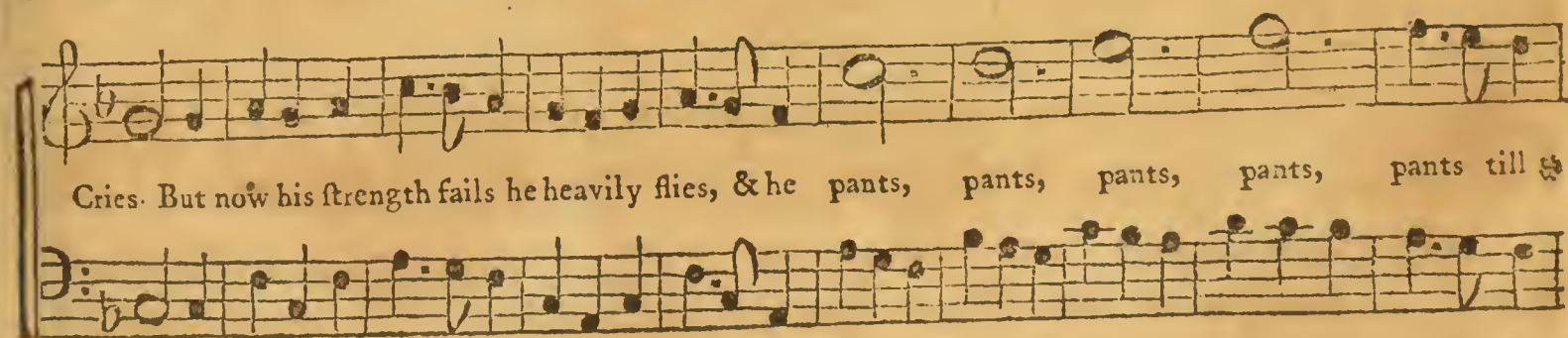
ground, & thinks he has left us be--hind on the plain, But still we pur--sue, and now come in



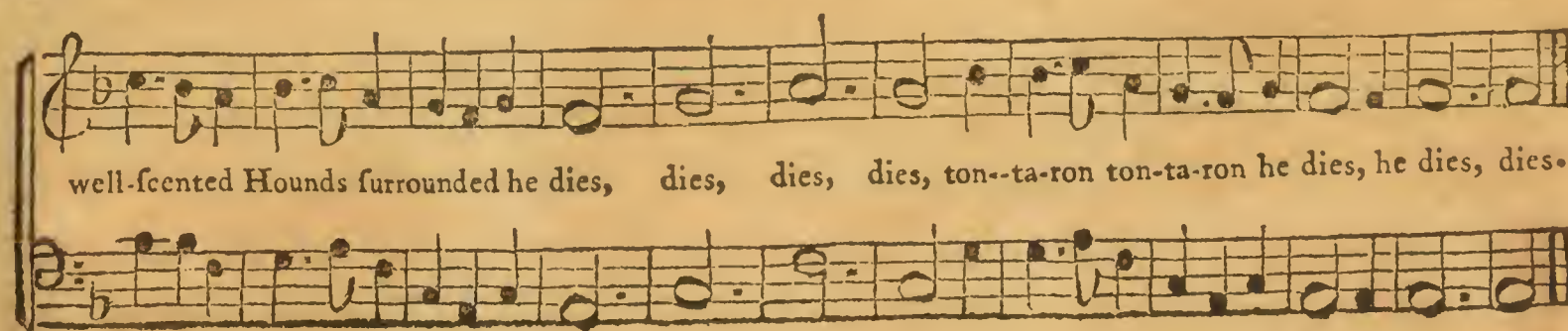
view of the glorious Game. O! see how a--gain he rears up his head, & winged $\frac{1}{2}$ fear he re-



doubles his speed, But ah! 'tis in vain, 'tis in vain if he flies, $\frac{1}{2}$ his eyes lose $\frac{1}{2}$ huntsman his ears lose $\frac{1}{2}$



Cries. But now his strength fails he heavily flies, & he pants, pants, pants, pants, pants till $\frac{1}{2}$



well-scented Hounds surrounded he dies, dies, dies, dies, ton--ta--ron ton-ta--ron he dies, he dies, dies.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Ye Swains that are courting a Maid. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON.*

Andante.

Ye swains that are courting a maid, Be

warn'd & instructed by me, Tho' small experience I've had, I'll give you good counsel and free:

The Women are changable things, And

feldom a moment the same; As time a va-ri-ety brings, Their

looks new humours pro-clai ————— m, Their looks new humours pro-

claim.

But he who in love would succeed,
 And his mistress's favour obtain,
 Must mind it, as sure as his creed,
 To make hay while the sun is
 serene.

There's a season to conquer the
 fair,
 And that's when they're merry
 and gay ;

To catch the occasion take care,
 When 'tis gone, in vain you'll
 affay.
When 'tis gone, &c.

On Tree-top'd Hill. Set by Mr. FESTING.

Poco Allegro. On Tree-top'd Hill or turf—

ted Green, While yet Au—ro—ra's Vest is seen, While yet Au—

ro—ra's Vest is seen: Be—fore the Sun has left the Sea, Let the fresh

Morning breathe on me, Let the fresh Morning breathe on me.

2

To furze-blown heath or pasture
 mead,
 Do thou my happy footsteps lead ;
Do thou, &c.
 Then shew me to $\frac{5}{8}$ pleasing stream,
 Of which at night so oft I dream.
Of which at night, &c.

3.

At noon the mazy wood I'll tread,

With autumn leaves and dry moss
 spread,
With autumn, &c.
 And cooling fruits for thee prepare,
 For sure I think thou wilt be there.
For sure, &c.

4

'Till birds begin their evening song,
 With thee the time seems never
 long,
With thee, &c.

O let us speak our love that's past,
 And count how long it has to last.
And count, &c.

5.

I'll say eternally, and thou
 Shalt only look as kind as now ;
Shalt only look, &c.
 I ask no more, for that affords,
 What is not in the force of words.
What is not in the force of words.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ROSALIND. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Come

Rosalind, oh! come and see What pleasures are in store for thee, The fields in all their

sweets ap—pear, The trees their gay—est beau—ties wear, The trees their gay—est

beauties wear.

The joy—ful birds in

ev'—ry grove, Now war—ble out their songs of love, Now warble out their songs of love. For

thee

thee they sing, and ro—ses bloom, And Col—lin thee in—vites to come, in—vi—
 tes to come, And
 Col—lin thee in—vites to come.

Come Rosalind, and Collin join ; My tender flocks and all are thine. If love and Rosalind be here 'Tis May and pleasure all the year.	'Tis May, &c. Come see a cottage and a swain : Thou couldst my love nor gifts disdain. Leave all behind, nor longer stay,	For Collin calls — then haste a- way. For Collin, &c.
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Advice to CLOE. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

See Cloe, how $\frac{y}{y}$ newblown rose blooms like thy beauteous Face, Youth does its rip'ning
 Charms disclose, & perfects ev'ry Grace : Its Virgin Sweets per—fume the Air, and then its
 Pride de—cays ; so will it be with thee, my Fair, ω past thy youthful Days.

No April can revive thy charms, No sun can light thy eyes ; Soft love will leave those snowy	arms When age begins to rise. Then Cloe let my passion move	Thy pity for my pain ; Obey the voice of gentle love, Love and be lov'd again.
--	---	--

The Muses DELIGHT.

The ADVICE. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Mortals wisely learn to measure Life by the Ex—tent of Joy; Life is
 no ————— rt, and fleet—ing Plea—sure,
 Then be gay while you may, And your Hours in Mirth em—ploy.

<p>2. Never let a mistress pain you, Tho' she meets you with disdain; Fly to wine, 'twill soon unchain you, Cheer the heart, And all smart In a sweet oblivion drown.</p>	<p>3. If love's fiercer flames should seize To some gentle maid repair; She'll with soft endearments ease On her breast, (thee. Lull'd to rest, Eas'd of love and free from care.</p>	<p>4. (thee, Friendship, wine and love united, From all ills defend the mind; By them guarded and delighted, Happy state, Smile at fate, And leave sorrows to the wind.</p>
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The Reasonable Lover. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Spiritoso.
 I seek not at once in a fe—male to find The form of a
 Venus

Ve—nus with Pallas's mind ; Let the girl that I love have but pru—dence in view, That

tho' she de—ceive I may still think her true.

Be her person not beauxeous, but come—ly and clean, Let her

temper be cloudless and o—pen her mein ; By fol—ly, ill—na—ture nor

va—ni—ty led, Nor in—debt—ed to paint, nor in—debt—ed to paint for white or for

red, for white or for red.

May her tongue, that dread wea— pon in most of the sex, Be employ'd to delight us, and not to perplex ; Let her not be too bold, nor frown at a jest ;	For prudes I despise, and coquets I detest. May her humour the taste of the company hit ; Not affectedly wise, nor too pert with her wit.	Go find out the fair that is form'd on my plan, And I'll love her for ever—I mean if I can. I mean, &c.
---	--	---

Oh!

The Muses DELIGHT.

Oh! lovely Maid. *Set by Mr. ARNE.*

Amoroso. Oh

love—ly maid how dea—r's thy power! At once I love at once adore; With wonder are my

thoughts posselt, While softest love inspires my breast, While softest love inspires my breast.

1.
Yes, charming victor, I am thine,
Poor as it is, this heart of mine
Was never in another's pow'r,
Was never pierc'd by love before.
Was never, &c.

3.
In thee I've treasur'd up my joy,
Thou canst give blifs, or blifs de-
stroy;

2.
And thus I've bound myself to love
While blifs or misery can move.
While blifs, &c.

4.
O should I ne'er possess thy charms,
Ne'er meet my comfort in thy
arms;
Were hopes of dear enjoyment
gone,
Still would I love, love thee alone.
Still would, &c.

5.
But like some discontented shade,
That wanders where it's beauty's
laid,
Mournful I'd roam, with hollow
glare,
For ever exil'd from the fair.
For ever, &c.

The Syrens Song to ULYSSES. *Set by Mr. ARNE.*

Allegro. *Piano* *Forte*

Piano *Forte*

Hither sweet Ulysses

haste, Manly beau—ty come and taste What the pow'rs of blifs un—fold, Joys too mighty

to be told, Joys too migh—ty to be told : Taste

ex—tacies they give, Dying raptures taste and live : Taste what ex—ta—sies they give, dy—ing

raptures taste and live, taste, taste, taste and live, Dy—ing rap—tures taste and

live.

2.

3.

3.

Lavish nature sheds her store,
Thrilling Joys, unfelt before,
Sweetly languishing desires,
Fierce delights and am'rous fires ;
Fierce delights, &c.
Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
Manly beauty come away.
Sweetest, &c.

List not when the froward chide,
Sons of pedantry and pride,
Snarlers, to whose feeble sence
April sunshine is offence :
April sunshine, &c.
Envious age alone decries
Pleasures which from love arise.
Envious age, &c.

Come, in pleasure's balmy bowl,
Slake the thirsting of thy soul,
'Till thy raptur'd pow'rs are faint ;
Joys too exquisite to paint :
Joys too exquisite, &c.
Sweetest, dost thou yet delay ?
Manly beauty come away.
Sweetest, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Highland Laddie. Set by Sigr. PASQUALI.

Andante.

The Lowland lads think
they are fine, But O they're vain & idly gaudy, How much unlike the manly looks, And
graceful mein of my Highland Laddie! O my bonny bonny Highland Laddie, My handsome charming
Highland Laddie, May heav'n's still guard and love reward The Lowland Lads and Highland
Laddie.

2.

3

4.

If I was free at will to chuse
To be y^e wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without
trews,
With bonnet blue, and belted
plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

The bravest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready,
Compar'd to him, he's but a
clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin and
dady;
Frac winter's cauld, & summer's fun,
He'll screen me with his highland
plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

5.

A painted room, and filken bed,
 May please a lawland laird and
 lady;
 But I can kiss, and be as glad
 Behind a bush in's highland plaid-
 dy.
O my bonny, &c.

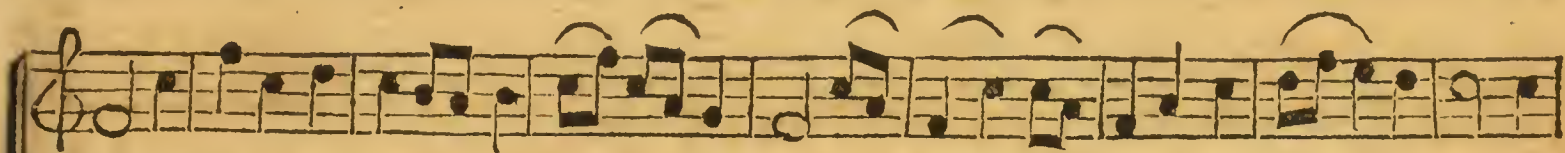
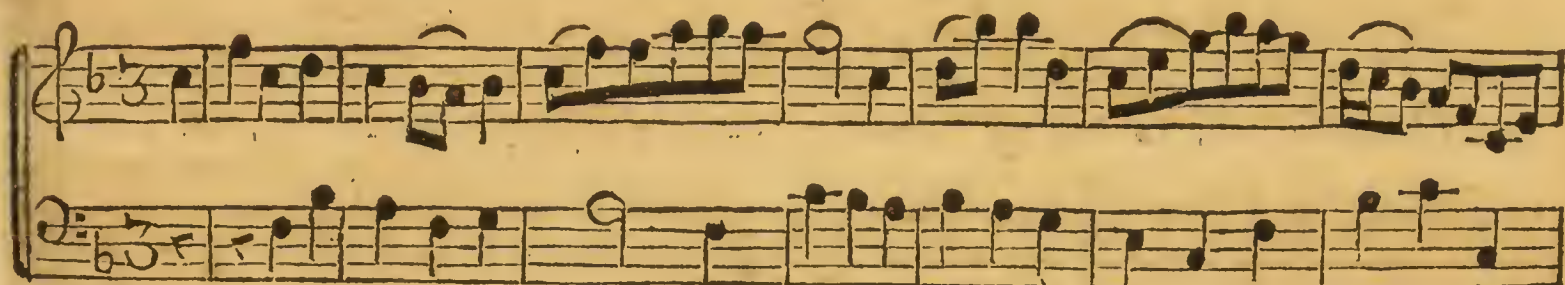
6.

Few compliments between us pass,
 I ca' him my dear highland lad-
 die,
 And he ca's me his lawland lass,
 Syne rows me in beneath his
 plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

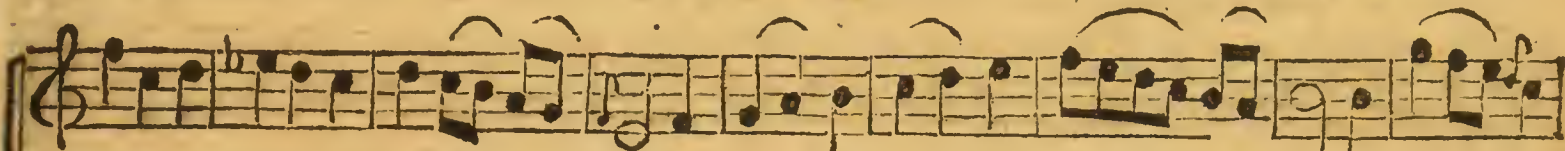
7.

Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
 Than that his love prove true &
 steady,
 Like mine to him, which ne'er shall
 end,
 While heaven preserves my high-
 land laddie.
O my bonny, &c.

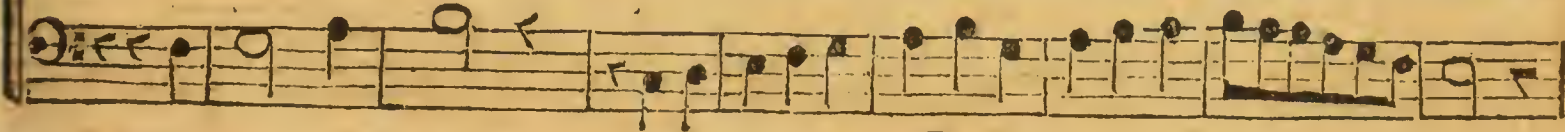
The Happy Pair. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*



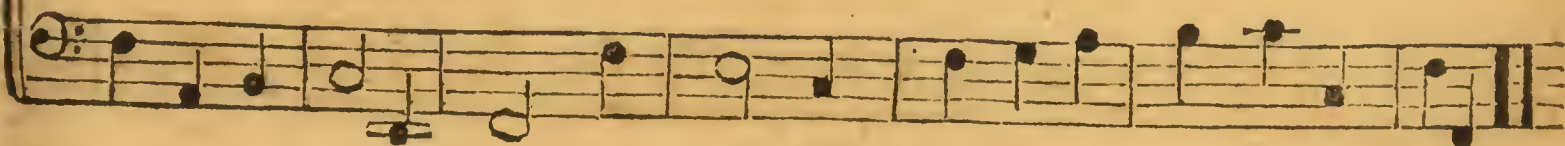
How blest has my time been, & days have I known, Since wedlock's soft bondage made Polly my own: So



joyful my heart is, so ea—sy my chain, & freedom is tasteless & rov—ing a pain, That freedom is



tasteless and roving a pain.



2.

Thro' walks grown with woodbines
 as often we stray,
 Around us our boys and girls frolick
 and play;
 How pleasing the sport is, the wan-
 ton ones see,
 And borrow their looks from my
 Jeffy and me.
And borrow, &c.

3.

To try her sweet temper, oft-times
 am I seen

In revels all day with the nymphs
 on the green;
 Tho' painful my absence, my doubts
 she beguiles,
 And meets me at night with com-
 pliance and smiles.
And meets me, &c.

4.

What tho' on her cheeks the rose
 loses its hue,
 Her ease and good humour bloom
 all the year thro';
 Time, still as it flies, brings encrease
 to her truth,

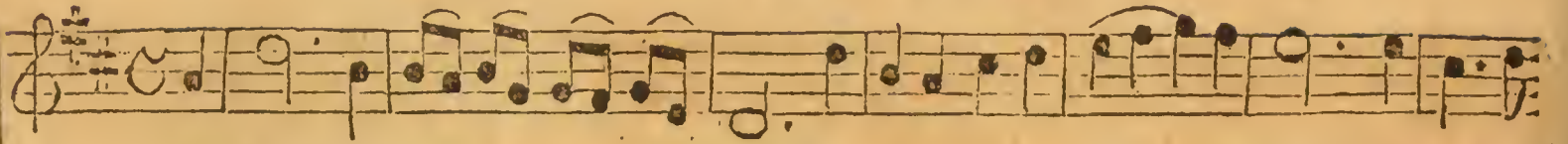
And gives to her mind what he
 steals from her youth.
And gives to her, &c.

5.

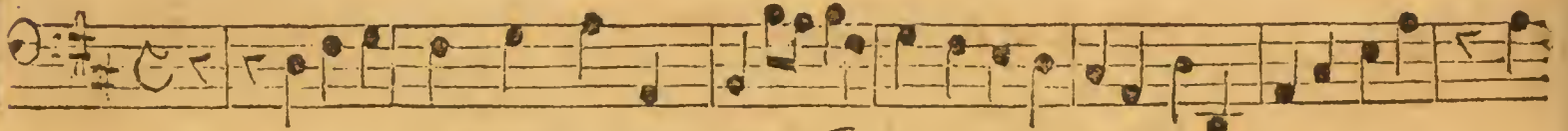
Ye shepherds so gay, who make
 love to ensnare,
 And cheat with false vows the too
 credulous fair;
 In search of true pleasures, how
 vainly you roam!
 To hold it for life, you must find it
 at home.
To hold it for life, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

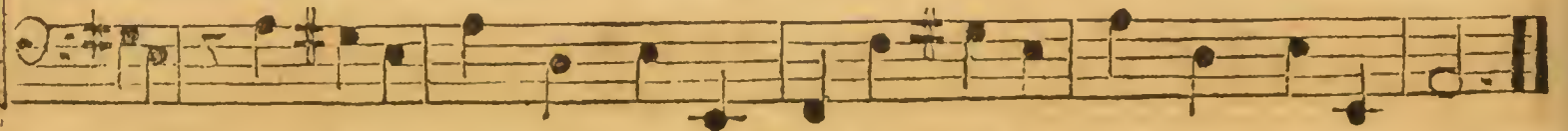
The Garland. Set by Mr. WEIDEMAN.



The pride of ev'ry grove I chose, The vi'let sweet & lil—ly fair; The dappl'd



pink & blushing rose, To deck my charming Clo—e's Hair :



At morn the nymph vouchsafed to place up—on her brow the various wreath; The



flowers less blooming than her face, The scent less fra—grant than her brea—



—th, The scent less fragrant tha—n her breath.



2
The flowers she wore along the day,
And ev'ry nymph and shepherd
said,
That in her hair they look'd more
gay,
Than glowing in their native bed.
Undrest at ev'ning, when she found,
Their odours lost, their colour
past;
She chang'd her look, and on the
ground
Her garland and her eye she cast.
Her Garland, &c.

3
That eye dropt sense, distinct and
clear,
As any muse's tongue cou'd speak;

When from its lid, a pearly tear,
Ran trickling down her beauteous
check.
Dissembling what I knew too well,
My love, my life, said I, ex-
plain,
This change of humour, prithee tell
That falling tear—what does it
mean?

4.
She sigh'd, she smil'd, and to the
flow'rs
Pointing, the lovely moralist
said,
See! friend, in some few fleeting
hours,
See, yonder, what a change is
made.

Ah me! the blooming pride of may,
And that of beauty are but one:
At morn both flourish bright and
gay,
Both fade at evening, pale, and
gone.

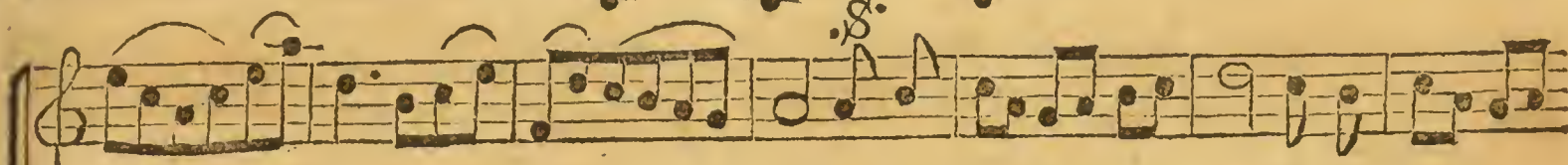
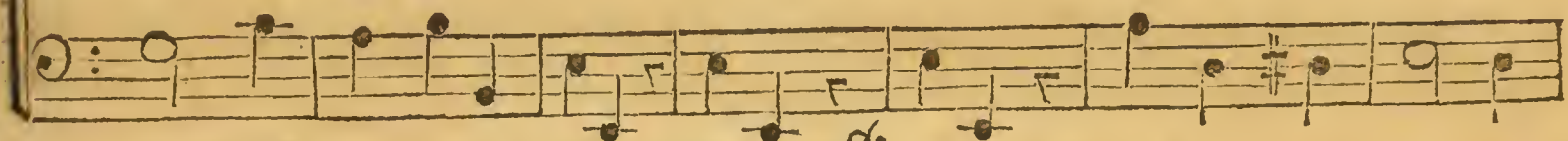
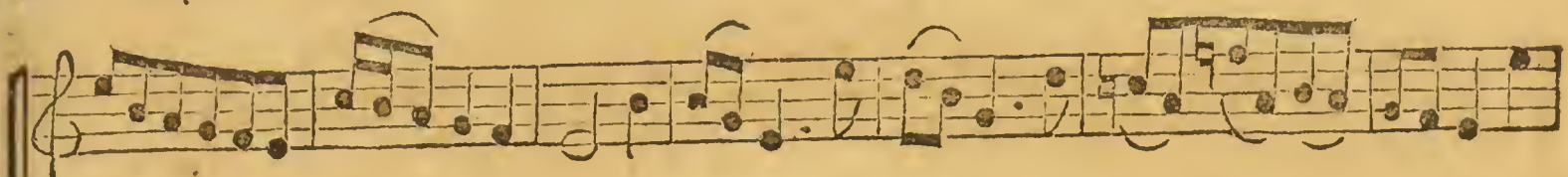
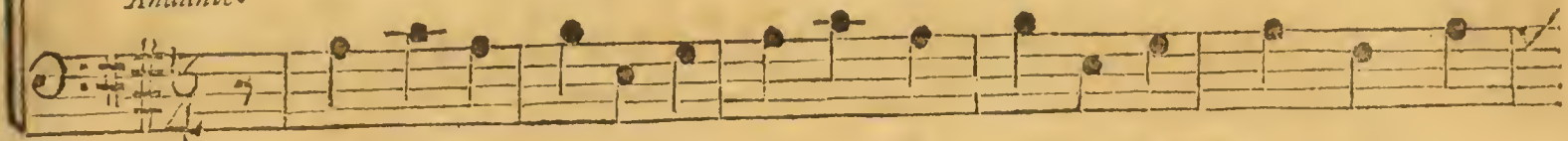
5
At dawn, poor Stella danc'd and
fung;
The am'rous youths around her
bow'd:
At night her fatal knell was rung;
I saw, and kiss'd her in her
shroud.
Such as she is, who dy'd to day:
Such I, alas! may be to-morrow.
Go Damon, bid thy muse display
The justice of thy Chloë's sorrow.

The Muses DELIGHT.

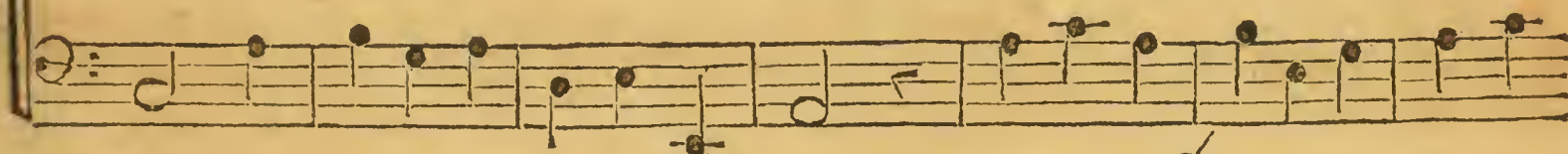
Set by Mr. ARNE. Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall.



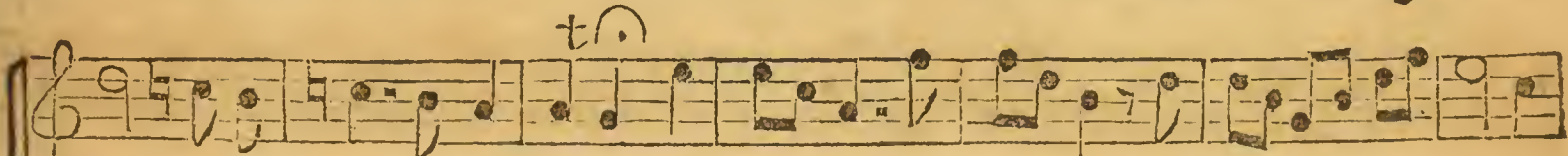
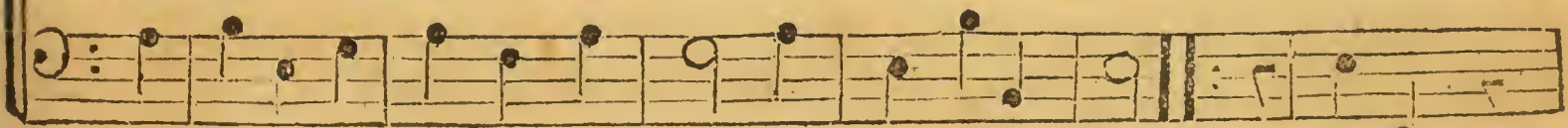
Andante.



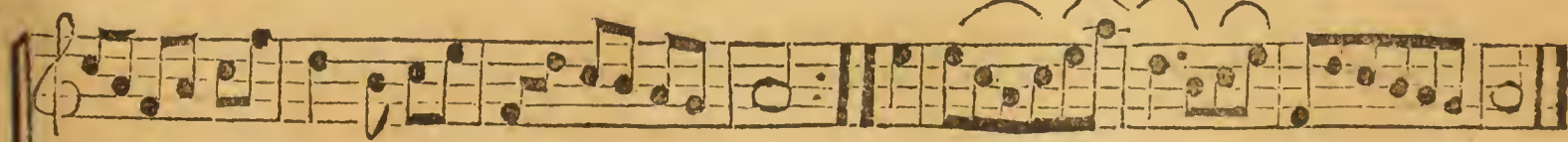
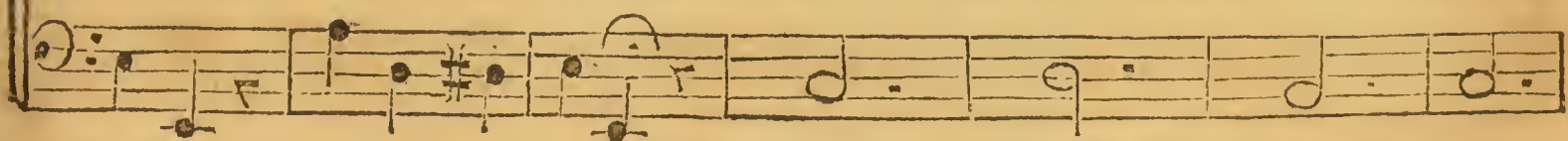
When your beau—ty ap—pears In its gra—ces



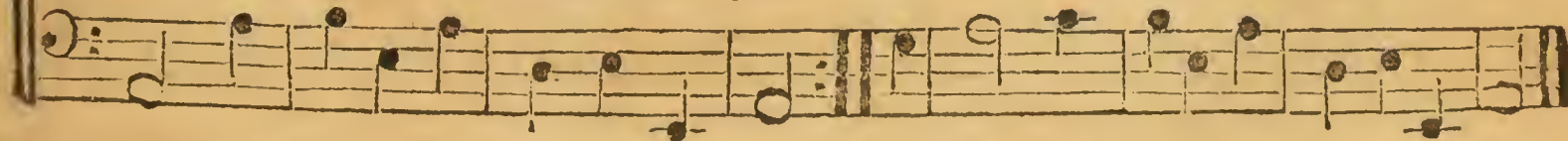
and airs, All bright as an angel just dropt from the skies: At dist—ance I.



gaze, And am aw'd by my fears; So strangely, so strangely you daz—zle my Eyes, So.



strangely so strangely you daz—zle my eyes.



2.

But when, without art, your kind thoughts you impart,
When your love runs in blushes thro' every vein;
When it darts from your eyes, when it pants in your heart,

Then I know you're a woman, a woman again.
Then I know, &c.

3.

There's a passion and pride in our sex, she replied,

And thus, might I gratify both, I would do;
An angel appear to each lover beside,
But still be a woman, a woman to you.
But still, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Careless Toper. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Fly Care to the Winds thus I blow thee a——way, I'll drown thee in Wine if thou
dares for to stay: With Bumpers of Cla---ret my Spi——rits I'll raise, I'll
laugh and I'll sing all the rest of my Days.

2.

God Bacchus this moment adopts
me his son,
And, inspir'd, my breast glows with
transports unknown;
The sparkling liquor new vigour
supplies,

And makes the nymph kind who
before was too wise.

3.

Then dull sober mortals, be happy
as me;

Two bottles of claret will make us
agree;

Will open your eyes to see Phillis's
charms,
And, her coyness wash'd down,
she'll fly to your arms.

The Bonny BROOM. Set by Mr. ARNE.

How blithe was I each morn to see, My
swain come o'er the hill; He leapt the brook and flew to me, I met him
with

with good will. I ne—ver wanted ewe nor lamb, While his flocks near me
 lay ; He ga—ther'd in my sheep at night, And chear'd me all the
 day. O ♪ broom, ♪ bonny bonny broom, Where lost was my re—pose ; I
 wish I was with my dear swain, With his pipe and my ewes.

2.

He tun'd his pipe and reed sae
 sweet,
 The birds stood list'ning by ;
 The fleecy sheep stood still, and
 gaz'd,
 Charm'd with his melody.
 While thus we spent our time by
 turns,
 Betwixt our flocks and play ;
 I envy'd not the fairest dame,

Tho' e'er so rich and gay.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

3

He did oblige me ev'ry hour ;
 Could I but faithful be ?
 He stole my heart, could I re-
 fuse

Whate'er he ask'd of me ?
 Hard fate, that I must banish'd
 be,
 Gang heavily and mourn,
 Because I lov'd the kindest swain
 That ever yet was born.
*O the broom, the bonny bonny broom,
 Where lost was my repose ;
 I wish I was with my dear swain,
 With his pipe and my ewes.*

The Muses DELIGHT.

JOCKEY. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall-Gardens.*

I'll
sing of my lover all night and all day, He's e-ver good-natur'd and fro-lic and
gay; His voice is as sweet as the nightingale's lay, And well on his bagpipe my
shepherd can play: And a bon-ny young lad is my Jockey, And a bon-ny young
lad is my Jockey.

2

He says that he loves me I'm witty
and fair,
And praises my eyes, my lips and
my hair,
Rose violet nor lilly with me can
compare,
If this be to flatter, 'tis pretty I
swear;
And a bonny, &c.

3

He kneel'd at my feet and with
many a sigh,
He cry'd O! my dear will you never
comply,
If you mean to destroy me, why do
it I'll die,
I trembled all over & answer'd not I.
And a bonny, &c.

4

Around the tall may-pole he dances
so neat,
And sonnets of love the dear boy
can repeat,
He's constant, he's valiant, he's wise
and discreet,
His looks are so kind and his kisses
so sweet;
And a bonny, &c.

At

5

At eve when the Sun seeks repose
in the west,
And may's tuneful choirists all skim
to their nest,
When I meet on the green, the
dear boy I love best

My heart is just ready to burst from
my breast ;
Such a bonny, &c.

6

But see how the meadows are moi-
sten'd with dew,

Come, come my dear shepherd I
wait but for you,
We live for each other, both con-
stant and true,
And taste the soft raptures no mo-
narch e'er knew.
And a bonny, &c.

The Nut-brown Maid. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Allegro, ma non troppo.

'Twas in y bloom of may ♪ odours breathe around, ♪ nym: are blithe & ga—y, &c

all ♪ mirth abound ; That happily I stray'd to view my fleecy care, where I beheld a maid No

mortal e'er so fair, no mortal e'er so fair.

2

A shepherd's daughter she,
Who from a neighb'ring town,
My rival flocks to see
Had now forsook her own ;
She wore upon her head
A bonnet made of straw,
Which such a face did shade
As Phœbus never saw.
As Phœbus, &c.

3.

Her locks of nut-brown hue
A round-ear'd coif conceal'd,

Which to my pleasing view
A sporting breeze reveal'd.
Beneath her slender waist
A scrip embroider'd hung ;
The lute her fingers grac'd,
Accompanied with a song.
Accompanied, &c.

4.

So soft, yet sweet a note,
Cuzzoni might regale,
Or Philomela's throat,
That warbles thro' the vale.
Charm'd with her funeful strain,
The swains admiring gaze,

And herds upon the plain
Awhile forget to graze.
Awhile, &c.

5.

Pleas'd with her charming song,
Her winning shape and air,
Into her arms I sprung,
And caught the yielding fair :
The yielding fair obey'd
The sacred laws of love ;
That pow'r which ev'ry maid
Must late or early prove.
Must late, &c.

JENNY of the Green. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Allegro assai.

While o—thers strip the new-fall'n snow, And steal its
fra—grance from the rose, To deck their fancy's queen ; Fain
would I sing but words are faint, All music's pow'r too weak to paint My Jenny of the
Green, My Jenny of the Green.

2.

Beneath this elm, beside this stream,
How oft I've tun'd the favourite
theme,
And told my tale unseen ;
While, faithful in the lover's cause,
The winds wou'd murmur soft ap-
plause
To Jenny of the Green.
To *Jenny, &c.*

3.

With joy my soul reviews the day,
When deckt in all the pride of May
She hail'd the sylvan scene ;
Then ev'ry nymph that hop'd to
please,

First strove to catch the grace and
ease
Of Jenny of the Green.
Of *Jenny, &c.*

4.

Then deaf to ev'ry rival's sigh,
On me she cast her partial eye,
Nor scorn'd my humble mein ;
The fragrant myrtle wreath I wear,
That day adorn'd the lovey hair
Of Jenny of the Green.
Of *Jenny, &c.*

5.

Thro' all the fairy land of love,

I'll seek my pretty wand'ring dove
The pride of gay fifteen ;
Tho' now she treads some distant
plain,
Tho' far apart I'll meet again
My Jenny of the Green.
My *Jenny, &c.*

6.

(night
But thou, old Time, 'til that blest
That glads my eyes with that dear
sight,
Melt down the hours between ;
And when we meet the loss repay,
On loit'ring wing prolong my stay
With Jenny of the Green.
With *Jenny, &c.*

Female

The Muses DELIGHT.

87

Female Fortitude. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.

Young Daphne brightest creature

That e'er did heart en—snare, Was blest with all that nature Could

la—vish on the fa—ir, Could lavish on the fair: For her each youth did

languish, And told their am'—rous smart; What tho' she mock'd their anguish, Yet Strephon

won her heart, Yet Stre—phon won her heart.

2.

3.

4.

The stripling swore for ever
He'd true and constant prove;
He was a youth so clever
That she repaid his love:
That she repaid, &c.
But Death, their joys resenting,
Of Strephon made a prize,
Oh! powers unrelenting
To close the shepherd's eyes.
To close, &c.

Now sobbing, pining, crying,
The beautiful widow ran;
And vow'd, in endless sighing
To weep her constant man.
To weep, &c.
But Corydon, the rover
To court her did prepare,
And thought another lover
Might not displease the fair.
Might not, &c.

With boldness he advances,
The fair his love denies,
Till irresistible glances
Shot flashing from his eyes;
Shot flashing, &c.
With oaths and vows affailing
He wipes each tear-swoln cheek;
Untill his love prevailing,
He weds her in a week.
He weds her, &c.

The Lass of the Mill. Set by Mr. FESTING. Sung by Mr. BEARD.

The musical score consists of ten systems of music, each with a vocal line (treble clef) and a piano accompaniment line (bass clef). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is common time (C). The lyrics are written below the vocal line. The score ends with a double bar line and a fermata over the final note.

Who has

e'er been at Badlock must needs know y mill, At the sign of the horse at the foot of the hill ;

Where y grave and the gay, the clown and the beau, With—out all dis-

tincti—on pro—miscuouf—ly go.

Where the grave and y gay, the

clown and the beau, Without all distinction pro—miscuously go.

2.

This man of the Mill has a daughter so fair,
With so pleasing a shape, and so winning an air,
That once on the ever-green bank as she stood
I'd swore she was Venus just sprung from the flood.
That once on the ever-green, &c.

3.

But looking again I perceiv'd my mistake,

For Venus, tho' fair, has the look of a rake ;
While nothing but virtue and modesty fill
The more beautiful looks of the Lass of the Mill.
While nothing, &c.

4.

Prometheus stole fire, as the poets all say,
To enliven that mass which he modell'd of clay ;
Had Polly been with him the beams of her eyes

Had sav'd him the trouble of robbing the skies.
Had Polly been with him, &c.

5.

Since first I beheld this dear Lass of the Mill,
I can ne'er be at quiet, but do what I will,
All the day and all night I sigh and think still
I shall die if I have not this Lass of the Mill.
All the day, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

89

The NONPAREIL, Set by Dr. BOYCE.

Tho' Cloe

out of fashion, can blush and be sin—cere, I'd toast her in a bumper if

all the belles were here: What tho' no diamonds sparkle a—bout her neck or waste, With

ev'—ry shining vir—tue the love—ly maid is gra — — — — —

—c'd, With ev'ry shi—ning vir—tue the lovely maid is grac'd.

2.

Nor envies them their conquests,
The hearts of all the fools.
Nor envies them, &c.

The Graces all possessing,
Yet knows not she has one :
Then grant me, gracious heav'n,
The gifts you most approve,
And Cloe, charming Cloe !
Will bless me with her love-
And Cloe, &c.

3.

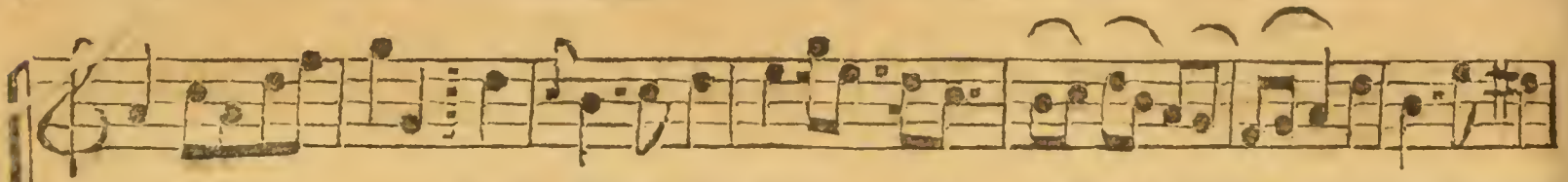
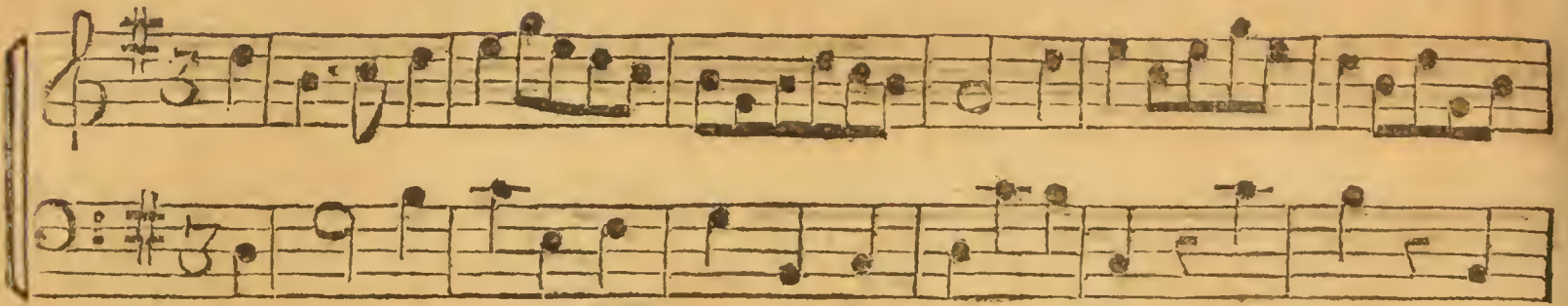
Who wins her must have merit,
Such merit as her own ;

M

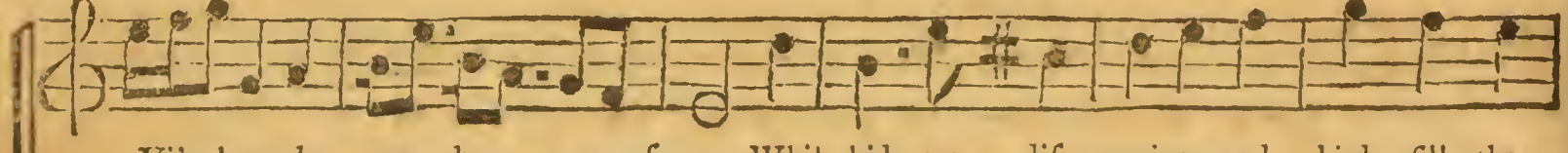
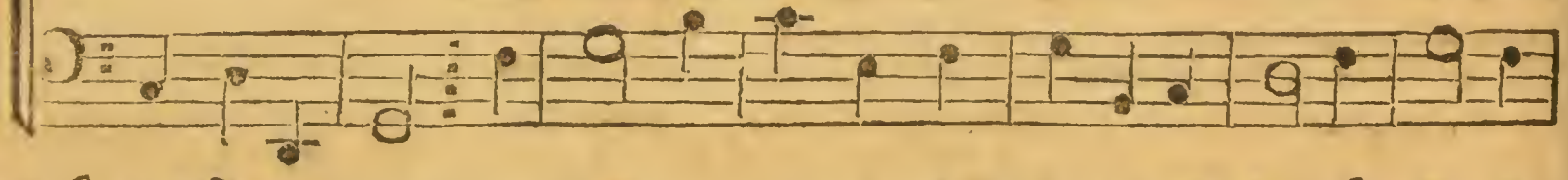
JOCKEY

In modest, plain apparel,
No patches, paint or airs,
In debt alone to nature,
An angel she appears :
From gay coquets high finish'd
My Cloe takes no rules,

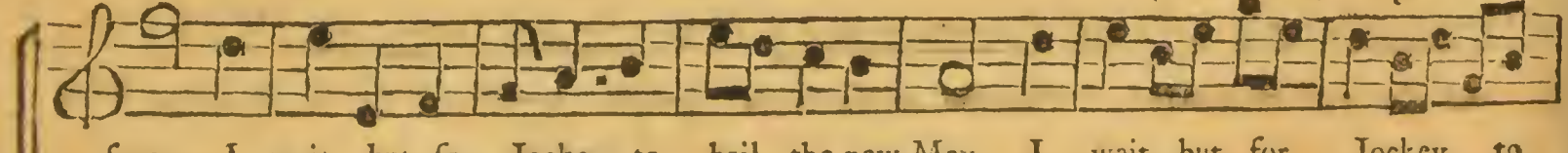
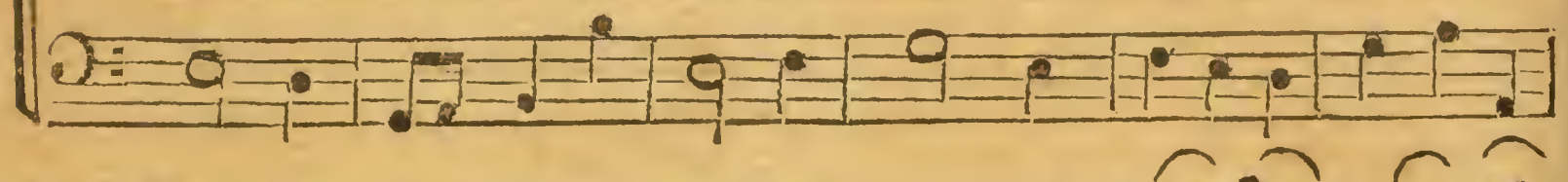
JOCKEY and JENNY. *A Dialogue sung by Mr. LOWE and Miss FALKNER.*



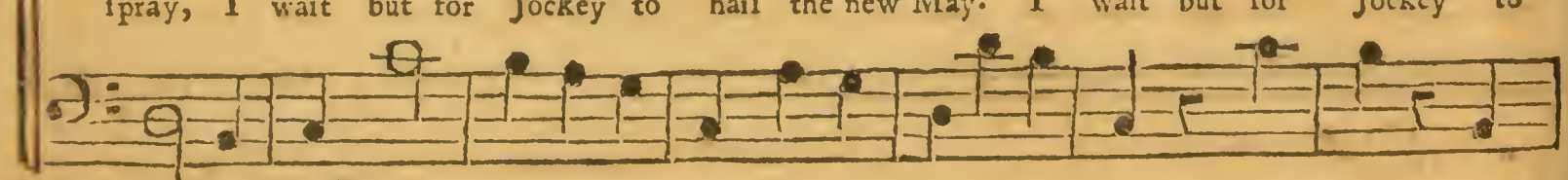
Stern Winter has left us, the trees are in bloom, And cowllips and



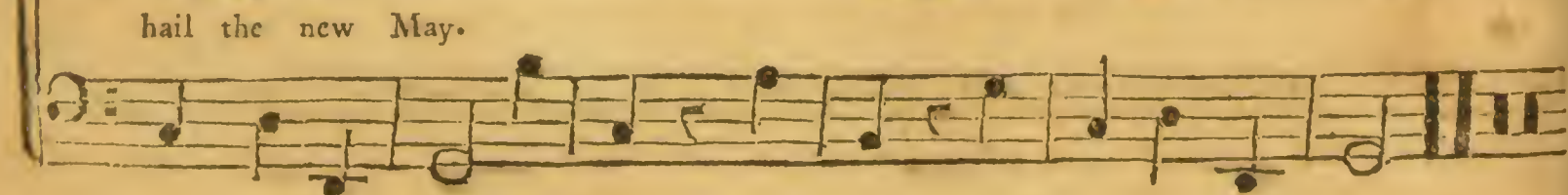
Vi—lets the mea—dows per—fume ; While kids are dif—porting and birds fill the



spray, I wait but for Jockey to hail the new May. I wait but for Jockey to



hail the new May.



2

3

4

JOCKEY. Among the young lilies, my Jenny, I've stray'd,
Pinks, dazies, and woodbines I bring
to my maid ;
Here's thyme sweetly smelling, and
lavender gay,
A posy to form for my queen of the
May.
A posy to form, &c.

JENNY. Ah! Jockey, I fear you
intend to beguile ;
When seated with Molly last night
on a stile,
You swore that you'd love her for
ever and aye,
Forgetting poor Jenny, your queen
of the May.
Forgetting poor Jenny, &c.

JOCKEY. Young Willy is hand-
some in shepherd's green dress,
He gave you those ribbands that
hang at your breast,
Besides three sweet kisses upon the
new hay,
Was that done like Jenny, my
queen of the May ?
Was that done like Jenny, &c.

JENNY

5

JENNY. This garland of roses no longer I prize,
Since Jockey falsehearted, his passion denies;
Ye flowers so blooming, this instant decay,
For Jenny's no longer the queen of the May.
For Jenny's no longer, &c.

Your name is for ever the theme of my song;
From the dews of pale eve to the dawning of day,
I sing but of Jenny, my queen of the May.
I sing but of Jenny, &c.

That Jenny alone you've crown'd queen of the May.
That Jenny alone, &c.

6.

JOCKEY. Believe me dear maiden, your lover you wrong,

JENNY. Again balmy comfort with transport I view,
My fears are all vanish'd, since Jockey is true;
Then to our blith shepherds the news I'll convey,

8.
JOCKEY. Of ev'ry degree, ye young lovers, draw near,
Avoid all suspicion, whate'er may appear;
Believe not your eyes, if your peace they'd betray,
Then come, my dear Jenny, and hail the new May.
Then come, my dear, &c.

7.

The Shepherd's Invitation. *Set by Mr. LAMPE.*

Andantino.

The new-flown birds, the shepherds sing, and welcome in the may; Come Pasto—rella
now the spring makes ev'—ry landscape gay: Wide spreading trees their lea—fy shade o'er
half the plain extend, Or in reflecting fountains play'd & quiv'ring branches be — — nd, their
quiv'ring branches bend. Or in reflect—ing fountains play'd, their quiv'ring branches bend.

2.

Come taste the season in it's prime,
And bless the rising year;
Oh! how my soul grows sick of time,
'Till thou, my love, appear:
Then shall I pass the gladsome day
Warm in thy beauty's shine,

When thy dear flock shall sport and play,
And intermix with mine.
And intermix, &c.

3.

For thee, of doves a milk-white pair
In silken bands I hold;

For thee a firstling lambkin fair
I keep within the fold:
If milk-white doves acceptance meet,
Or tender lambkin please,
My spotless heart without deceit
Be offer'd up with these.
Be offer'd, &c.

DAMON and PHILLIS. A Dialogue. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Ah! Phillis shame on you to serve a swain

so, You promis'd, last lammas, you ve—ry well know, If I'd stay but till christmas our

hands should be join'd, And it's midsummer now, Phillis why so un—kind? Why,

why Phillis, why so un—kind?

2.

PHILLIS. True Damon, I promis'd,
I know it—what then?
My mind has since alter'd—how
faithless are men!
You vow'd to be constant, and yet
t'other day
Who swore that young Lucy was
sweet as the May!
Sweet, sweet, was sweet as the
May!

3.

DAMON. When Phillis grew coy,
when she left me forlorn,
And was fighting to Collin beneath
the green thorn;
Mad, jealous and fretting, pray who
was to blame,
If with Lucy I strove to make
Phillis the same?
Strove, strove to make Phillis
the same.

4.

PHILLIS. Like the bee that goes
roving to rifle the spring,
You pip'd to each damsel, to me
you would sing;
I lik'd the sweet lay, for I thought
it sincere,
But why does Pastora so oft drop
the tear?
Why, why, why so oft drop the
tear?

DAMON

5.

DAMON. From my heart let me
tell thee, I proudly affay'd
To conquer each beautiful, insolent
maid ;
The garlands they wreath'd at thy
feet are resign'd,

This, this was my pride ; then is
Phyllis unkind ?
Then, then, then is Phyllis un-
kind ?

6.

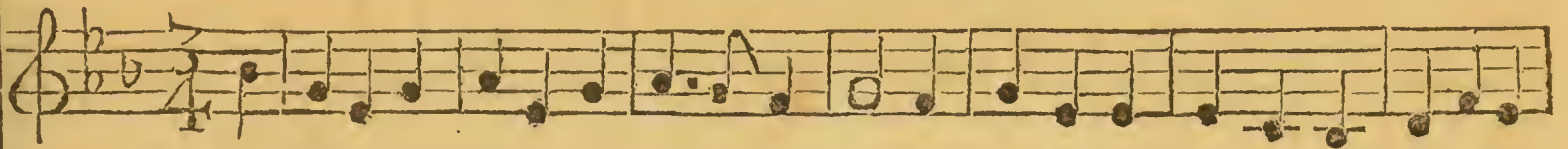
PHILLIS. How frail the disguise a
fond lover would try !

How weak the thin snare that the
soul would belie !
Hence, hence with suspicion away
from the grove,
And prove at the church that truth
waits upon love.
Prove, prove that truth waits up-
on love.

The DUETTO.



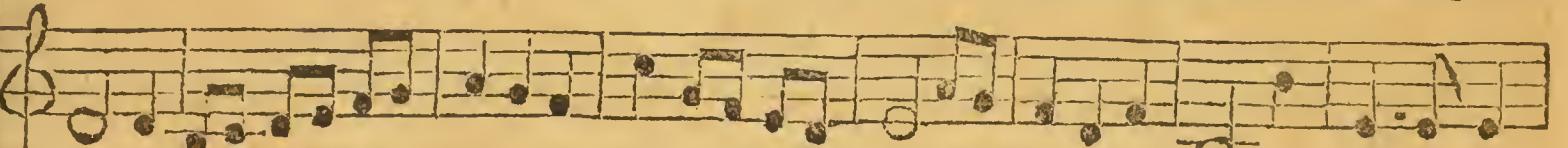
Hence, hence $\frac{3}{4}$ sus—picion, a—way from $\frac{3}{4}$ grove, And prove at $\frac{3}{4}$ church that truth waits upon



Hence, hence $\frac{3}{4}$ sus—picion a—way from $\frac{3}{4}$ grove, And prove at the church $\frac{3}{4}$ truth waits upon



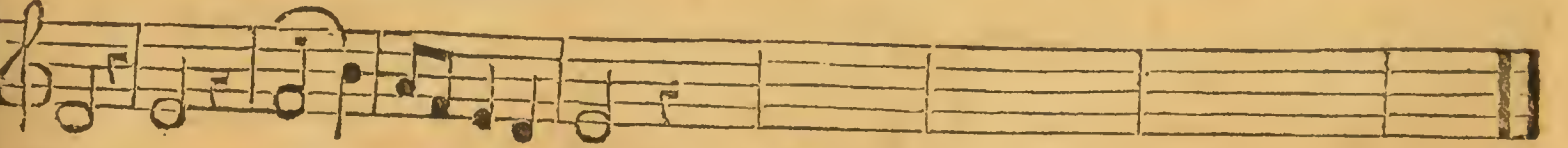
love, Hence hence $\frac{3}{4}$ sus—picion away from the grove, And prove at $\frac{3}{4}$ church truth waits up—on



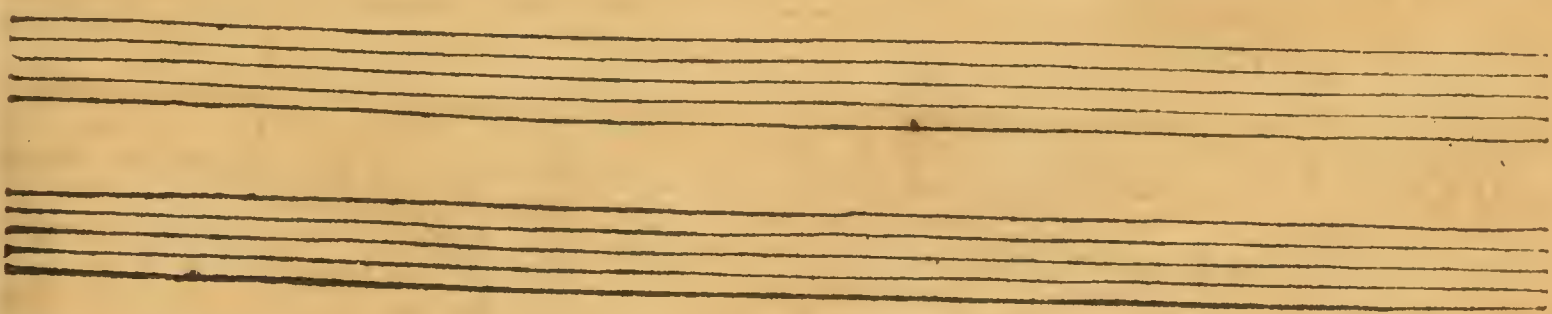
love. Hence hence with sus—picion a—way from the grove, And prove at $\frac{3}{4}$ church truth waits up—on




love. Prove, prove truth waits upon love.



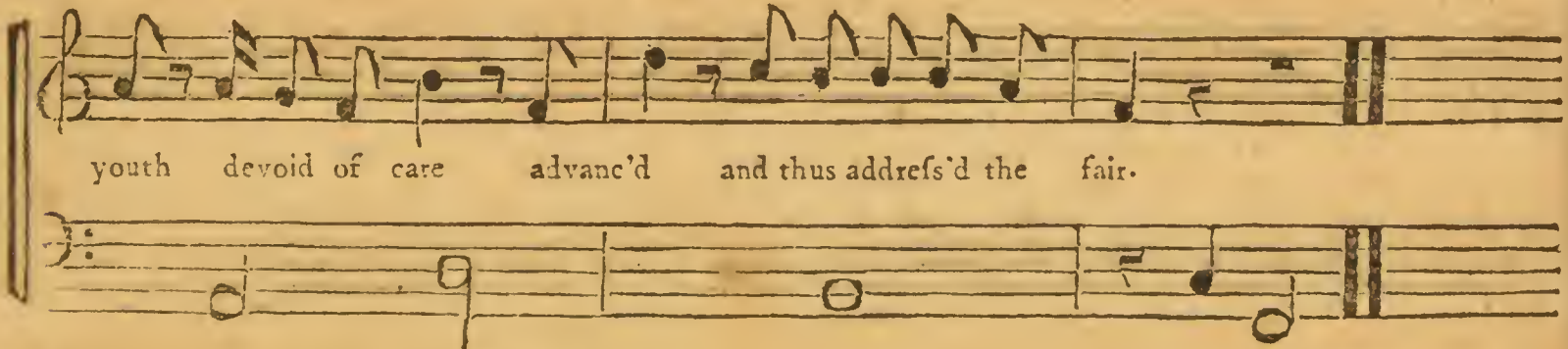
love. Prove, prove truth waits upon love.



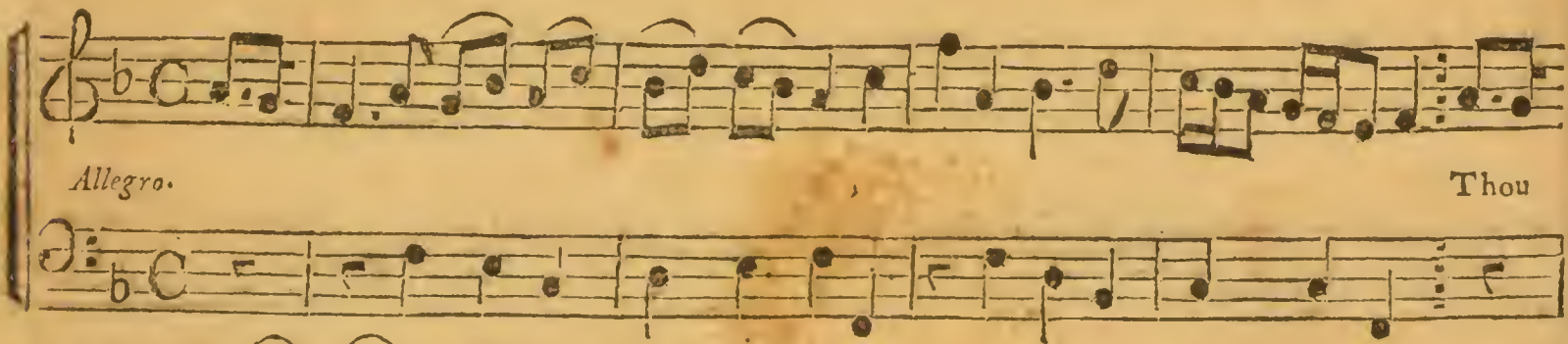
The Sequel to, Who'll buy a Heart. Set by Mr. STANLEY.



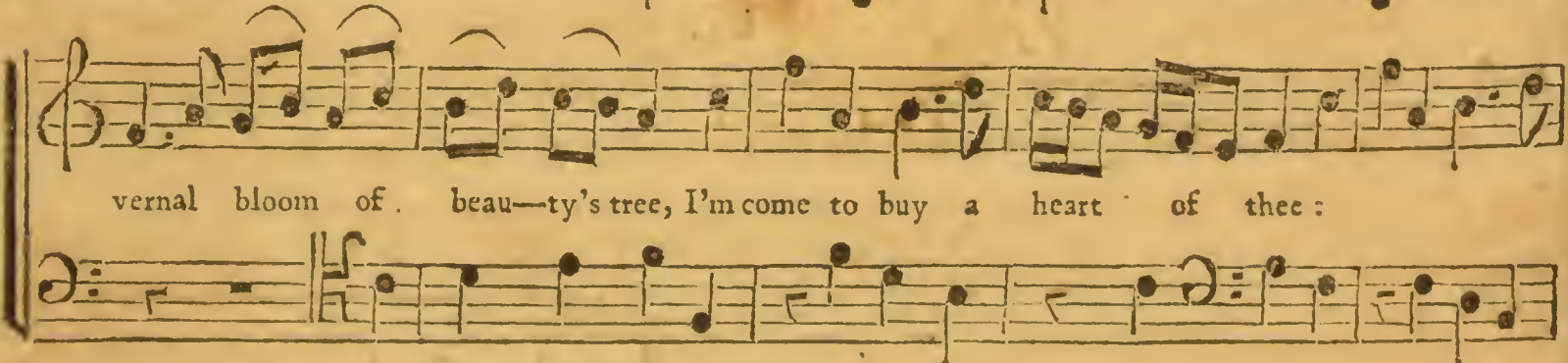
Recit. As in a penfive mood Myrtilla sat resolving on ξ will of fate, A sprightly



youth devoid of care advanc'd and thus address'd the fair.



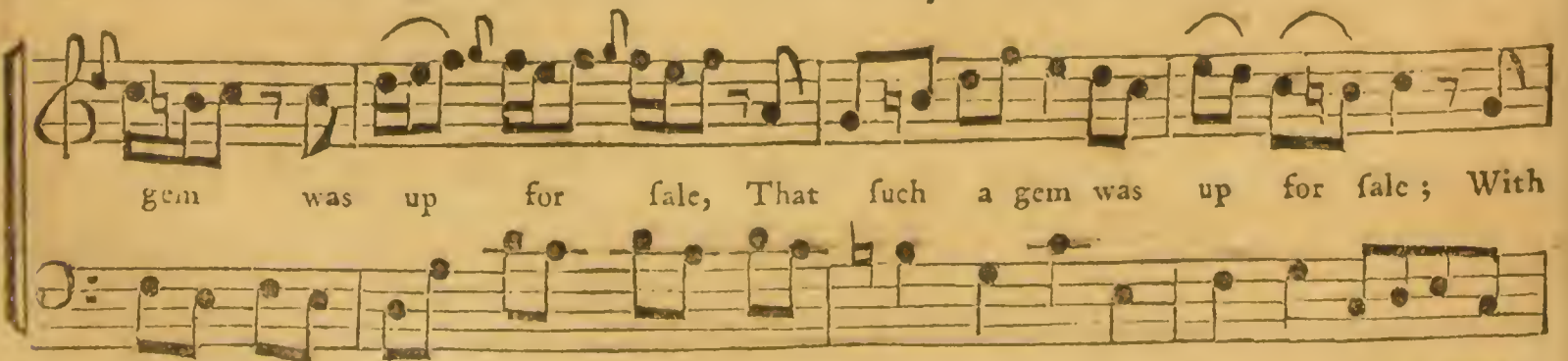
Allegro. Thou



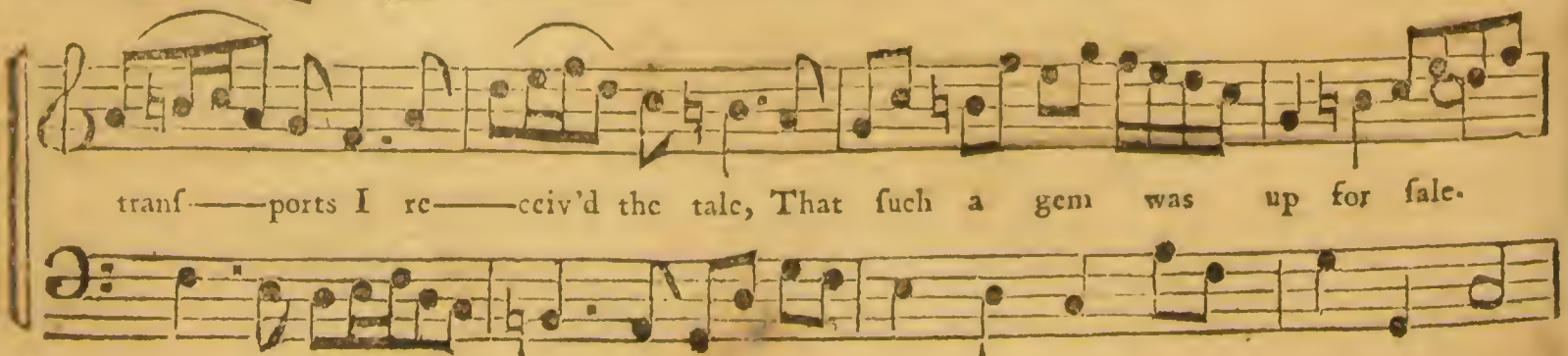
vernal bloom of beau—ty's tree, I'm come to buy a heart of thee:



With transf—ports I re—ceiv'd the tale, That such a



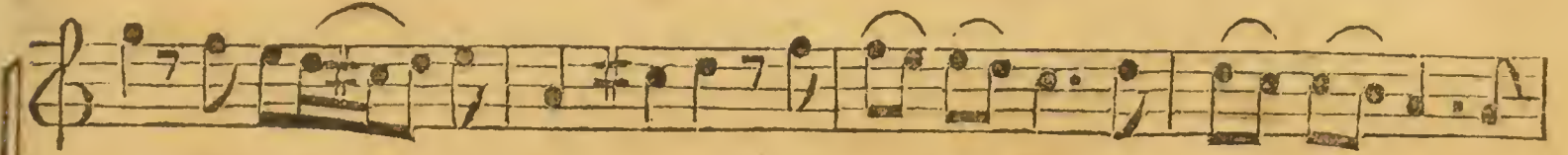
gem was up for sale, That such a gem was up for sale; With



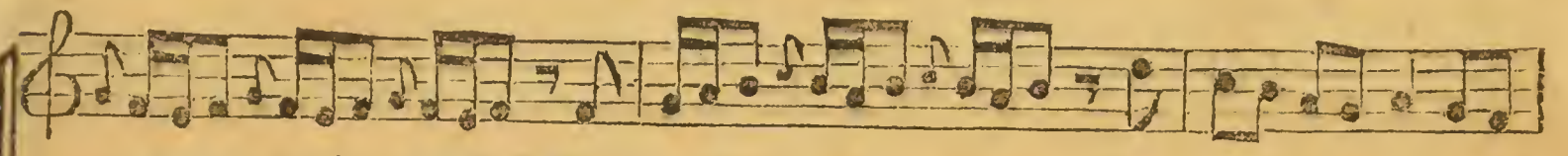
transf—ports I re—ceiv'd the tale, That such a gem was up for sale.



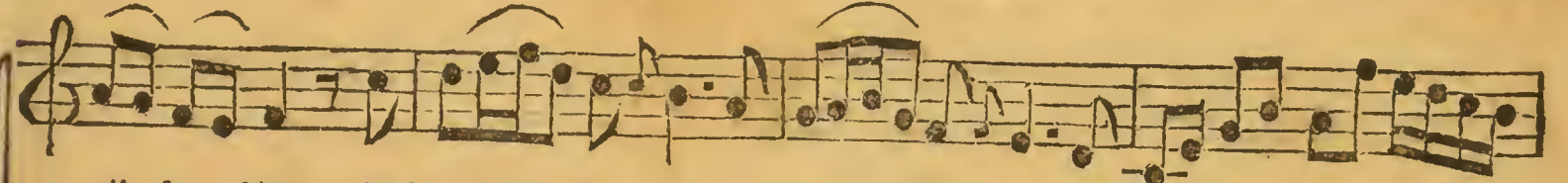
Could I command the star—ry train, For



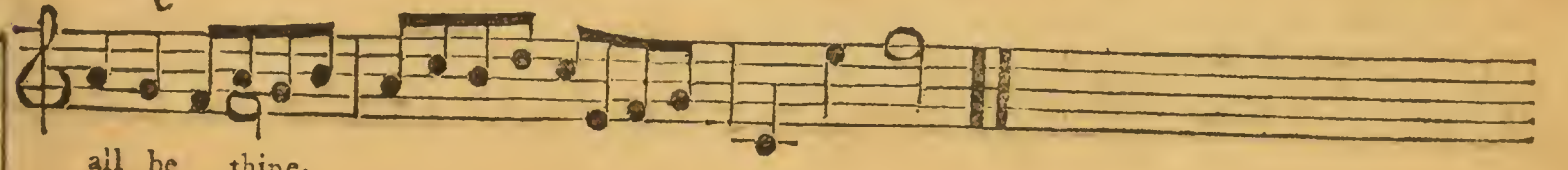
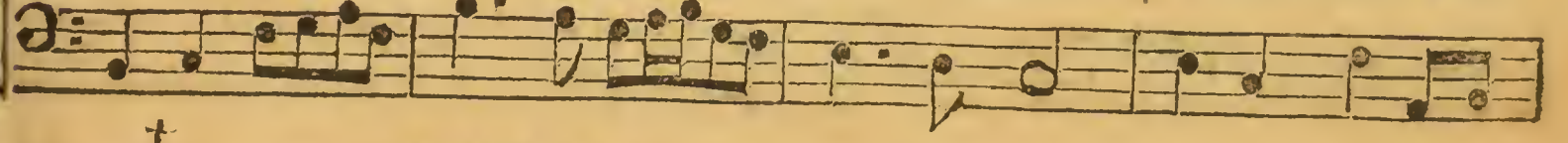
thee I'd give it back again; And if I could, to make thee mine, The



u—ni—verse should all be thine, The u—niverse should



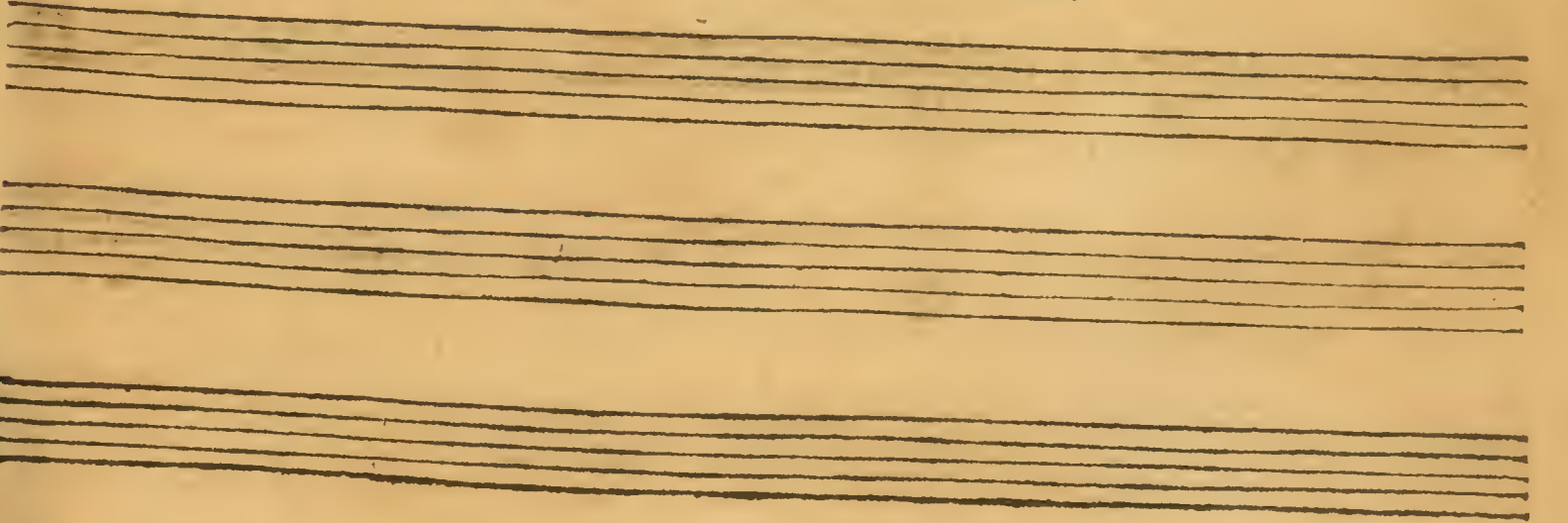
all be thine: And if I could, to make thee mine, The u—ni—verse should



all be thine.



Volti.



The Muses DELIGHT.

Go hence the maid with softness cries, Merit the best de-

erves the prize, Merit the best de serves the prize:

The tale you've heard was falsely told,

Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be fold; The tale you've heard was falsely

told, Myrtilla's heart shall ne'er be fold, Myrtilla's

heart shall ne'er be fold.



The Muses DELIGHT.

97

Set by Mr. WORGAN. Sung by Miss BURCHEL.

Young Col—lin was the bon—niest swain That
e—ver pip'd up—on the plain, Or danc'd up—on the lee: The
wan—ton kid, in game—some bound, That fro—licks o'er the tur—fy
ground, Was not so blithe as he...

2.

3.

4.

Beneath the oak in yonder dale,
You'd think you heard the nightin-
gale,
Whene'er he rais'd his voice;
But ah! the youth was all deceit,
His vows, his oaths, were all a
cheat,
And choice succeeded choice.

The maidens sung in willow groves
Of Collin's false and perjur'd loves.
Here Jenny told her woes:
And Moggy's tears encreas'd the
brook,
Whose cheeks like dying lillies look
That once out-blush'd the rose.

Unhappy fair! my words believe,
So shall no swain your hopes de-
ceive,
And leave you to despair;
E'er he disclose his fickle mind,
Change first yourselves, for ah!
you'll find
False Collins ev'ry where.

DIONE

The Muses DELIGHT.

DIONE, A Pastoral. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Andante Largo.

Up—on a summer's ev'ning clear, Di-

o-ne hapless maid, All wan to love and pining care, Saught out a secret shade: How wretched ah! &

chang'd am I, unhap—py maid said she, No scene is pleasing to my view, No

flow'r is sweet to me, No flow'r is sweet to me.

2.

3.

4.

So many vows could Collin make
To me, ah! faithless swain;
And yet those plighted vows now
break,
And leave me to complain!
Why did I rashly seek his arms,
And, fond, his tale believe?
Alas! I yielded all my charms,
Nor thought he could deceive.
Nor thought, &c.

Yet why of roses such a store,
And lillies in my face,
Since Lucy now can please you
more,
And claims your fond embrace!
My brightest charms I'd willing
give,
Resign my rosy hue;
Content with Lucy's charms I'd
live
A rural maid for you.
A rural, &c.

But Collin's deaf while I upbraid,
Nor heeds, tho' I complain;
Thinks not that I'm the injur'd
maid,
And he the faithless swain:
Yet know, false man, Dione's
shade,
To fright you shall appear
And when you climb the marriage-
bed
Dione will be there.
Dione, &c.

The KETTLEBENDER.

All you who are or fair or witty, Come and listen to my ditty; My
 muse shall sing, if you'll attend her, Of that same thing call'd the Ket-tleben-der. O
 rare Kettle-bender, O rare Kettle-Kettle-bender.

2.
 The ladies take it all their heads in
 That it's the universal med'cine
 For old or young or weak or ten-
 der,
 All find ease by the Kettlebender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

3.
 Nay some, who matters fain wou'd
 gloss over,
 Say 'tis the stone of great philoso-
 pher;
 For hardest hearts it soft will ren-
 der,
 Transmuted by the Kettlebender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

4.
 Pray what d'ye think made Portf-
 mouth's dutchess,
 Who, or fame lies, a nonsuch was,

Stick so close to the Faith's De-
 fender?
 What, but the love for his Kettle-
 bender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

5.
 I'm sure if you have learn'd but
 any way,
 You must have read of madam Da-
 nae,
 That bolts nor bars cou'd e'er de-
 fend her,
 Or keep her safe from the Kettle-
 bender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

6.
 Europa's case you've heard, I'm fa-
 tisify'd,
 How, fearless, on the bull she sat
 astride;
 Nor waves, nor rocks, her flight

could hinder,
 She stuck so close to the Kettle-
 bender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

7.
 It went so hard too with poor Le-
 da,
 Who was afraid to die a maid-a,
 That to a swan she did surrender,
 Rather than want a Kettlebender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

8.
 I must name Proserpine to you too,
 Who ravish'd was, they say, by
 Pluto;
 Was she so?—the devil mend her,
 She went to hell for the Kettle-
 bender.
 O rare Kettlebender, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Love's Bacchanal. Set by Mr. VINCENT.

Strephon why that clou—dy forehead, Why so vain—ly crost those arms? Silly swain that
 aspect horrid Rather frigh—tens her than charms: rouse y dull & droop—ing spirit, throw away thy
 myrtle wreath; Bumpers large of ge—n'rous claret, Makes thee love and raptures breathe.

Sacrifice this juice prolific
 To each letter of her name ;
 Gods they deem'd it a specific,
 Why not mortals do the same ?

See the high-charg'd goblet smi-
 ling,
 Bids thee Strephon drink and
 prove,

Wine's the liquor most beguil-
 ing,
 Wine's the weapon conquers
 love.

The Amorous Protector. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.

Of ev'—ry sweet that glads the spring, A
 tri—bute to thy charms I'll bring ; I'll i—mi—tate the

bu—sic bee, To make a garland crown for thee, To make a

gar—land crown for thee. When from the

plains we're chac'd a—way, By the fierce god that rules the day ;

I'll lead thee to the shades and

streams, To shield thee from his scorch—ing beams. To shield thee from his

scorch—ing beams.

And when to rest her eyes in-
cline,
And light nor they no longer
shine ;
The fairest fleece of ev'ry sheep
My love shall press in peaceful

sleep.
My love, &c.
From all the ills that night in-
vade
I'll guard the dear, the beauteous
maid ;

My tender, faithful care shall
prove
None watch so well as those that
love.
None watch, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Lover and the Friend. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Andante Affettuoso.

O thou for whom my lyre I string, Of

whom I think and speak and sing; Thou constant object of my joys, Whose sweetness ev'ry wish em-

loys, Whose sweetness ev'ry wish employs.

Thou dearest

of thy sex attend, And hear the lov—er and the friend, And hear the lov—er and the

friend. Thou dearest of thy sex at—tend, And hear the lov—er and the friend.

2

Not distant is the cruel day,
That tears me from my self away ;
Then frown not, fair one, if I try
To steal the moisture from your eye,
And from your heart a sigh to send,
To mourn the lover and the friend.
To mourn, &c.

4

I saw you still, your gen'rous heart
In all my sorrows bore a part ;
Yet while your eyes $\text{\textcircled{p}}$ pity glow'd,
No words of hope your tongue be-
stow'd ;
But mildly bid me cease to blend,
The name of lover and the friend.
The name, &c.

6

In vain alas ! in vain I strive,
To keep a dying hope alive ;
A last sad remedy remains,
'Tis Absence $\text{\textcircled{y}}$ must cure my pains ;
Thy image from my bosom rend,
And force the lover from the friend.
And force, &c.

3

Whole years I strove against the
flame,
And suffer'd ills without a name ;
Yet still the painful secret kept,
And to myself in silence wept ;
'Till grown unable to contend,
I own'd the lover and the friend.
I own'd, &c.

5

Curse on all wealth that can destroy
My utmost hope of earthly joy ;
Thy gifts, Oh fortune ! I resign,
Let her and poverty be mine :
And ev'ry year that life shall lend
Shall bless the lover and the friend.
Shall bless, &c.

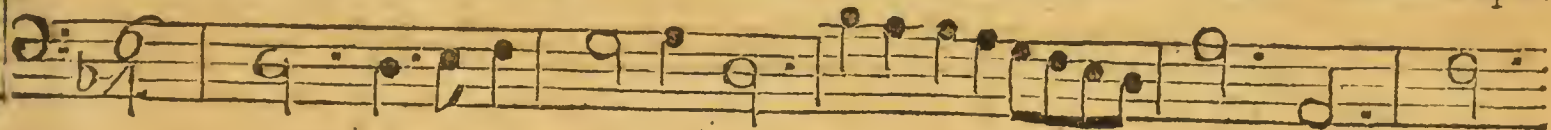
7

Vain thought ! tho' seas between us
roll,
Thy love is rooted in my soul ;
The vital blood that warms my heart
With thy idea must depart ;
And Death's decisive stroke must end
At once the lover and the friend.
At once, &c.

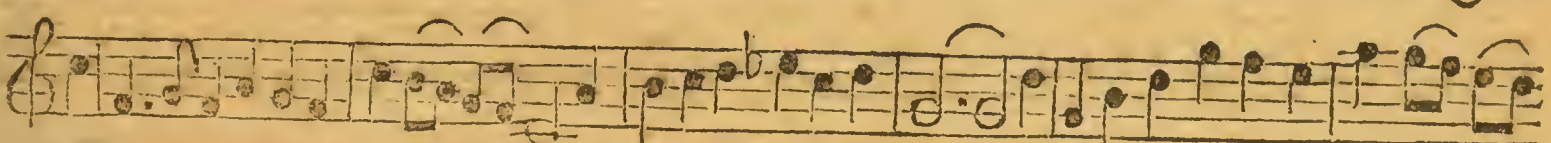
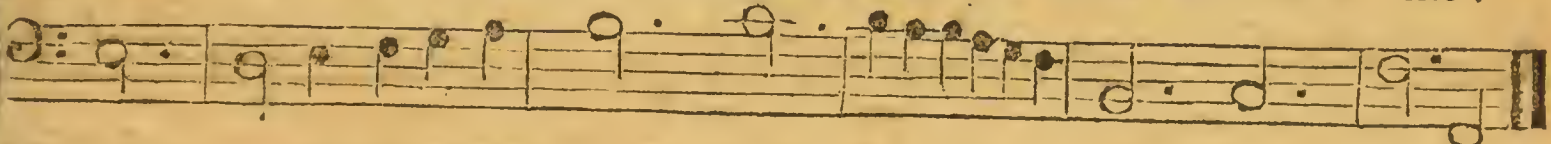
ORPHEUS and EURIDICE. *Set by Dr. BOYCE.*



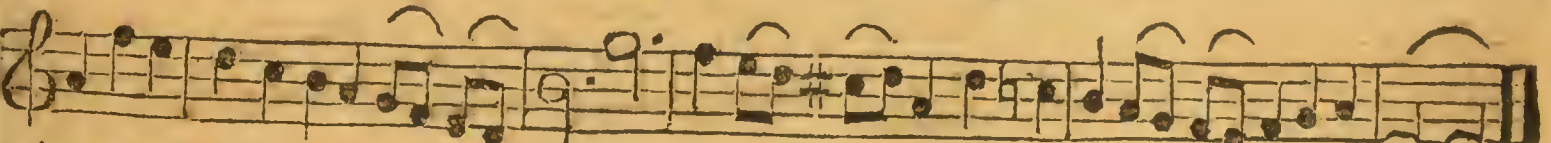
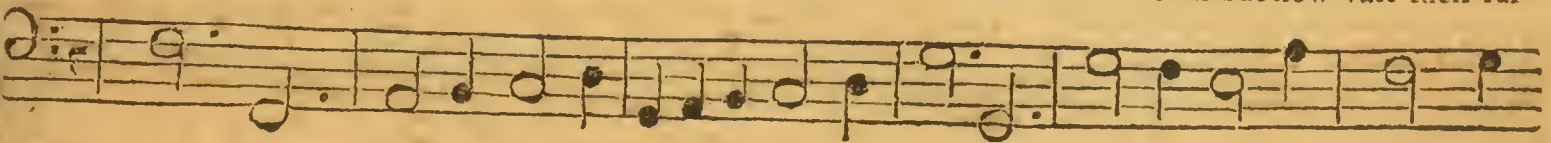
When Orpheus went down to $\text{\textcircled{y}}$ regions below which men are forbid—den to see, He tun'd up his



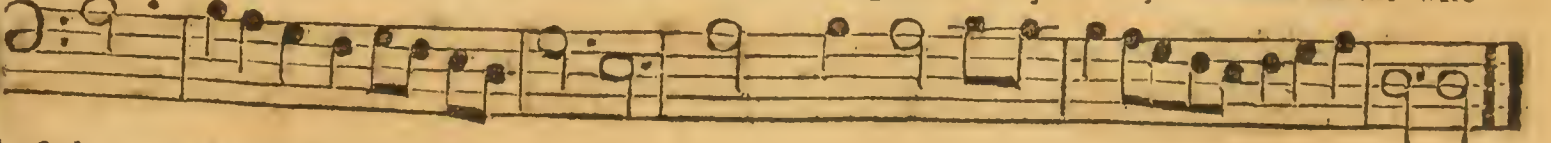
lyre as old his—tories shew, To set his Eu—ri—di—ce free, To set his Eu—ri—di—ce free :



All Hell was astonish'd a person so wise shd. rashly endanger his life, & venture so far but how vast their sur-



prize $\text{\textcircled{p}}$ they heard $\text{\textcircled{y}}$ he came for his wife, How vast their surprize when $\text{\textcircled{y}}$ heard $\text{\textcircled{y}}$ he came for his wife.



To find out a punishment due to
the fault,
Old Pluto had puzzl'd his brain ;
But hell had not torments sufficient
he thought,
So he gave him his wife back a-

gain.
He gave him, &c.
But pity succeeding soon vanquish'd
his heart,
And pleas'd with his playing so
well,

He took her again, in reward of
his art ;
Such power had music in hell.
Such power, &c.

The Wanderer fix'd. Set by Mr. ARNE.

My youthful heart an
ea—sy prize, Was first enslav'd by Sal—ly's eyes; With ev—ry glance enchanted, With
e—v'ry glance en—chanted: But, tho' the rapture thrill'd my soul, With aukward
air each kifs I stole, Nor knew the blifs I want—ed, Nor knew the blifs I
wanted.

2.

To study then I flew for aid,
But there, too soon, soft thoughts
invade,
And taint my inclinations;
Why did ye, gods, such warmth
impart?
Why form my unresisting heart
A slave to all the passions
A slave, &c.

3.

Doom'd still a dupe to giddy love,
False Sukey's charms I needs must
prove,
And rush'd to my undoing;
For O too soon the gentle flame
A wild destructive fire became,
And hurried me to ruin.
And hurried, &c.

4.

Then short and tall and brown and
fair,
By turns my am'rous moments share
Unfix'd as April weather;
Nor would my heart submit t'en-
treat
A single nymph, but proudly beat
For all the sex together.
For all, &c.

At

5.

At length I Jenny chanc'd to see,
Like gentle nature fair and free,

And was again unhearted ;
To her the little flutt'rer flew,
And grafted to her bosom grew,

Nor can from thence be parted.
Nor can, &c.

SUSANNAH. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

Sung by Mr. BRETT, at Ranelagh Gardens, at LIVERPOOL.

Andante. Ask

if yon damask rose is sweet & scents the am---bient Air, Then ask each shepherd & you meet if

dear Su—san—nah's fair ; if dear dear Su—san—nah's fair, if dear Su—san—nah's fair : Ask

if yon damask rose is sweet & scents the am--bient Air ; Then ask each Shepherd & you meet if

dear Sufannah's fair, if dear Sufannah's fair.

2.

Say, will the vulture leave his prey,

And warble thro' the grove ?
Bid wanton linnets quit the spray,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
Then doubt doubt thy shepherd's

love,

Then doubt thy shepherd's love.
Say will the vulture, &c.

3.

The spoils of war let heroes share,

Let pride in splendor shine ;

Ye bards unenvy'd lawrels wear,

Be fair Susannah mine,

Be fair, fair Susannah mine,

Be fair Susannah mine.

The spoils of war, &c.

COLLIN'S Description of Vauxhall. Set by Mr. GLADWIN.

O! Mary soft in feature, I've been at dear vauxhall, No pa---ra---dise is
sweeter, Not that they E---den call: At night such new va---ga---ries, Such
gay such harmless sport; All look'd like giant fai---ries, And this their monarch's court

2. 4. 6.

Methought, when first I enter'd,
Such splendor round me shone,
Into a world I ventur'd
Where rose another sun:
Whilst music, never cloying,
As sky-larks sweet I hear;
The sounds I'm still enjoying,
They'll always soothe my ear.

3.

Here paintings sweetly glowing,
Where'er your glances fall;
Here colours, life bestowing,
Bedeck this Greenwood-hall:
The king there dubs a farmer,*
There John his doxy loves;*
But my delight's the charmer
Who steals a pair of gloves.*

As still amaz'd I'm straying
O'er this enchanted grove,
I spy a harper § playing
All in his proud alcove:
I doff my hat, desiring
He'd play up Buxom Joan,
But what was I admiring?
Odzooks! a man of stone.

5.

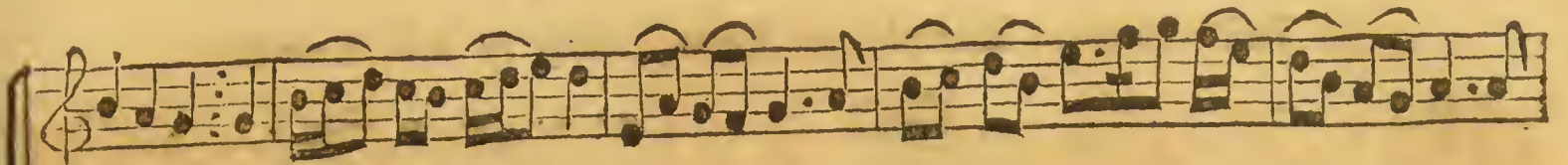
But now the tables spreading
They all fall to with glee;
Not e'en at 'squire's fine wedding
Such dainties did I see:
I long'd (poor starv'ling rover)
But none heed country elves,
Those folk with lace dawb'd over
Love only dear themselves.

Thus whilst 'mid joys abounding,
As grasshoppers they're gay,
At distance crowds surrounding
The lady of the May, †
The man i'th' moon tweer'd slyly,
Soft twinkling thro' the trees,
As tho' 'twould please him highly
To taste delights like these.

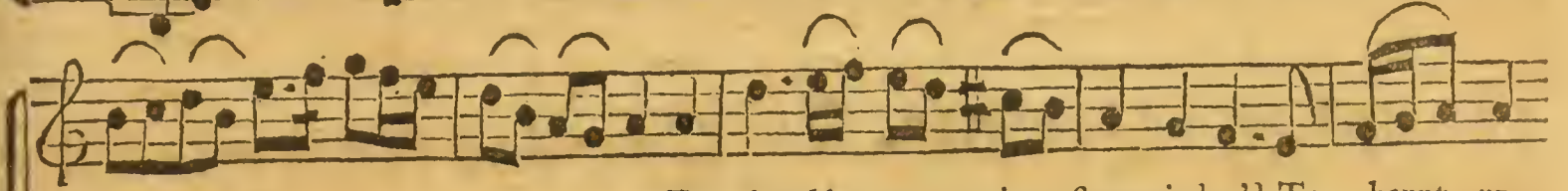
* Alluding to three pictures in the pavillions; the king and miller, the sailors in a tippling-house, and the girl stealing a kiss from a sleepy gentleman. § Mr. Handel's statue. † Her Royal Highness the Princess of Wales sitting under her splendid pavillion.

The Wish. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

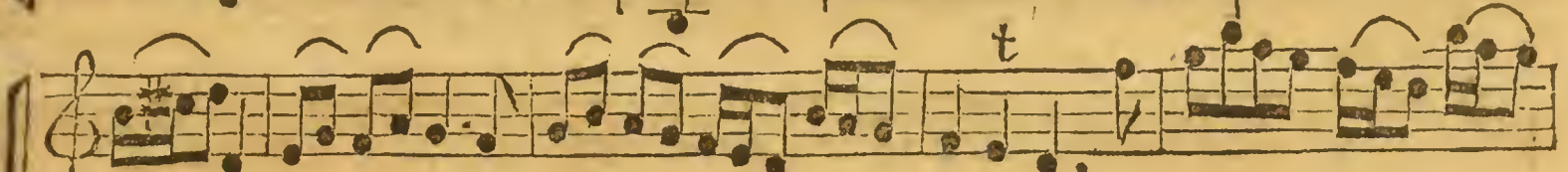
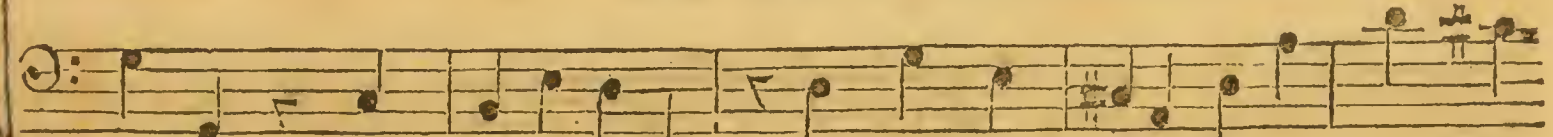
The Wish. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



Am—bition ne—ver me seduc'd To soar on for—tune's painted wing,



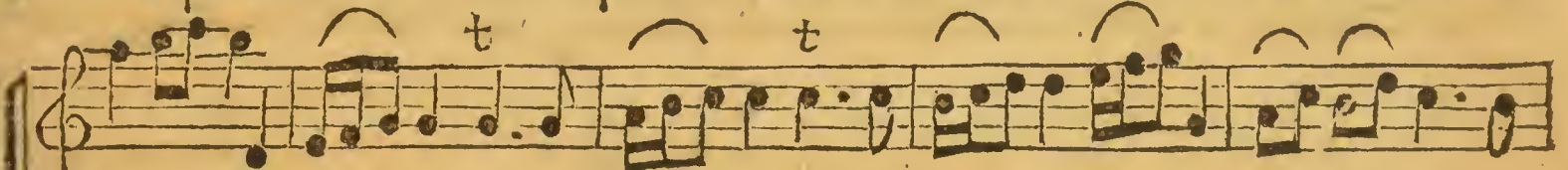
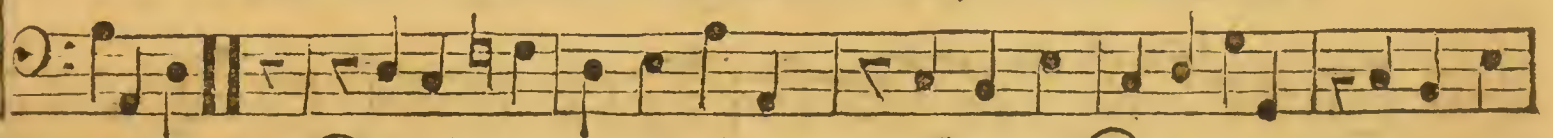
Far humbler mo—tives strong induc'd To haunt un—



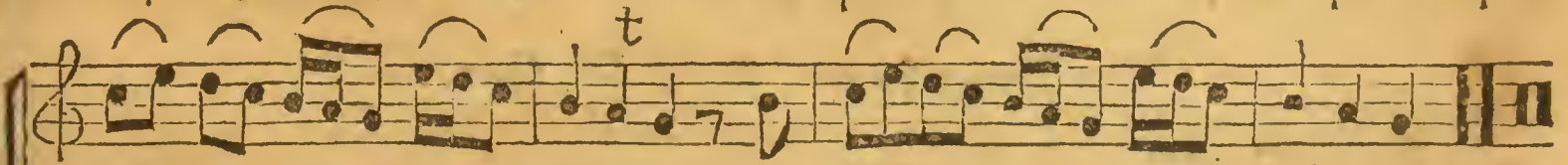
vex'd the mu—ses spring, To haunt un—vex'd the muses spring.



Some cot I wish for where sweet peace Mild o'er y soul her influence sheds,



Where pleasures flow with fond encrease, And sport at ease on ro—sy beds. And



sport at ease on rosy beds.



Where sylvan scenes the fancy
raise,
Exalt the soul, improve the
lay;
Where fanning Zephyrs soothe the
blaze

Of summer's fiercely-darting ray.
Of summer's, &c,
The dimpl'd stream, the winding
shade,
The lawn in charming verdure
drest;

Th' aspiring hill, the tufted glade,
Soft themes shall pleasing
thoughts suggest.
Soft themes, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Philosophy no Remedy for Love. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Long had I borne of
love the pain, And long in silence drag'd & chain; With re—so—lution ne'er to tell the
love I bore to I—sa--bel, The love I bore to Isa--bel.

2.

3.

4.

The fire she kindled in my breast,
Philosophy would have suppress'd;
But in that breast love took it's
stand,
Triumphant, with a burning brand.
Triumphant, &c.

Dear Isabel, thou much-lov'd maid,
Bring to a bleeding heart thine aid;
Thou hast the fountain, thou the
pow'r
To quench a flame & would devour.
To quench, &c.

To ease me of the thrilling smart,
To wrench the dagger from my
heart,
And to apply a hand divine,
O goddess of my soul! is thine.
O goddess, &c.

The Dying Swan. *Set by Dr. GREENE.*

'Twas on a River's verdant side, Just at the close of Day:
A dying Swan with Music tried To chase her Cares away.

And

2.
And tho' she ne'er had stretch'd
her throat,
Nor tun'd her voice before ;
Death, ravish'd with so sweet a
note,
Awhile the stroke forbore.

Where Phœbus us'd to dart his
beams,
And bless both me and you.

See yonder setting sun
Attends while I my last rehearse,
And then I must be gone.

3.
Farewel the cry'd you silver streams,
Ye purling streams adieu,

4.
Farewel the tender whistling reeds,
Soft scenes of happy love ;
Farewel ye bright ennamell'd meads
Where I was us'd to rove.

6.
Weep not my tender, constant
mate,
We'll meet again below ;
It is the kind decree of fate,
And I with pleasure go.

5.
No more with you may I converse,

O wouldst thou know, &c. Set by Mr. ST. GERMAIN.

O wouldst thou know what se-----cret charms, This destin'd heart of mine a-

larms ; This destin'd heart of mine a-----larms ;

What kind of nymph & heav'ns de—cree, & maid &'s made for

Love and me - - - - - & maid &'s

made for love and me.

2.
Who joys to hear the sighs sincere,
Who melts to see the tender tear:
Who melts, &c.
From each ungentle passion free,
O be the maid that's made for me.
O be the maid, &c.

Who feels the blessing she bestows:
Who feels, &c.
Gentle to all, but kind to me,
Be such the maid that's made for
me.
Be such, &c.

Be such the maid that's made for
me.
Be such, &c.

2
Whose heart with gen'rous friend-
ship glows,

4. (art,
Whose simple thoughts devoid of
Are all the natives of her heart :
Are all, &c.
A gentle train, from falshood free.

5
Avaunt, ye light coquets retire,
Where flutt'ring fops around ad-
mire :
Where flutt'ring fops, &c.
Unmov'd your tinsel charms I see,
More genuine beauties are for me.
More genuine beauties, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Happy Pair. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

t

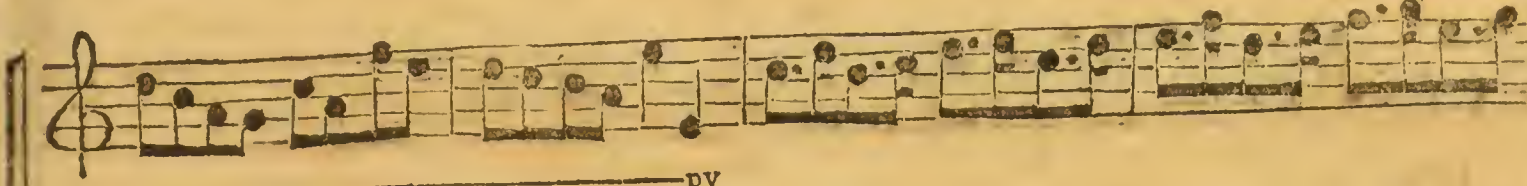
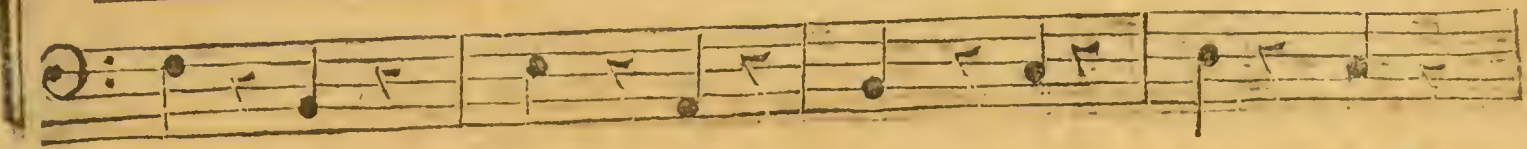
Happy happy, hap—py pair,

None but $\frac{3}{4}$ brave, none but $\frac{3}{4}$ brave, none but $\frac{3}{4}$ brave deserves $\frac{3}{4}$ fair, None but $\frac{3}{4}$ brave

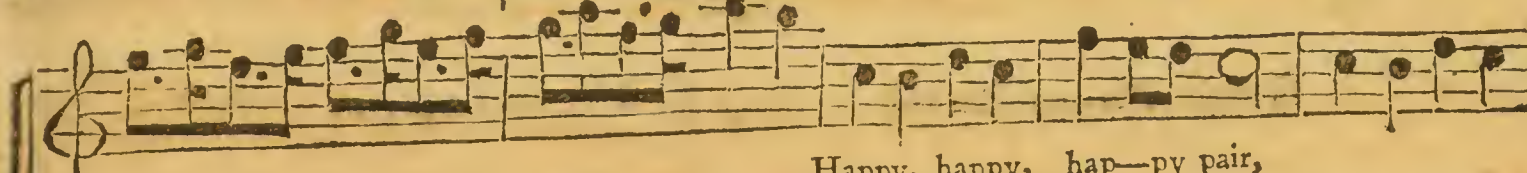
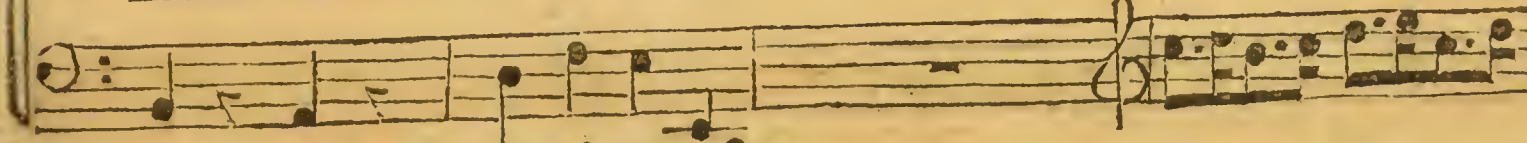
none but the brave, none but the brave deserves $\frac{3}{4}$ fair.

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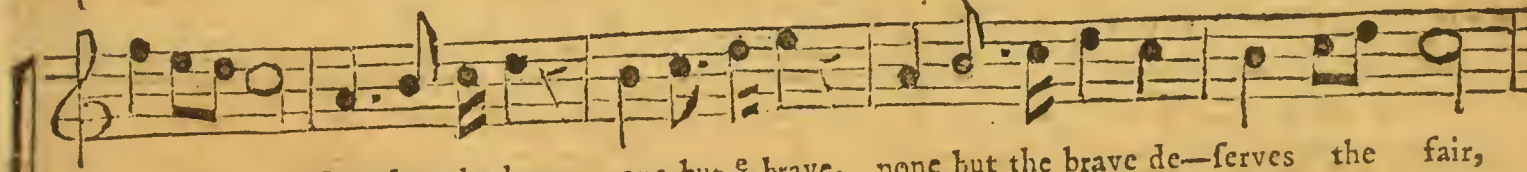
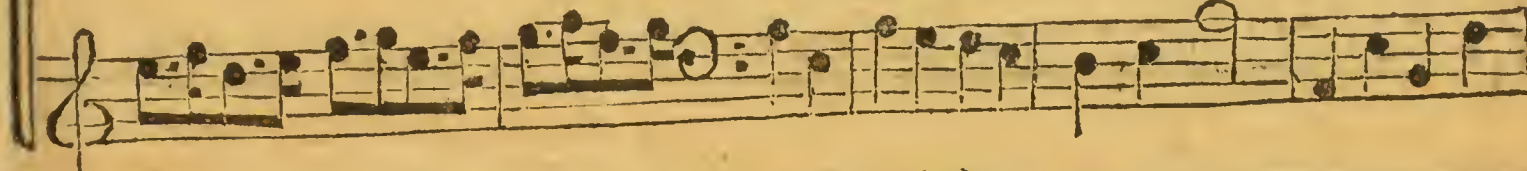
Happy happy hap—py pair, happy ha—



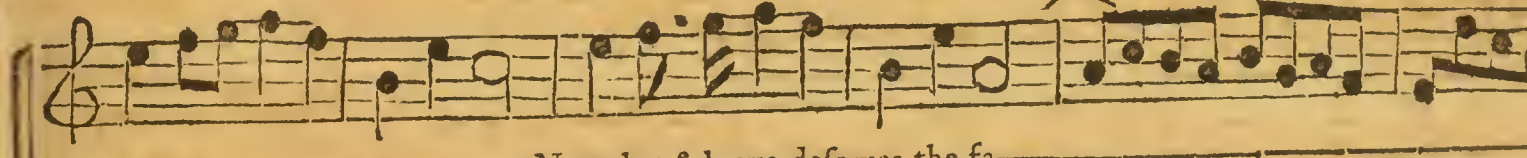
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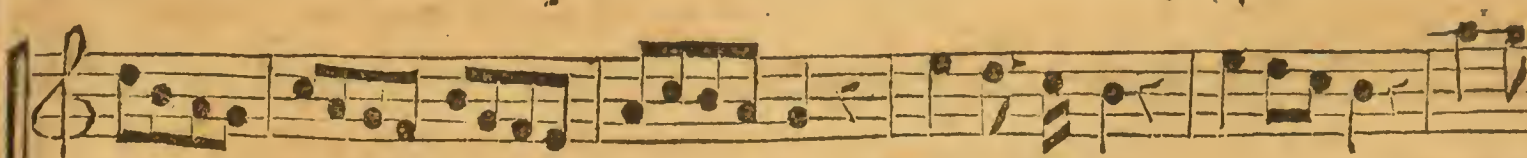
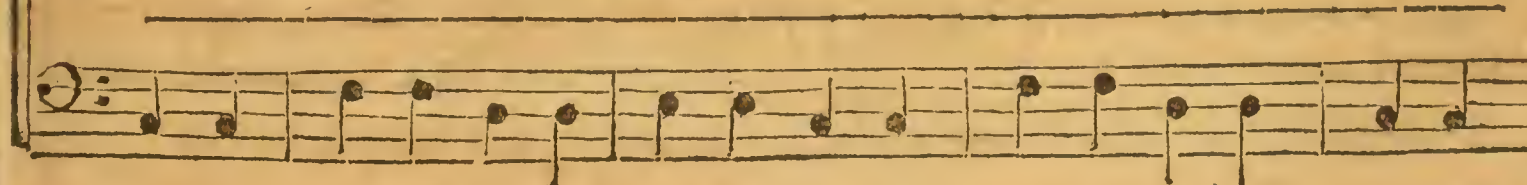
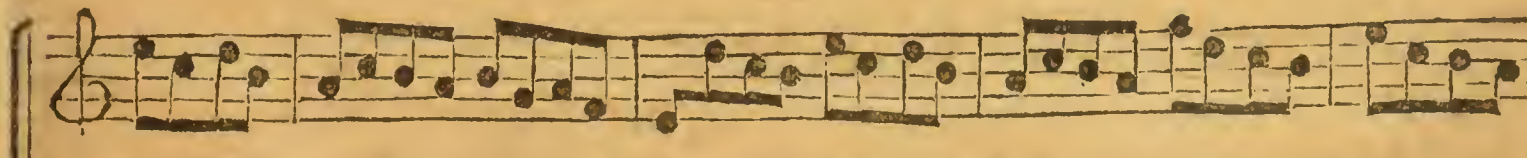
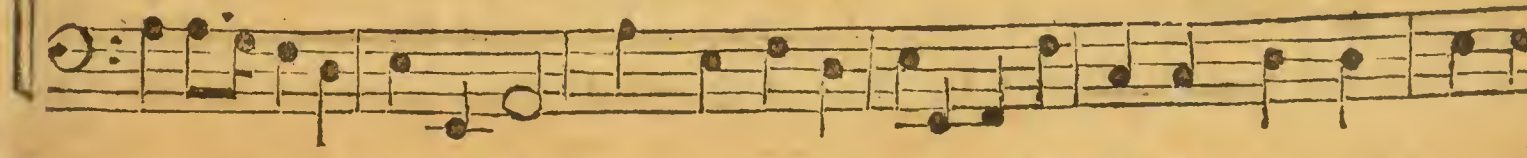
Happy, happy, hap—py pair,



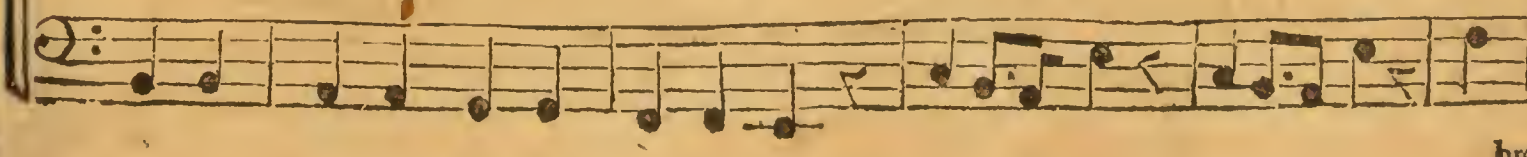
None but the brave, none but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave, none but the brave de—serves the fair,



None but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave deserves the fa—



ir. None but $\frac{e}{y}$ brave, None but $\frac{e}{y}$



brave

The Muses DELIGHT.

brave de-serves the fair, None but the brave de-serves the fair. None but the brave de-serves the fair.

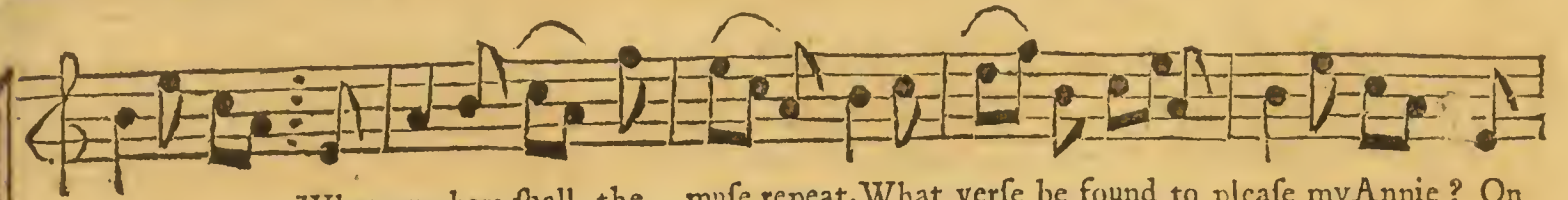
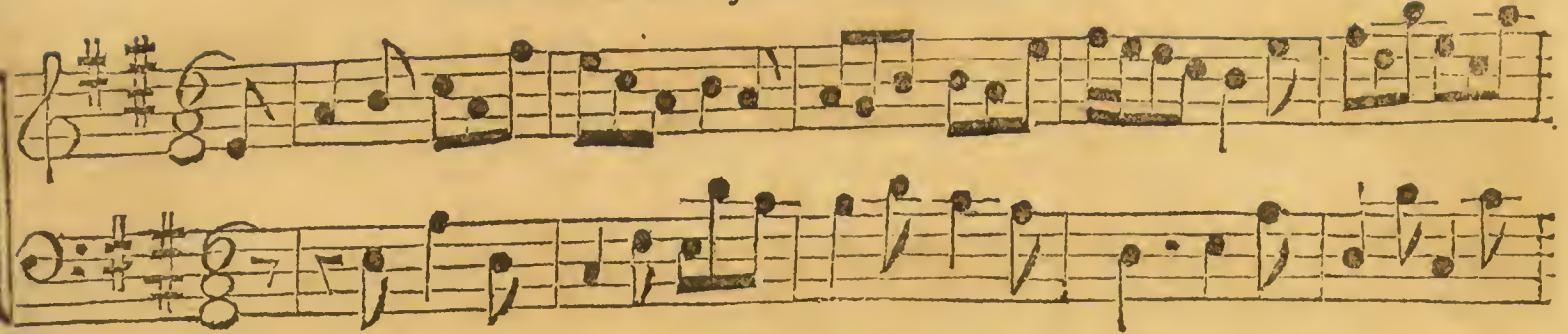
Gentle PARTHENISSA. *Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN.*

When gen-tle Parthe-nif-sa walks, Or gay-ly smiles, or sweet-ly talks;
 A thou-sand charms a-round her fly, A thou-sand swains un-heed-ed die; A
 thou-sand swains a-round her die.

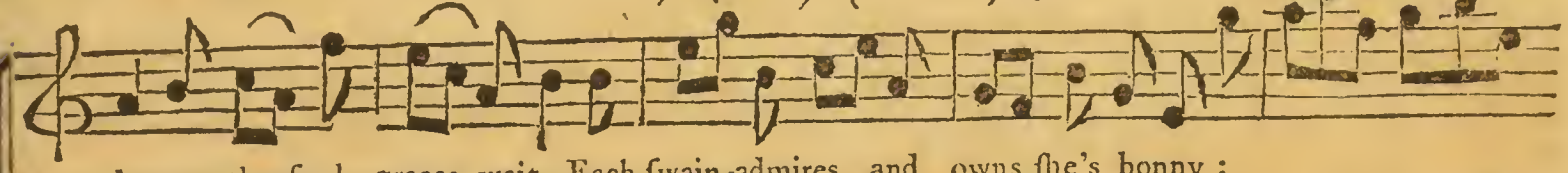
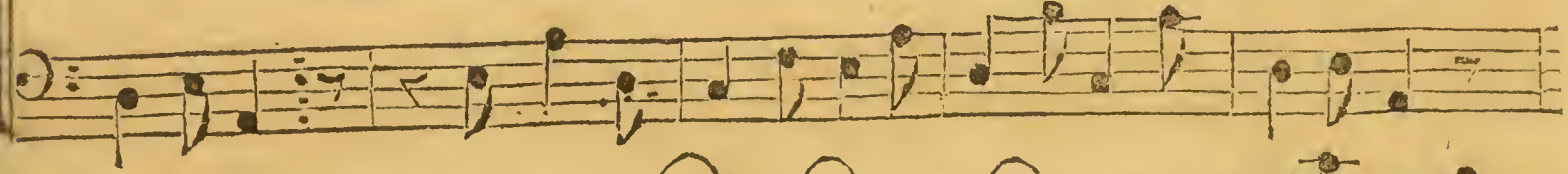
If then she labours to be seen, From so much beauty, so much heart?
 With all her killing charms and art, What mortal, &c.
 mein; What mortal can secure his

The Muses DELIGHT.

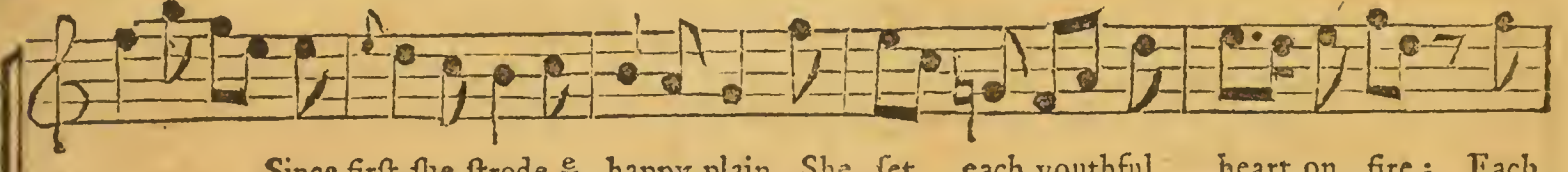
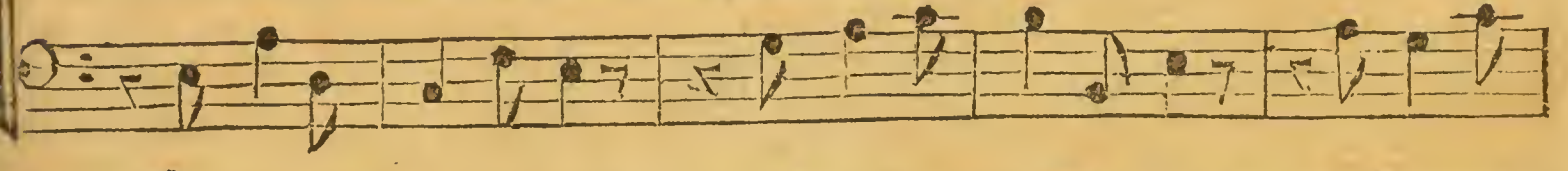
ANNIE. Set by Mr. BAILDON.



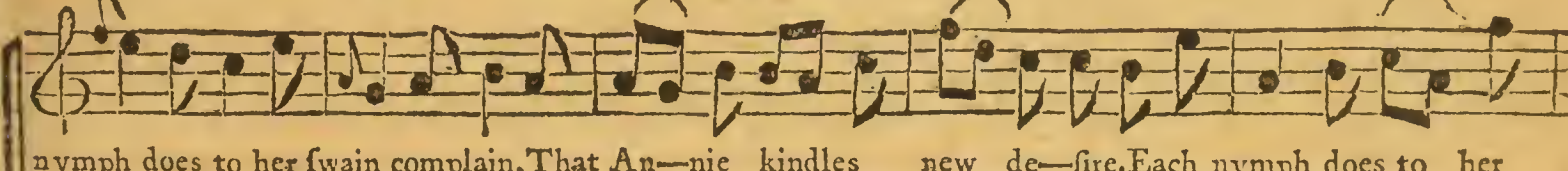
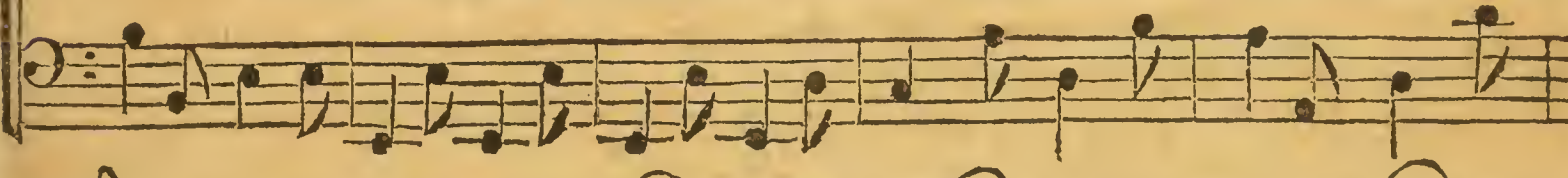
What numbers shall the muse repeat, What verse be found to please my Annie? On



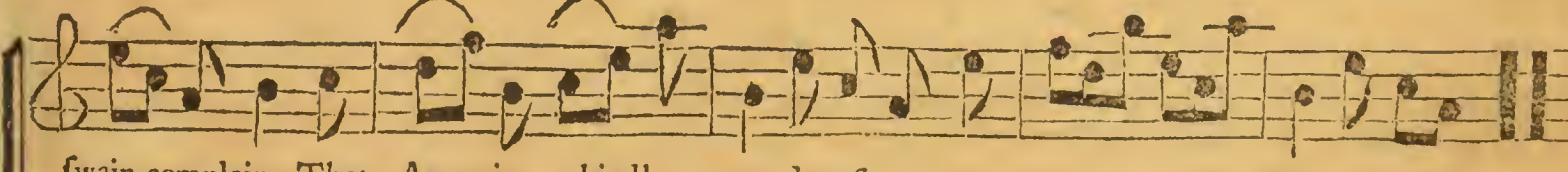
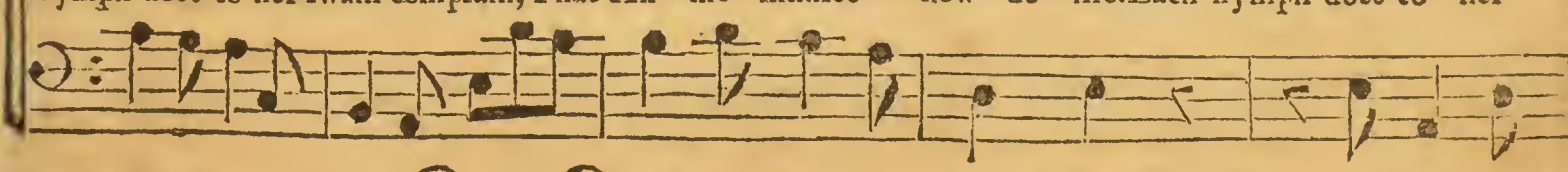
her ten thousand graces wait, Each swain admires and owns she's bonny :



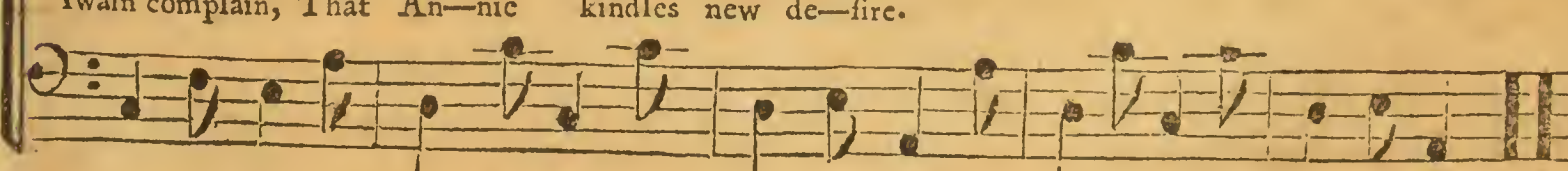
Since first she strode y' happy plain, She set each youthful heart on fire ; Each



nymph does to her swain complain, That An-nie kindles new de-sire. Each nymph does to her



swain complain, That An-nie kindles new de-sire.



2.

This lovely darling, dearest care,
This new delight, this charming
Annie ;
Like summer's dawn is fresh & fair,
When Flora's fragrant breezes
fan ye :
All day the am'rous youths conven,
Joyous they sport and play before
her ;
All night when she no more is seen,
In blissful dreams they still adore
her. *All night, &c.*

3.

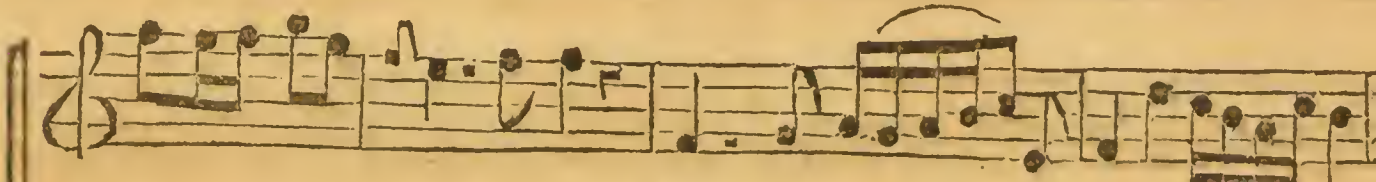
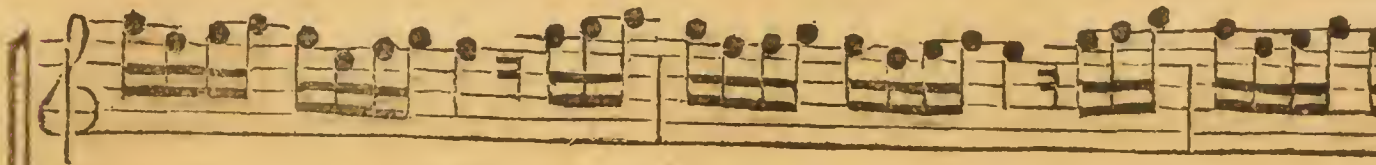
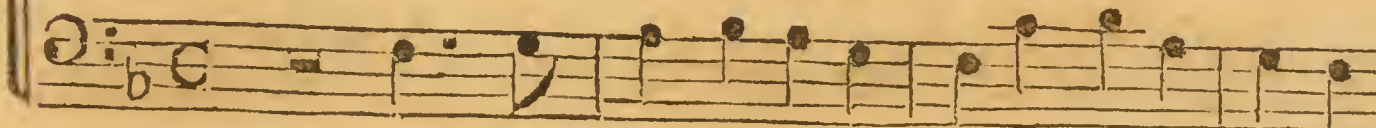
Among the crowd Amintor came,
He look'd he lov'd, he bow'd to
Annie ;
His rising sighs express his flame,
His words were few his wishes
many : (plied,
With smiles the lovely maid re-
Kind shepherd why should I de-
ceive you ;
Alas! your love must be denied,
This destin'd breast can ne'er re-
lieve you. *Alas, &c.*

4.

Young Damon came by Cupid's art,
His wiles, his smiles, his charms
beguiling ;
He stole away my virgin heart,
Cease poor Amintor, cease be-
wailing :
Some brighter beauty you may find,
On yonder plain the nymphs are
many ; (confin'd,
Then chuse some heart that's un-
And leave to Damon his own
Annie. *And leave, &c.*

The Muses DELIGHT.

Powerful Guardians. *Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN.*

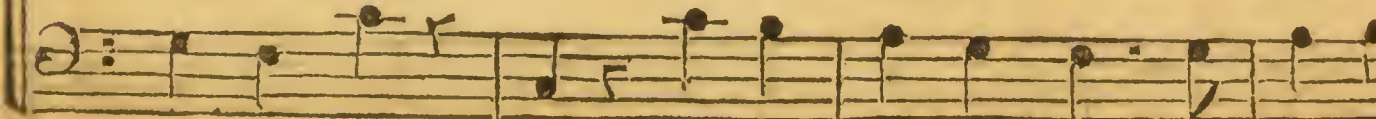


Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all na—ture,

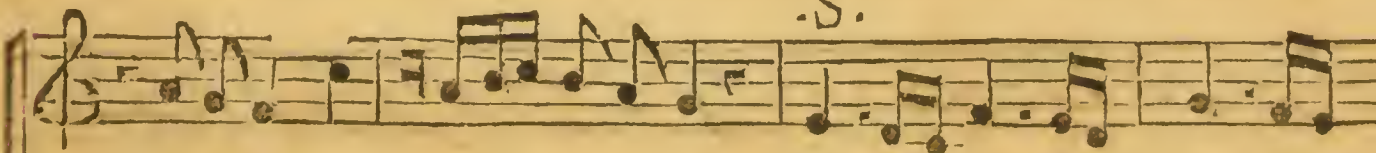


beauteous love.

Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all

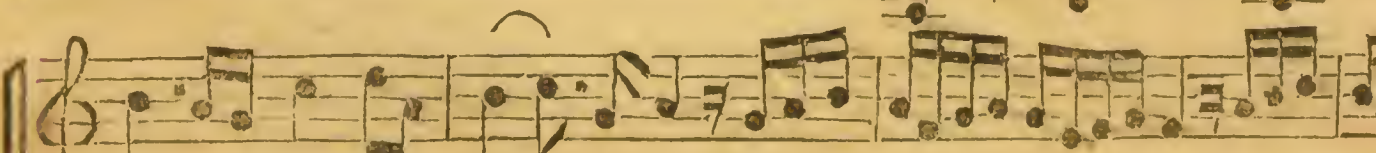
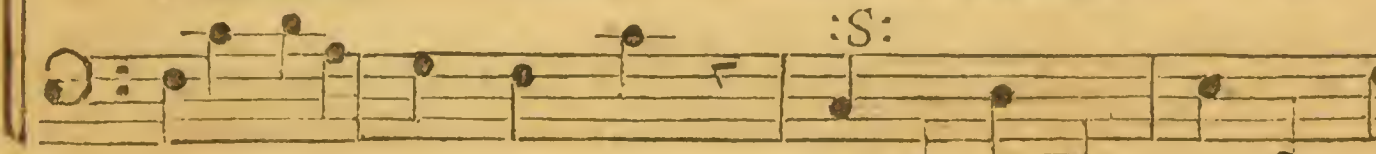


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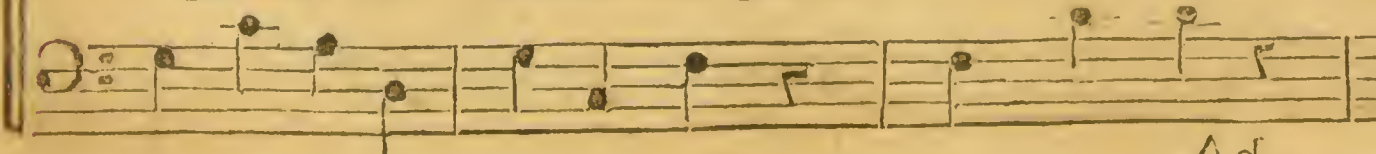


O pre—serve my beauteous love. Pow'r—ful guar—dians of all

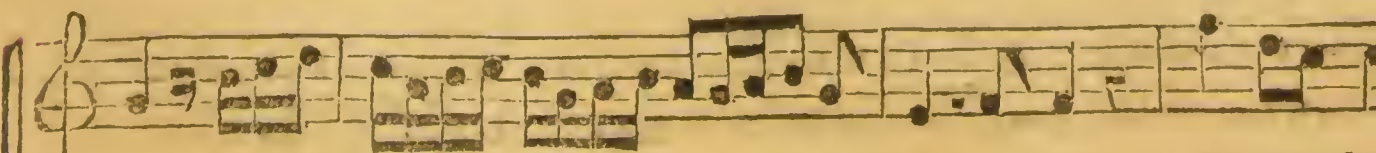
:S:



O pre—serve my beauteous love, prefe



Ad .



—rve my beauteous love. O pre—fer

beauteous love.

Keep from insult the dear creature,

Keep from insult the dear creature, Virtue sure has

charms to move. Has charms, to

mo- - - - - ve. Vir-tue sure has

Ad°
charms to move. Pow'rful guardians, of all nature,

Pow'rful guar-dians of all na-ture, O preserve my beau-teous love.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ROSAMOND. Set by Mr. PURCEL.

Was e-ver nymph like Ro—samond, So

fair, so faithful, and so fond, A—dorn'd with ev'—ry charm and grace. A-

do ————— rn'd with ev'ry charm and grace.

Was e-ver nymph like Ro—samond, So fair, so faithful

and so fond; A.—do ————— rn'd with ev' ————— ry cha ————— rm and grace, A-

dorn'd with ev'ry charm and grace. Was e-ver nymph like Ro--fa--mond, So'

fair, so faithful and so fond, A--dorn'd with ev'--ry charm and grace. A--

do-- -- -- -- rn'd with ev'ry charm and grace.

I'm all de--fire, My heart's on fire, And leaps and

skips to her em--brace. I'm all desire, My heart's on fire, And leaps and

springs to her embrace. And leaps and springs to her embrace.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Poet to the Rose. *The Words by Mr. GAY.*

Go rose, my Cloe—'s bo—som grace, My Cloe—'s bo—som grace ; How

hap—py should I prove, how happy should I prove, Might I sup—ply & envy'd place with

ne—ver fading love. With ne—ver fading love. There, phoenix like, be-

neath her eye, In—volv'd in fra—grance burn and di—

—c. Be—neath her eye, In—volv'd in fra—grance

burn and di—e, burn and die. Know hapless flower, hapless

flower, that thou shalt find shalt find more fragrant ro—ses there, more fragrant

The Muses DELIGHT.

roses there, I see thy withering head re—cline with en—

and de—spair. With en—vy and de—spair. One common fate

both must prove, You die with en—vy I with love. One com

fate we both must prove, You di—e with en—vy, I di—e

love. You die with en—vy I with love. You die with en—vy I with l

The Muses DELIGHT.

Aria nel MITRIDATE. Set by Signor TERRADELLIS.

Sung by Signiora PIRCKER.

Se spuntan ve—zose full' alba le ro—se, Di spi—ne pun-

genti si ammantan per me; Se spun—tan ve—zose, se spun—tan

ve—zose, full' al—ba le ro—se, full' al — — — — —

— — — — — ba, Di spi—ne pun—gen—ti, si

ammantan per me. Di spi-ne pun-gen-ti si ammantan per me.

si amman-tan per me si amman-tan per me, si

am-man-tan per me.

Volti subito

Ni—mi—ca la for—te min'—vita in conten—ti, Ma poi di ri—tor—te ma

poi di ri—tor—te cir—conda—mi il pie min'vita,

la forte, Ma poi di ri—tor—te ma poi di ri—tor—te cir—

conda—mi il pie cir—condami il pie. cir—

conda—mi il pie. Cir—con—da—mi il pie.

The Mournful Fair. Set by Mr. ARNE.

On ev'ry hill, in ev'ry grove, A long the margin of each stream, Dear conscious scenes of former love, I mourn and Damon is my theme: The hills the groves the streams remain, But Damon there I seek in vain. The hills the groves the streams remain, But Damon! there I seek in vain.

From hill, from dale, each charm
is fled,
Groves, flocks and fountains please
no more;

Each flow'r, in pity, droops it's
head,
All nature does my loss de-
plore:

All all reproach the faithless swain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.
*All all reproach the faithless swain,
But Damon there I seek in vain.*

The Muses DELIGHT.

Spring Gardens: Set by Dr. BOYCE.

Flora god---deffs sweetly blooming, E--ver ai--ry e-ver gay ; All her wonted
 charms re--fuming, To Spring Gardens haste a--way : With this blifful spot de--lighted
 Here the queen of may retreats ; Belles and beaux are all in--vi--ted To par--
 take of va--ri--ed swee-----ts, To partake of varied sweets.

2.

See a grand pavillion yonder,
 Rising near embow'ring shades ;
 There a temple strikes with wonder,
 In full view of collonades:
 Art and nature, kindly lavish,
 Here their mingled beauties
 yield,
 Equal here the pleasures ravish,
 Of the court and of the field.
Of the court, &c.

3.

Hark, what heavenly notes de-
 scending,
 Break upon the list'ning ear ;
 Music all it's graces leading,
 O! 'tis extacy to hear :

Nightingales the concert joining,
 Breathe their plaints in melting
 strains,
 Vanquish'd now their groves re-
 signing,
 Soon they fly their distant plains.
Soon, &c.

4.

Lo ! what splendors round us dart-
 ing,
 Swift, illum the charming
 scene ;
 Chandeliers their light impart-
 ing,
 Pour fresh beauties o'er the
 green ;
 Glittering lamps in order plant-
 ed, (prize :
 Strike the eye with sweet sur-

Adam scarce was more enchanted
 When he saw the sun first rise.
When he saw, &c.

5.

Now the various bands are seat-
 ed,
 All dispos'd in bright array ;
 Business o'er, and cares retreat-
 ed,
 With gay mirth they close the
 day :
 Thus, of old, the sons of plea-
 sure
 Pass'd in shades their favourite
 hours ;
 Nectar cheering their soft leisure,
 Blest by love and crown'd with
 flow'rs.
Blest, &c.

The Contest between Love and Glory. Set by Mr. ARNE.

At leſt, too ſoon dr. creature receive y fond adieu, Thy pains O love how

bitter, thy joys how ſhort how few, thy joys how ſhort how few : No more thoſe eyes ſo

killing the melting glance repeat, Nor boſom gently ſwel. to love's ſoft tumult beat, nor boſom gently

ſwelling with love's ſoft tumult beat.

2.

3.

4.

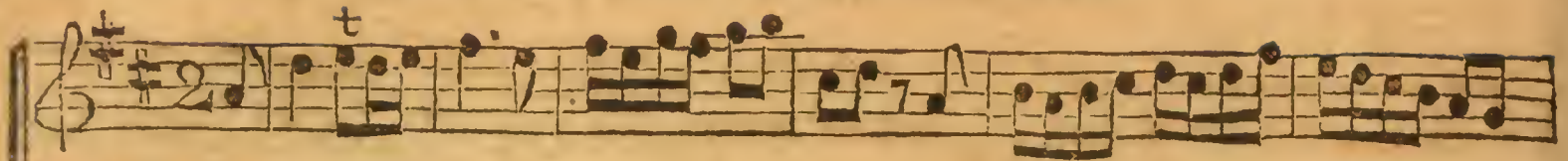
I go where glory leads me,
And points the dang'rous way ;
Tho' coward love upbraids me
Yet honour bids obey :
Yet honour, &c.
But honour's boasting ſtory
Too ſoon thoſe tears reprove,
And whispers fame, wealth, glory !
Ah ! what are they to love !
And whispers fame, wealth, glory !
Ah ! what are they to love.

Two paſſions, ſtrongly pleading,
My doubtful breast divide ;
Lo ! there my country bleeding,
And here a weeping bride :
And here, &c.
But know, thy faithful lover
Can true to either prove ;
Fame fires my veins all over,
Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.
Fame fires my veins all over,
Yet ev'ry pulse beats love.

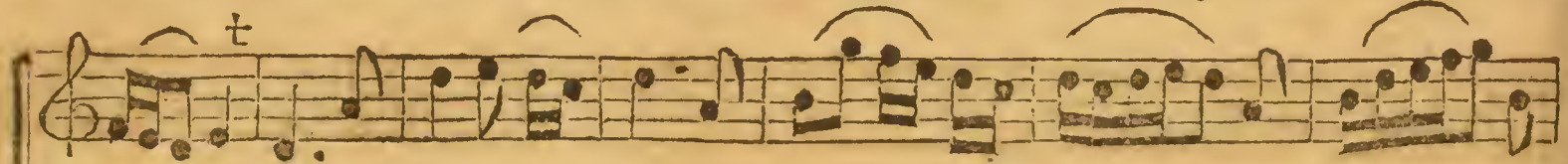
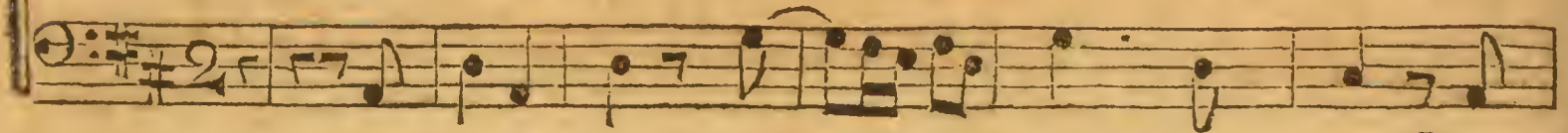
Then think where'er I wander,
The ſport of ſeas or wind,
No diſtance hearts can ſunder
Whom mutual faith has join'd :
Whom mutual faith, &c.
Kind heav'n, the brave requiring,
Shall ſave thy ſwain reſtore ;
And raptures crown the meeting,
Which love ne'er felt before.
And raptures crown the meeting,
Which love ne'er felt before.

The Muses DELIGHT.

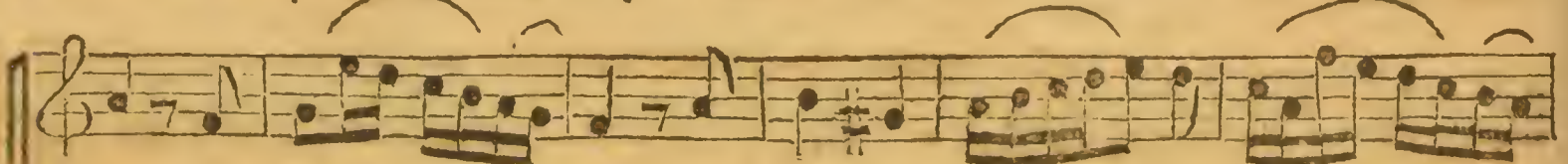
The Little Heart. Set by Mr. DUNN.



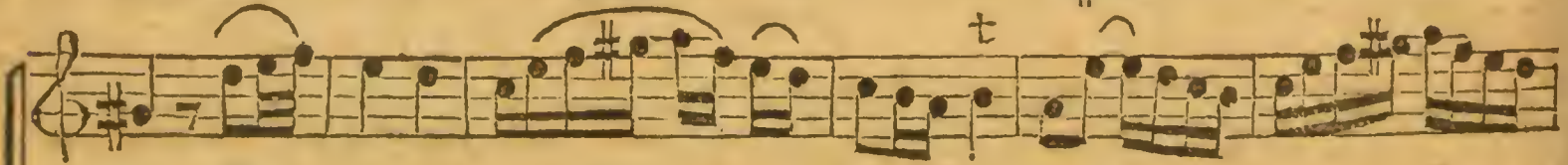
Allegro, ma non presto.



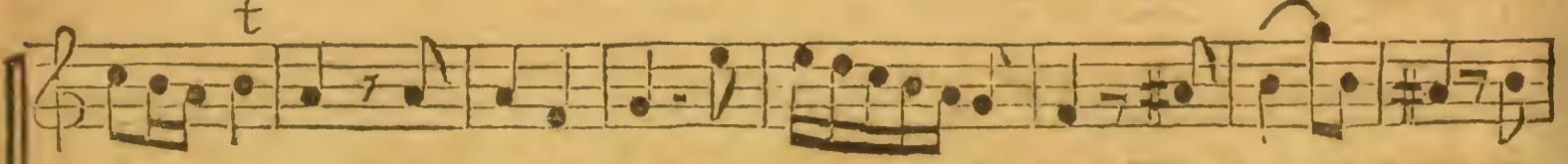
When Ce—lia's heart un—set—tled roves Thro' hills and



dales and flo—w'ry groves, When Celia's heart un—sett—led



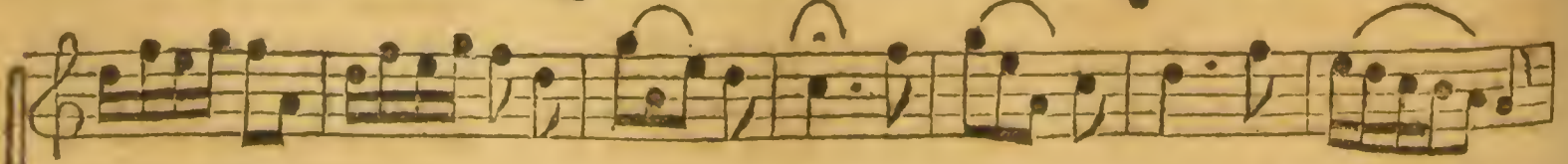
roves Thro' hills and da—les and sha—dy groves:



O tell me love the ti—me and day This lit—tle heart will



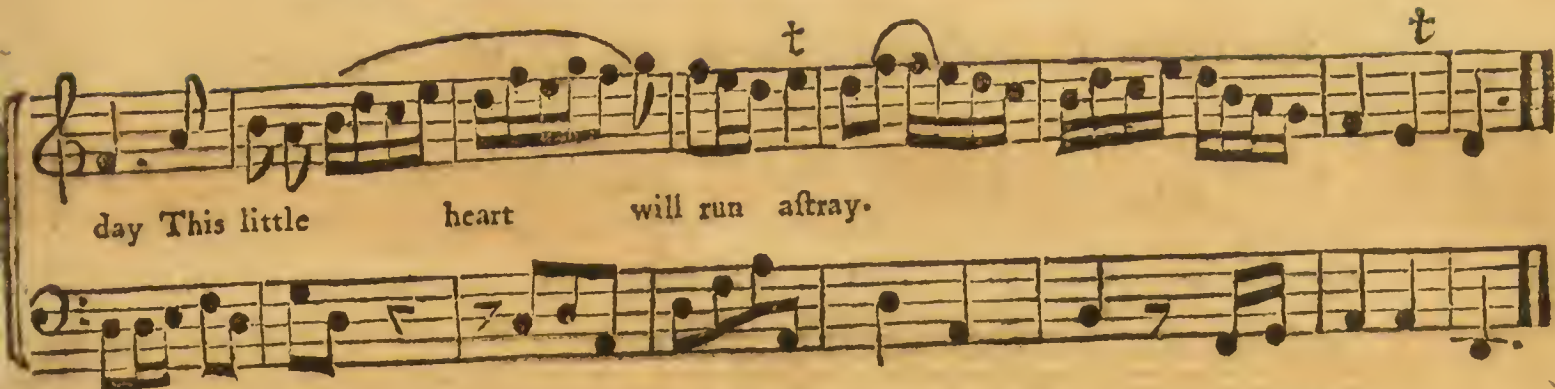
run a—stray, O tell me love the time and day This little heart this



lit—tle heart will run astray, O tell me love the time and



day



day This little heart will run astray.

2.

3.

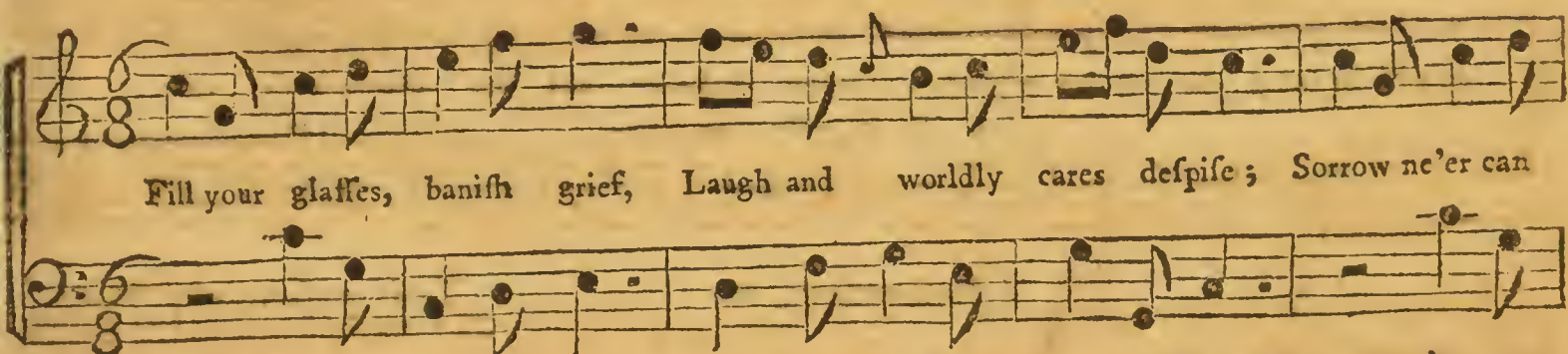
4.

If to some shade, from summer's heat,
This little heart should seek retreat;
If to some shade, &c.
Direct me love this heart to find,
For in that place she'll prove more kind.
Direct me love, &c.

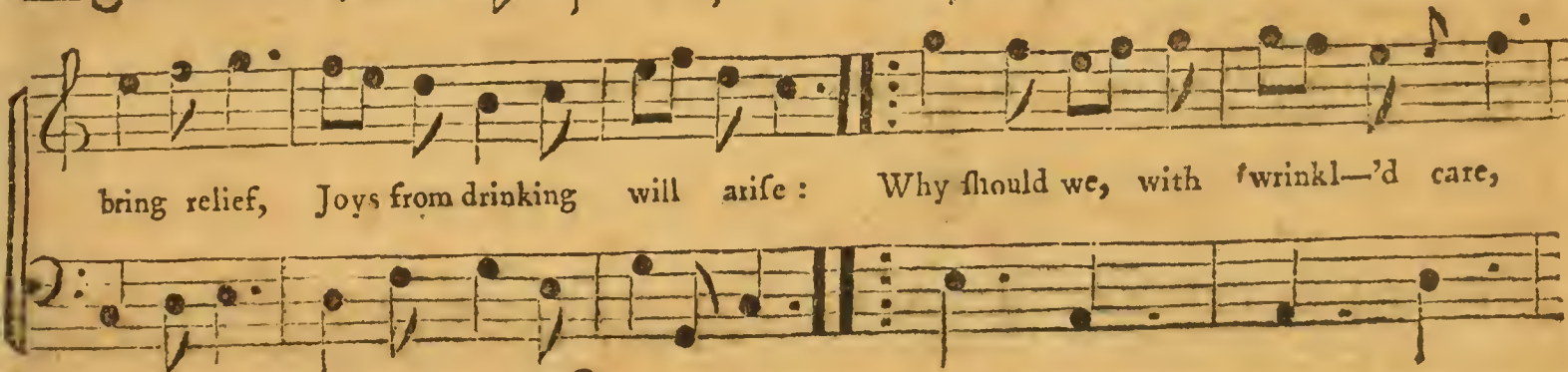
If near some stream where chrystal fall
Invites the virgin to it's call,
If near some stream, &c.
Sweet murm'ring echos reach my ear,
And say, my love your heart is here.
Sweet murm'ring, &c.

Then swift as light I'll seek the way,
And make this little heart my prey. *Then swift, &c.*
Kind love with joy shall make her own
She ne'er repents her heart was stol'n.
Kind love, &c.

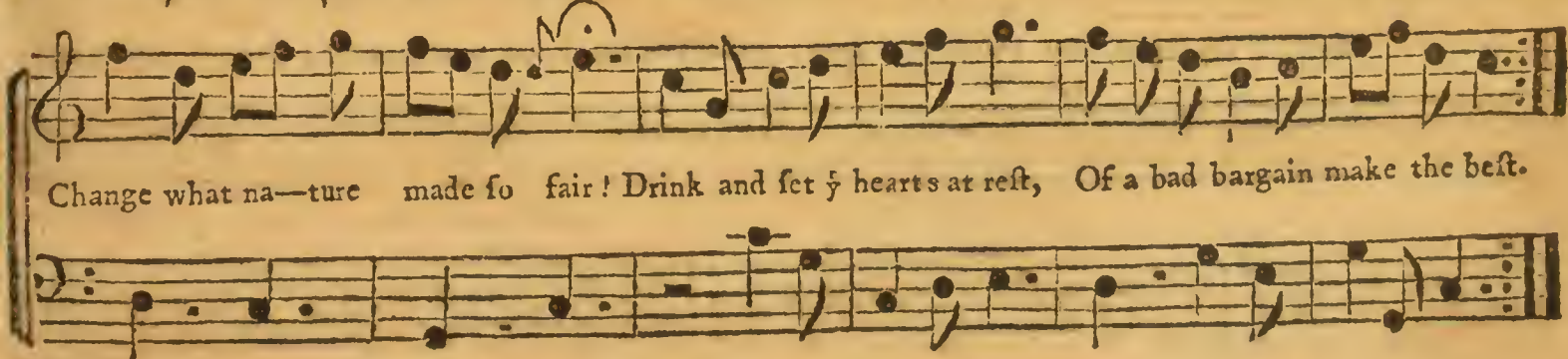
The Happy BACCHANALIAN.



Fill your glasses, banish grief, Laugh and worldly cares despise; Sorrow ne'er can



bring relief, Joys from drinking will arise: Why should we, with wrinkl'd care,



Change what nature made so fair! Drink and set your hearts at rest, Of a bad bargain make the best.

2.

3.

4.

Some pursue the winged wealth,
Some to honour do aspire;
Give me freedom, give me health,
There's the sum of my desire:
What the world can more present
Will not add to my content.
*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Quiet of mind is always best.*

Busy brains we know, alas!
With imaginations run;
Like the sand in th' hourglass,
Turn'd and turn'd and still runs
on:
Never knowing when to stay,
But uneasy e'ery way.
*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Peace of mind is always best.*

Mirth, when mingl'd with our
wine,
Makes the heart alert and free;
Let it rain, or snow, or shine,
Still the same thing 'tis with me:
There's no fence against our fate,
Changes daily on us wait.
*Drink and set your hearts at rest,
Of a bad bargain make the best.*

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Power of Music and Beauty. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

Mu—sick has power to melt the soul, by beau—ty na—ture's

1 2
fway'd ; Each can the u—ni—verse con—troul without the other's

aid, Each can & u—ni—verse con—troul with—out the o—ther's aid.

2.

Music enchants, &c.

These transports who can bear !
Oh ! let the sound be less divine,
Or look the nymph less fair.
Oh ! let the sound, &c.

But here together both appear,
And force united try ;
Music enchants the list'ning ear,
And beauty charms the eye.

3.

What cruelty ! these powers to
join !

The Ardent Lover. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Tender. Believe my sighs, my tears, my dear, re—lieve the heart you've won ; Believe my vows

to you fin—cere, or Mog—gy I'm undone ! You say I'm fickle, and apt to change to

ev'—ry face that's new, But of all the girls I e—ver saw I ne'er lov'd one like you.

My heart was like a lump of ice,
Till warm'd by your bright
eye ;
But then it kindled in a trice

A flame that ne'er can die.
Then take me, try me, and you
shall find,
That I've a heart that's true ;

For of all the girls I ever saw,
I ne'er lov'd one like you.

Sweet WILLIAM. *Sung by Miss STEVENSON, at Vauxhall.*

Set for the German-Flute.

By a pratt—ling stream, on a Midsummers Eve, Where woodbines and jefs'min their
boughs, inter—weave ; Fair Flora I cry'd to my ar—bour repair, For I must have a
chap—let for sweet William's hair, For I must have a chap—let for sweet William's
hair.

2.

She brought me the vi'let, that
grows on the hill,
The vale-dwelling lilly and gilded
jonquil ;
But such languid odours how could
I approve,
Just warm from the lips of the lad
that I love.
Just warm, &c.

The undying myrtle and ever-green
bay ;
But why these to me, who've his
constancy known,
And Billy has lawrels enough of
his own.
And Billy, &c.

So I kifs'd them and pres'd them
quite close to my breast.
So I kifs'd, &c.

5.

3.

She brought me his faith and his
truth to display,

The next was a gift that I could
not contemn,
For she brought me two roses that
grew on a stem ;
Of the dear nuptial tie they stood
emblems confest,

She brought me a sun-flow'r—this
fair one's your due,
For it once was a maiden and love-
fick like you ;
O give it me quick, to my shepherd
I'll run,
As true to his flame as this flow'r
to her sun.
As true, &c.

Bumpers, 'Squire JONES. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Ye good fellows all who love to be told where there's claret good store, At—tend to the

call of one who's ne'er frighted but greatly delighted with six bottles more : Be—sure you don't

pass the good house money glaſs & the jol—ly red god so pe—culiarly owns; 'Twill well ſuit your

humour, for pray & would you more than mirth & good cla—ret and bumpers 'Squire Jones.

2.

Ye lovers who pine
For laſſes that oft prove as cruel
as fair ;
Who whimper and whine,
For lillies and roſes,
With eyes, lips and noſes,
Or tip of an ear ;
Come hither I'll ſhow ye,
How Phillis nor Cloc,
No more ſhall occaſion ſuch ſighs
and ſuch groans ;
For what mortal ſo ſtupid,
As not to quit Cupid,
When call'd by good claret, &c.

3.

Ye Poets who write,
And brag of your drinking fam'd
Helicon's brook ;
Tho' all you get by't
Is a dinner oft times,
In reward for your Rhimes,
With Humphry the duke ;

Learn Bacchus to follow,
And quit your Apollo,
Forſake all the Muſes, thoſe ſenſe—
leſs old crones :
Our jingling of Glaſſes
Your rhyming ſurpaſſes,
When crown'd with good claret,
and bumpers, &c.

4.

Ye Soldiers ſo ſtout,
With plenty of oaths, tho' no plenty
of coin,
Who make ſuch a rout,
Of all your commanders
Who ſerv'd us in Flanders
And eke at the Boyne ;
Come leave off your rattling,
Of ſieging and battling,
And know it's much better to ſleep
with whole Bones :
Were you ſent to Gibraltar,
Your note you'd ſoon alter,
And wiſh for good claret, &c.

5.

Ye Clergy ſo wiſe,
Who myſt'ries profound can de—
monſtrate clear ;
How worthy to riſe !
You preach once a Week,
But your tithes never ſeek
Above once a year :
Come here without failing,
And leave off your railing
'Gainſt biſhops providing for dull,
ſtupid drones :
Says the text ſo divine,
What is life without wine ?
Then about with the claret, &c.

6.

Ye Lawyers ſo juſt,
Be the Cauſe what it will you ſo
learnedly plead ;
How worthy of truſt ?
You know black from white,
Yet prefer wrong to right,
As you're chaunc'd to be feed :

Leave

Leave musty reports,
And forsake the King's Courts,
Where dullness and discord have
set up their thrones ;
Burn Salkield and Ventris,
With all their damn'd entries,
And away with the claret, &c.

7.

Ye Physical Tribe,
Whose knowledge consists in hard
words and grimace ;
When e'er you prescribe,
Have at your devotion,

Pills, Bolus or Potion,
Be what will the case :
Pray where is the need,
To purge, blister or bleed,
When ailing yourselves the whole
faculty owns,
That the forms of old Galen,
Are not so prevailing
As mirth, with good claret, &c.

8.

Ye Fox-hunters eke,
That follow the call of the horn
and the hound ;

Who your Ladies forsake
Before they're awake
To beat up the brake,
Where the vermin is found,
Leave Piper and Blueman,
Shrill Dutchefs and Truceman,
No Music is found in such dissonant
tones :
Wou'd you ravish your ears,
With the Songs of the Spheres,
Hark away to the claret and bum-
pers, 'Squire Jones.

The Shepherd's Complaint. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.

Sweet were once the joys I tast-ed, All was jol-ly-ty and love ;

Time me-thought too nimb-ly hasted, Which on pleasure's wings did move :

Chloe's heart was all my treasure, Never was a rich-er swain : Chlo-e

doubled ev'-ry pleasure, Chlo-e ba-nish'd e-ve-ry pain.

2

But the envious Gods repining
So much blis on earth to see,
All their bitt'rest curses joining,
Dash'd my cup with jealousy ;
Now where erst my pipe resounded,
Steals the sigh & heart felt groan ;

Love by doubts and fears surround-
ed,
I'll dispute a tott'ring throne.

3.

Fool that ever art pursuing,
What conceal'd is always best ;

Jealousy, love's child and ruin,
Leave, oh leave, my tortur'd
breast !
With the slave thy pow'r confessing,
Thou to Venus mildly deal,
They who shun or slight thy blessing
Should alone thy torments feel.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Absent Lover. Set by Mr. BARNARD.

Ye gen—tle gales that fan the air, And wan—ton in the shady grove ;

O ! whif—per to my ab—sent fair, My secret pain and endless love.

2.

3.

4.

And in the fultry heat of day,
When she does seek some cool
retreat ;
Throw spicy odours in her way,
And scatter roses at her feet.

That when she sees their colour
fade,
And all their pride neglected lie,
Let that instruct the charming maid
That sweets untimely gather'd
die.

And when she lays her down to
rest,
Let some auspicious vision shew
Who 'tis that loves Camilla best,
And what for her I undergo-

The Beggar. Sung by Mr. BRETT.

A beggar, a beggar, a beggar I'll be, For none live a life so jovial as he, a beggar I

was, and a beggar I am, a beggar I'll be, from a beggar I came ; & if 't happens our trading shou'd

fall, we in 't conclusion shall beggars be all ; Tradesmen are un—fortunate in their affairs, and

few men are thriving but Courtiers and Players.

2.

4.

6.

A craver my father, a maunder my mother,
A filer my sister, a filcher my brother,
A canter my uncle, who values no self,
A lifter my aunt, and a beggar myself;
In white wheaten straw, when their bellies were full,
There I was begotten, 'twixt tinker and trull;
And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
For none lives a life so jovial as he.

We beg for our bread, yet sometimes it happens
We feast it on pigs, pullets, cunnies or capons;
For churchmens affairs we are no men-flayers,
We have no religion, yet live by our pray'rs;
And oft' when we beg and men draw not their purses,
We charge and give fire with a volley of curses;
The devil confound your good worship we cry,
And such a bold brazen-face beggar am I.

For such petty pledges as shirts from the hedges,
We never do fear being drawn upon sledges;
Yet sometimes the whip does make us to skip,
And then we from titing to titing do trip;
But when in a poor boozing ken we do bib it,
We are more afraid of the stocks than the gibbet;
And if from the stocks we keep our feet,
We fear not the compter, king's bench or the fleet.

3.

5.

7.

When boys they come to us, and say their intent is
To follow our calling, we ne'er bind 'em 'prentice;
Soon as they come to't we learn 'em to do't,
We give them a staff and a wallet to boot;
We lend 'em our cant, for to crave and to cant,
So the devil is in it if e'er they can want:
Therefore he or she that a beggar will be,
Without an indenture may soon be made free.

We do things in season, and have so much reason,
We raise no rebellion, nor ever talk treason;
We bill with our mates at very low rates,
Yet some keep their quarters as high as their gates:
With Shenkin or Morgan or Lounfman or Teague.
We into no covenant enter, or league;
And therefore a jolly bold beggar I'll be,
For none lead a life so jovial as he.

Sometimes we frame ourselves to be lame,
And when a coach comes we hop to our game;
We seldom miscarry, nor ever do marry,
By gown, common prayer or cloak-directory:
But Simon and Susan, like birds of a feather,
They laugh and they kiss and they lie down together;
Like pigs in the peas entangled they lie. (rogue as I.)
And there they begot such a bold

The DREAM. Set by a Gentleman of Oxford.

Whilst I in sleep last night was laid, Methought 'twas in a lonely grove;
That I with Emma, beauteous maid, walk'd happy and discours'd of love.

The musical score consists of two systems of staves. The first system has a treble clef and a 3/4 time signature. The second system has a bass clef and a 3/4 time signature. The lyrics are written below the notes.

2.

Sweet cruel nymph, said I, reject
No more the vows of one sincere;
If love unfeign'd you e'er expect
To find in man, you find it here.

3.

Can love in man, said she, be true?
And don't their words belie their
mind?

Are not your sex a perjur'd crew?
Their promises ne'er made to
bind.

4.

Then I'll return, with equal fire,
The love you shew your happy
fair;
Then shall the world our loves ad-
mire,
And say, behold one perfect pair.

5.

With transport seiz'd, I 'gan to
wake,
(Grieving, my muse pursue the
theme)
A perfect pair! O dire mistake!
I found such bliss is but a dream.

The Muses DELIGHT.

PEDRO'S Dance. *The Words by a Gentleman.*

When wit and beauty lead y way & can withstand y pow'ful sway? y soul in plea—sing
 rap—ture lies, a—way the conqueror bears y prize: What mor—tal can withstand y dart when
 it has pierc'd his tender heart, how can he ease his troubled mind un—less y lovely nymph is kind.

2.

Enjoys the nymph amidst her friends.

Each woes his mate with rural notes:

Where shall I go to vent my woes,
 Or whither fly to seek repose?
 To whom shall I disclose my mind,
 And say, my Celia proves unkind?
 I'll follow the receipt that Jove
 Try'd to obtain his Danae's love;
 In show'rs of gold the god descends,

3.

If thro' the shady groves I rove,
 Still ev'ry object prompts to love;
 The warblers, with their little throats,

Direct me, Cupid, to the place
 Where I may view her charming face;
 With her to wear out all my days,
 Embalm'd in bliss and blest with ease.

The Maid's Request. *Set by Mr. J. F. LAMPE.*

Glide swiftly on thou sil—ver stream, Pur—sue the lad I love; In gen—tle
 mur—murs tell my flame, And try his heart to move, and try his heart to move.

2.

My tears shall that supply.
 My tears, &c.

In place of useless weeds;
 May painted flow'rs adorn thy
 brim,
 And knots of bending reeds.
 And knots, &c.

So may thy banks be always green,
 Thy channel never dry;
 If e'er thy spring be failing seen,

3.

May gilded carps thy surface skim,

The Flower of EDINBURGH. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZIO.

My Love was once a bon—ny Lad, he was the Flow'r of all his Kin ; the absence of his
 bonny Face my ten—der Heart has rent in twain : By Day or Night find no De—light, in
 si—lent Tears I still complain & rail at those my ri—val Foes, that took from me my darling Swain.

<p>2. Despair and Anguish fill my Breast, Since I have lost my blooming Rose ; I sigh and mourn while others rest, His absence yields me no repose : To seek my Love I'll range and rove, Thro' ev'ry Grove and distant Plain ; I ne'er will cease, nor be at ease, 'Till I hear from my darling Swain.</p>	<p>range, And knows not to what Destiny : The pretty Kids and tender Lambs, Shall cease to sport upon the Plain, And shall lament in discontent, The Absence of my darling Swain.</p>	<p>And send me o'er to that same Shore, To meet my lovely darling Swain.</p>
<p>3. I need not strange at Nature's change Since Parents shew'd such cruelty ; Therefore my Love from me does</p>	<p>4. Kind Neptune, let me you intreat To send a fair and pleasing Gale ; Your Dolphins sweet upon me wait, For to convoy me on your Tail : May Heavens bless me with Suc- cess, While crossing of the raging Main ;</p>	<p>5. All Joy and Mirth, at our Return, Shall then abound from Tweed to Tay ; The Bells shall ring, the Birds shall sing, To grace and crown our Nuptial Day : Thus, blest with Charms, in my Love's Arms, Once more my Heart I will ob- tain ; I'll range no more t'a distant Shore, But will enjoy my darling Swain.</p>

TO SALINDA. Set by Mr. M. C. FESTING.

Love, imag'd blind by i—dle bards, Is ea—gle ey'd in me ; I see in you a
 thousand charms, & love because I see ; I see in you a thousand charms & love because I see.

When

2.

(face

When nature form'd that angel
She lavish'd all her pow'r ;
Be this, she cry'd, my master-piece,
Kneel, mortals, and adore.
Be this, &c.

3.

Like her own Flora's vernal blush,
Her blooming cheek she dies ;
And from the morning dew-drops
takes

The lustre of your eyes.
And from the morning, &c.

4.

Like equal rows of orient pearl
She sets your even teeth ;
With live vermillion stains your
lips,

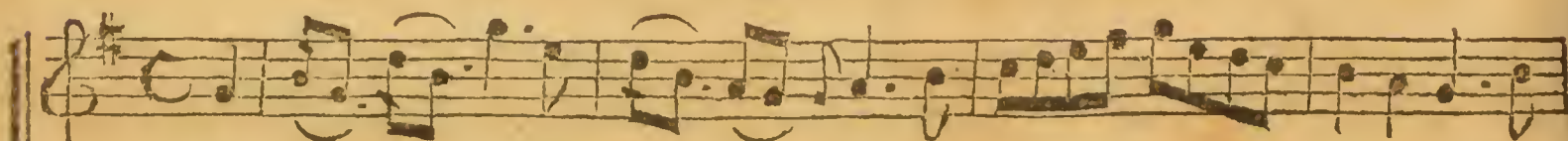
With nectar dews your breath.
With live vermillion, &c.

5

Fond love and open truth appear,
The features of your mind ;
And pleasure speaks in ev'ry glance
The wish of all mankind.
And pleasure, &c.

6.

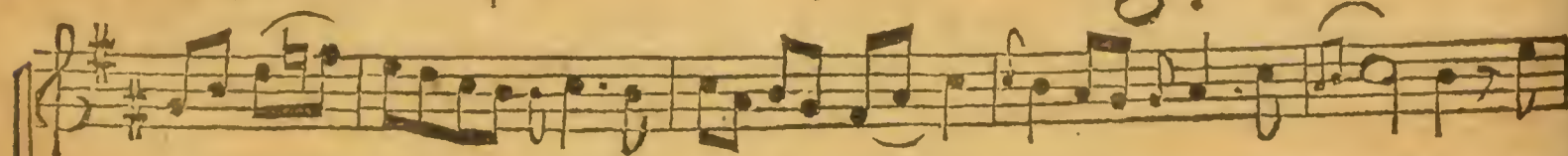
Where all the graces thus unite,
'Tis merit to approve ;
And reason, which at first admir'd,
Is forc'd to end in love.
And reason, &c.

The blytheft Bird. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

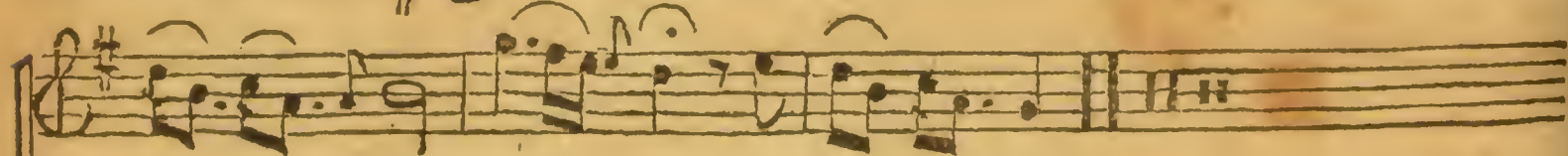
The blyth---est Bird that sings in May, Was ne'er more blyth was ne'er more gay than



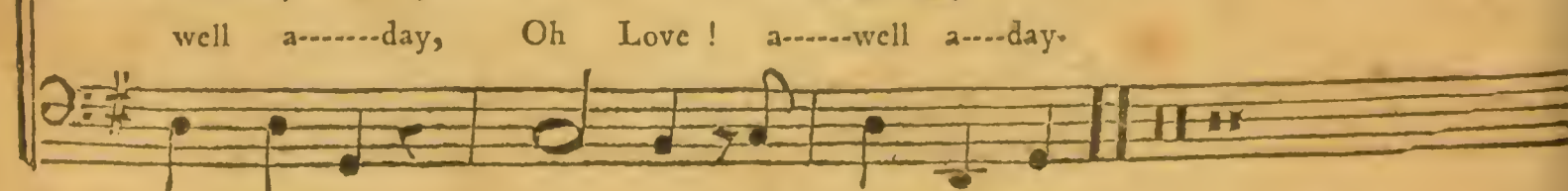
I, a-----well a-----day ! Than I, a-----well a-----day ! E'er Col—lin



yet had learn'd to Sigh, Or I to guess the Reason why ; Oh Love ! a-



well a-----day, Oh Love ! a-----well a----day.



2.

We kiss'd, we toy'd, but neither
knew
From whence those fond Endear-
ments grew,
'Till he, a-well a-day ! 'till he, a-
well a-day !
By Time and other Swains made
Wife,
Began to talk of Hearts and Eyes,
And Love, a-well a-day ! and Love,
a-well a-day.

3.

Kind Nature now took Collin's
Part,
My Eyes inform against my Heart,
My Heart, a-well a-day ! my Heart,
a-well a-day !
Straight glow'd with thrilling Sym-
pathy,
And echo'd back each gentle
Sigh,
Each Sigh, a-well a-day ! each Sigh
a-well a-day !

4.

Can Love, alas ! by Words be
shewn,
He ask'd a Proof, a tender One,
While I, a-well a-day ! while I,
a-well a-day !
In silence blush'd a fond Re-
ply ;
Can she who truly Loves deny ?
Ah ! no, a-well a-day, ah ! no, a-
well a-day !

The Lad for me. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Since Jenny thinks mean her love to deny, And

Peg-gy's un-easy when Harry's not by ;

I'll own without blushing, were

all the world by, That Willy's the lad, the lad for me. And Willy's the lad, the

lad for me.

2.

4.

6.

He brought me a wreath which his hands did compose,
 While the dale-loving lilly was turn'd with the rose ;
 Young myrtle, in sprigs, did the border enlose.
And Willy's the lad for me.

3.

These ribbands of mine his gift at the fair,
 My mother look'd cross, and cry'd Fanny beware :
 But d'ye think I regard her ? Not I, I declare.
And Willy's, &c.

5

I cry'd you're too rude—with affected disdain,
 (For early in life we're instructed to feign)
 He made me no answer, but kiss'd me again.
And Willy's, &c.

7.

By myrtle, said he, is my passion express'd,
 The rose, like your lips, in vermillion is drest,
 And the lilly, for whiteness, would vie with your breast.
And Willy's, &c.

Beneath a tall beech, and reclin'd on his crook,
 I saw my young shepherd ; how sweet was his look !
 He ask'd for one kiss, but a hundred he took.
And Willy's, &c.

Then what can I do ? Instruct me ye maids,
 When a lover so kindly, so warmly invades,
 Whose silence as much as his language persuades.
And Willy's, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Miller's Wedding. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Con Spirito. Leave

neighbours your work, and to sport and to play, Let the tabor strike up and the village be
 gay; Let the ta—bor strike up and the village be gay: No day thro' ½ year shall more chearful be
 seen, For Ralph of the Mill marries Sue of the Green. For Ralph of the Mill marries
 Sue of the Green. I love Sue, and Sue loves me, And while the wind blows, and while the mill
 goes, Who'll be so hap—py so hap—py as we.

2.
 Let lords and fine folk, who for
 wealth take a bride,
 Be married to-day, and tomorrow
 be cloy'd;
 Be married, &c.
 My body is stout, and my heart is
 as sound,

And my love, like my courage, will
 never give ground.
 And my love, &c.
 Cho. I love Sue, &c.

3.
 Let ladies of fashion the best join-
 ters wed,

And prudently take the best bid-
 ders to bed;
 And prudently, &c.
 Such signing and sealing's no part
 of our blifs,
 We settle our hearts and we seal
 with a kifs.
 We settle, &c.
 Cho. I love Sue, &c.

Tho'

4

Tho' Ralph is not courtly, nor none
of our beaux,
Nor bounces nor flutters nor wears
your fine cloaths;
Nor bounces, &c.
In nothing he'll borrow from folks
of high life,

Nor e'er turn his back on his friend
or his wife.
Nor e'er, &c.
Cho. *I love Sue, &c.*

5.

While thus I am able to work at
my mill,

While thus thou art kind, and thy
tongue but lies still;
While thus thou art kind, &c.
Our joys shall continue, and ever
be new,
And none be so happy as Ralph
and his Sue.
And none, &c.
Cho. *I love Sue, &c.*

The Adieu to SUSAN. Set by Mr. LAMPE.

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd, The stream—ers waving in the

wind, When black-ey'd Sufan came on board, O! where shall I my true love find?

Tell me ye jovi—al sailors, tell me true, If my sweet William fails among the crew.

2.

William, who high upon the yard,
Rock'd by the billows to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he
heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes be-
low;
The cord slides swiftly thro' his
glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck
he stands.

3.

So the sweet lark, high pois'd in
air,
Shuts close his pinions to his
breast,
If chance his mate's shrill call he
hears,
And drops at once into her nest.
The noblest captain in the British
fleet
Might envy William's lips those
kisses sweet.

4.

O Sufan, Sufan! lovely dear!
My vows shall ever true remain;

Let me kiss off that falling tear,
We only part to meet again:
Change as ye list, ye winds, my
heart shall be
The faithful compass that still
points to thee.

5.

Believe not what the landmen say,
Who tempt with doubts thy con-
stant mind;
They'll tell thee sailors when a-
way

At every port a mistress find:
Yes, yes, believe 'em when they
tell thee so,
For thou art present wherefoe'er I
go.

6.

If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds
bright;
Thy breath is Africk's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white:
Thus ev'ry beauteous object that I
view

Wakes in my soul some charm of
lovely Sue.

7

Tho' battle calls me from thy
arms,
Let not my pretty Sufan mourn;
Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from
harms
William shall to his dear re-
turn;
Love turns aside the balls that
round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop
from Sufan's eye.

8.

The boatswain gave the dreadful
word,
The sails their swelling bosoms
spread;
No longer must she stay on board,
They kiss'd—she sigh'd, he hung
his head:
Her less'ning boat unwilling rows
to land;
Adieu she cries, and wav'd her lil-
ly hand.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Virgin's Last Resolve. Sung by Mr. Lowe.

Ye Virgins who do

list-en to what-e'er your Mothers say, Be rul'd by me and let's a-gree no

long-er to o-bey : For I've been snubb'd, & I've been drubb'd, till I've been black &

blue ; But I'll behave no more like a Slave, But I'll be-have no more like a Slave, I'

with I may die if I do, if I do. I wish I may die if I do.

2.

Both night and day she prates a-
way
About my being nice,
But I declare 'twould make you
stare
To hear her dull advice ;
She says that I from men must fly
Or mischief will ensue ;
But in all the kind no harm I find,
In all the kind, &c.
I wish I may die if I do.
I wish, &c.

3.

She says that youth, still blind to
truth,
The danger ne'er can tell ;

And 'tis from sense and experience
That she can talk so well :
But if she got sense from experi-
ence,
Then she may depend upon't,
I'll try to be as wise as she ;
I'll try, &c.
I wish I may die if I don't.
I wish, &c.

4.

Young Damon gay, the other day,
Would struggle for a kifs ;
I pish'd and cry'd, and him did
chide,
With—What d'ye mean by this?
'Tis wond'rous rude, that you'll
intrude,
When I have so oft forbid ;

I wish I may die if you don't make
me cry, *I wish, &c.*
But I wish I may die if he did.
I wish, &c.

5

Then I'll be free whilst young I
be,
And let my mother scold ;
And I'll despise being quite as
wife,
Until I am quite as old :
At forty-three a prude I'll be,
And lay my follies by ;
But never till then will I shun the
men,
But never, &c.
If I do—I wish I may die,
If I do, &c.

Fair SALLY. Set by Dr. GREENE.

Spiritoso. Fair Sally lov'd a bonny seaman, & tears she sent him out to roam, & Thomas
lov'd no other woman, but left his heart to her at home ; she view'd the sea from off the
hill, & as she turn'd her spinning wheel, Sung of her bonny Seaman.

2.

The winds blew loud, and she grew
paler
To see the weather-cock turn
round,
When lo! she spy'd her bonny fail-
lor
Come tripping o'er the fallow
ground ;
With nimble haste he leapt the
style,
And Sally met him with a smile,
And hugg'd her bonny failor.

3.

Fast round the waist he took his
Sally,
But first around his mouth wip'd
he ;
Like home-bred spark he could not
dally,
But kifs'd and prest her with a
glee :

Thro' winds and waves and dash-
ing rain,
Cry'd he, thy Tommy's return'd
again,
And brings a heart for Sally.

4

Welcome, she cry'd, my constant
Thomas,
Tho' out of sight ne'er out of
mind ;
Our hearts if seas have parted from
us
Yet they my thoughts did leave
behind ;
So much my thoughts took Tom-
my's part
That time nor absence, from my
heart
Could drive my constant Thomas

5.

This knife, the gift of lovely Sally,

I still have kept for her dear
sake ;
A thousand times, in am'rous folly,
Thy name I've earv'd upon the
deck ;
Again the happy pledge returns,
To tell how truly Tommy burns,
How truly burns for Sally.

6,

This timple didst thou give to
Sally,
Whilst this I see I think on
you ;
Then why does Tom stand still-I
shall-I
While yonder steeple's in our
view :
Tom, never to occasion blind,
Now took her in the coming
mind,
And went to church with Sally.

The Lads of the Mill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Dan Gay first in Vogue bro't the blithe Molly Mogg, and flourish'd her Praise with

his Quill: But 'tis strange that as yet the Twick-en-ham Wit never thought

of a Neighbouring Mill, Never tho't of a Neigh-bour-ing Mill.

2

5

8

That the seas foaming juice
Did Venus produce,
Let poets insist on it still;
I stoutly aver,
That a fairer than her
Took her rise from the froth of a mill.
Took her rise, &c.

3

But say, O ye nine,
How a nymph so divine,
Could the lap of a miller's wife fill,
Unless that some God,
Stray'd out of his road,
And set up his staff in his mill?
And set, &c.

4

Once Juno's good man,
In the shape of a Swan,
Did Leda so lovingly bill,
That Helen she hatch'd,
Who never was match'd
But by the fair lads of the mill.
But by, &c.

In another disguise
Alcmena he plies,
Like Amphitruon he frolicks his fill:
Then why might not Jove,
As a cloak for his love,
Take upon him the man of the mill?
Take, &c.

6

Once Homer inflam'd,
An hundred tongues claim'd,
Some arduous work to fulfill;
Let me tell thee old bard,
This task were to hard,
Tho' thou hadst all the clacks of the
mill.
Tho' thou hadst, &c.

7

But fie, muse, forbear,
'Tis better by far
No more of these charms to reveal;
Lest thereby you might
New rivals excite,
And carry more sacks to the mill.
And carry, &c.

With influence benign,
Oh! would she incline,
With my stars, but to favour my
will;
So it might be with her,
'Twould be raptures I swear,
And music to live in a mill.
And music, &c.

9

Then fair one be kind,
Nor with water and wind,
Inconstant turn round with the
wheel;
Lest when I am dead,
It should truly be said,
Thy heart was a stone of a mill.
Thy heart, &c.

The ROVER. Set by Mr. LAMPE.

Who to win a woman's favour would so-li-cit long in vain? Who to gain a moment's pleasure

wou'd en-dure an age of pain? I-dly toying, ne'er enjoying, pleas'd th fu-ing,

fond of ru-in, Made the martyr of disdain, made the martyr of dis-dain.

Give me, love, the beauteous ro-
ver,
Whom a general passion warms;
Fondly blessing every lover,

Frankly proffering all her
charms:
Never flying,
Still complying,

Train'd to please you,
Glad to ease you,
Circled in her snowy arms.
Circled, &c.

The Ladies Cafe. Set by Mr. GOUGE.

How hard is the fortune of all woman kind? For e-ver sub-jested for e-ver confin'd:

The parent controuls us un-til we are wives, The husbands en-flave us the rest of their lives.

If fondly we love, yet we dare
not reveal,
But secretly languish, compell'd

to conceal;
Deny'd e'ery freedom of life to
enjoy,

We're sham'd if we're kind, we're
blam'd if we're coy.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The FLY ; moderniz'd from CHAUCER. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Allegro, ma non presto

S.

From sweet bewitching tricks of love young men your hearts se-

S.

cure, lest from the paths of sense you rove in do-tage prema-ture, in do-tage

pre-ma-ture :

Look at each lass thro' wisdom's glass, nor

trust the na-ked Eye ; Gallants beware look sharp take care the

S.

blind eat many a fly, the blind eat many a fly.

2.

3.

4.

Not only on their hands and necks
The borrow'd white you'll find ;
Some belles, when interest directs,
Can even paint the mind :
Joy in distress
They can express,
Their very tears can lie,
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a sic.

There's not a spinster in the realm
But all mankind can cheat,
Down to the cottage from the helm,
The learn'd, the brave and great.
With lovely looks
And golden hooks,
T'entangle us they try ;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a sic.

Could we with ink the ocean fill,
Was earth of parchment made ;
Was ev'ry single stick a quill,
Each man a scribe by trade ;
To write the tricks
Of half the sex,
Would suck the ocean dry ;
Gallants beware,
Look sharp, take care,
The blind eat many a sic.

FLORELLA. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.

Florella, lovely nymph, forbear To cloud a face like thine With frowns & nought but smiles shou'd wear, To please and bless man-kind: With envious haste old Time and care, will tar-nish ev'ry bloom; then do not by imprudence marr, What may be lost too soon.

2.

See with what pleasure ev'ry swain
The chearful Cloe views ;
See with what joy they wear the
chain,
All pleas'd whom she subdues :
Tho' fair her face, divinely fair !
Yet she her conquest owes

To that good-nature that appears
In every thing she does.

3.

And that will please when ev'ry
joy
That beauty gave is dead ;
And friendly smooth the wrinkled

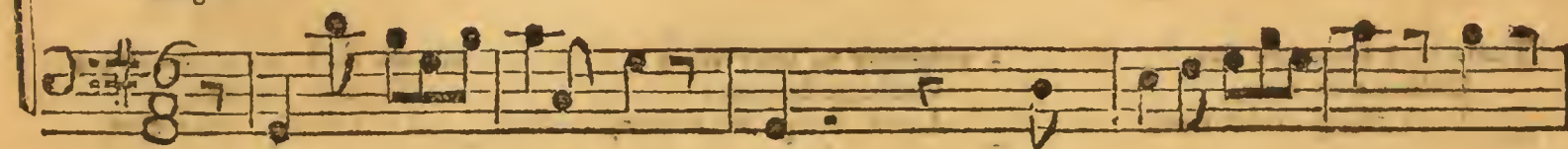
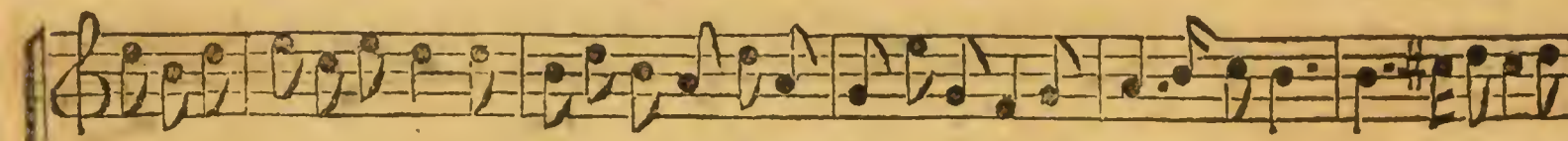
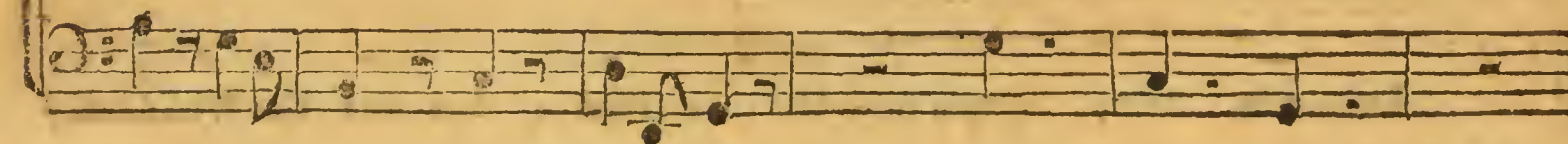
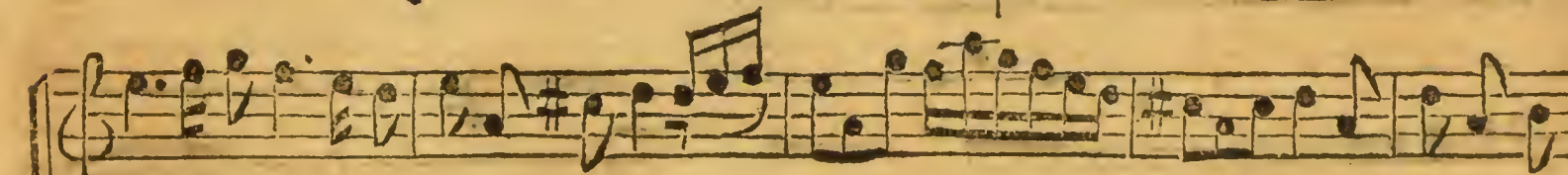
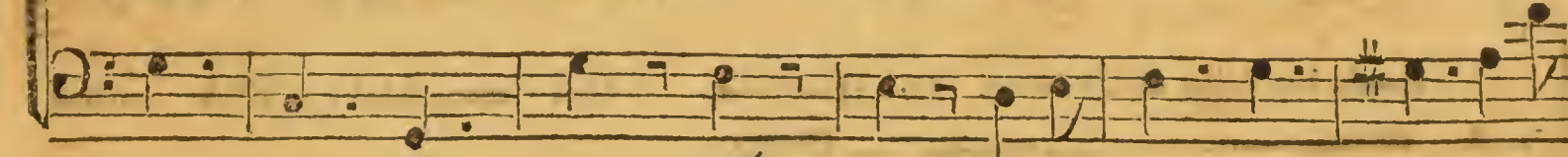
brow
Of age's hoary head :
Then give to smiles and mirth the
hour,
Enjoy the present store ;
Defraud not beauty of that pow'r
That soon will be no more.

T

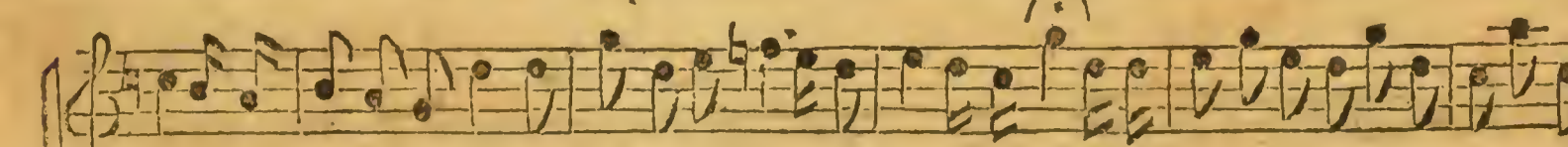
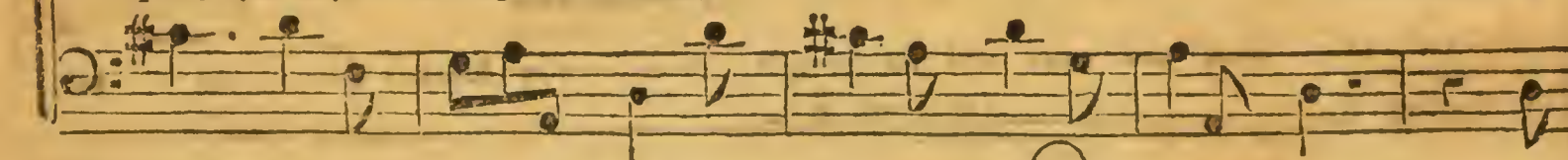
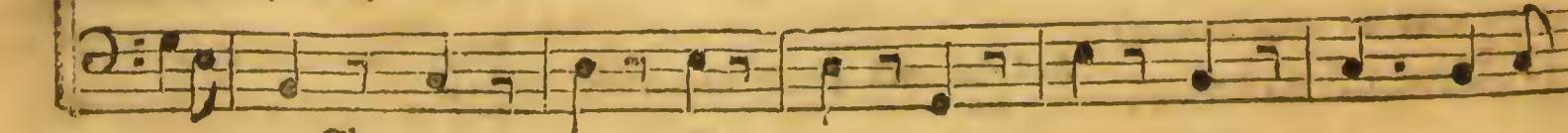
Set

The Muses DELIGHT.

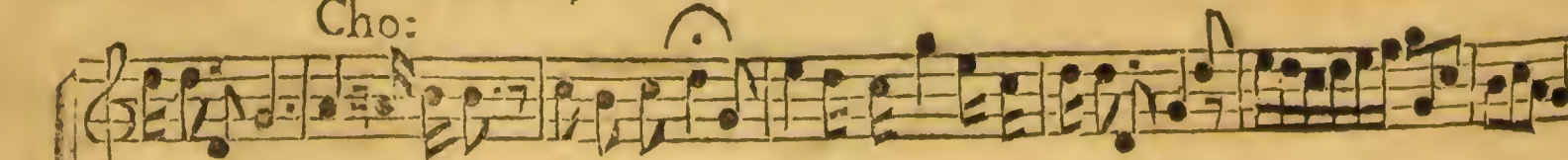
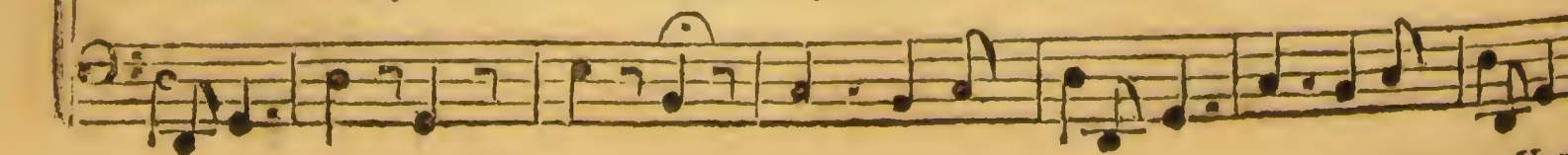
Set by Mr. ARNE. Sung by Mr. BEARD.

*Allegro.*Ye Prigs^y are troubled wth conscience's qualms, Who ever arepraying or chant. of psalms, Come listen a while & I'll sing you a song shall open your eyes open y^e eyes, Shallopen y^e eyes & you'll see right from wrong :

In claret a-

lone you shd. place all y^e hope, there's more absolution in y^e than y^e Pope, 'Tis y^e famous elix-ir sa-lutis oflife, wth this you may face either devil or wife ; Face y^e devil, devil or wife, wth this you may face either

Cho:

devil or wife, Face y^e devil, devil or wife, wth this you may face or y^e devil or wife.

Your

2
Your Mars and Apollo, in spight
of the schools,
And Jupiter eke, to our Bacchus
are fools ;
When his blessed spirit enliven
our clods,
Each mortal's inspir'd with the
pow'r of the gods :
Not Mars is so valiant when watch-
men provoke,
Not Phœbus so wise when the juf-

tice we smoke ;
Nor Jove half so rampant in all his
amours,
When we thunder away from our
claret to whores.

the priest,
And thus I go on till the saint is
deceas'd :
And when I no longer can revel
and roar,
But must part with my bottle, my
friend and my whore,
Embalm me in claret, pay rites at
my shrine,
Thus living I'm happy, when dead
I'm divine.

3.
My morals are found—for they
lie in my glafs ;
My religion and faith are my bot-
tle and las ;
My church is the tavern, a vintner

Smirking NAN. *The Words by Mr. ALLAN RAMSAY.*

Oh! wae is me poor Wolley cry'd, see how I'm waft—ed to a span ; My
heart I lost when first I spy'd that love—ly smirk—ing milkmaid Nan : I'm
grown so weak the gentlest breeze of duf—ty Ro—ger's winn—'ing fan would
waft me o'er yon beachen trees, and all for the sake of my smirk—ing Nan.

2.
The ale-wife misses me of late,
I us'd to take a hearty can ;
But I can neither drink nor eat,
Unless 'tis brew'd or bak'd by
Nan.
The baker makes the best of bread,
The flower he takes, and leaves
the bran ;

The bran is every other maid,
Compar'd with thee, my smirk-
ing Nan.
3.
But Dick o'th green, that nasty
loun,
Last sunday to my mistress ran ;

He snatch'd a kiss—I knock'd
him down,
Which hugely pleas'd my smirky
Nan.
But hark ! the roaring foger comes,
And rattles tantara tarran ;
She leaves her cows for noisy drums,
Woes me, I've lost my smirky
Nan.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sung by Miss BURCHEL. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Hark ! hark ! 'tis a voice from y^e tomb, Come Lucy it

cries come a-way ; The grave of thy Col—lin has room To rest thee be-

side his cold clay : I come my dear shep—herd I come, Ye

friends and com—panions a—dieu ; I haste to my Col—lin's dark home, To die on his

bosom so true. To die on his ho—som so true.

2.

All mournful the midnight-bell
rung,
When Lucy, sad Lucy, arose,
And forth to the green turf she
sprung,
Where Collin's pale ashes repose;
All wet with the night's chilling
dew,
Her bosom embrac'd the cold
ground,
While stormy winds over her blew,
And night-ravens croak'd all a-
round.
And night-ravens, &c.

3

How long my lov'd Collin, she cry'd,
How long must thy Lucy com-

plain?
How long shall the grave my love
hide,
How long e'er it join us again?
For thee, thy fond shepherdes liv'd,
With thee, o'er the world wou'd
she fly,
For thee, has she sorrow'd and
griev'd,
For thee, wou'd she lie down and
die.
For thee, &c.

4.

Alas! what avails it how dear
Thy Lucy was once to her swain!
Her face like the lilly so fair,
And eyes that gave light to the
plain!
The shepherd that lov'd her is gone,

That face and those eyes charm
no more,
And Lucy forgot and alone,
To death shall her Collin deplore.
To death shall her, &c.

5.

While thus she lay sunk in despair,
And mourn'd to y' echos around,
Inflam'd all at once grew the air,
And thunder shook dreadfull the
ground:
I hear the kind call and obey,
Ah Collin! receive me, she cry'd,
Then breathing a groan o'er his
clay,
She hung on his tomb-stone and
dy'd.
She hung on his, &c.

The Modest Question. Set by Mr. RUSSEL.

Can love be con—troll'd by ad—vice, can madnes and reason a—gree? O

Molly who'd e—ver be wife if madnes is lov—ing of thee: Let

fages pre—tend to de—pise the joys they want spirits to taste, Let me seize old

time as he fli—es, And the bles—sings of life while they last.

Dull wisdom but adds to our cares,
Brisk love will improve ev'ry
joy;
Too soon we may meet with gray
hairs,

Too late may repent being coy:
Then Molly, for what should we
stay
Till our best blood begins to run
cold?

Our youth we can have but to-
day,
We may always find time to
grow old.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Fair Thief. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Be — fore the ur — chin well could go She
 stole the whiteness of the snow; And more, that whiteness to a — dorn, She stole the blushes
 of the morn: Stole all the sweets & æther sheds On prim — rose buds or vi' — let beds, On
 primrose buds or vi'let beds.

2.

Still, to reveal her artful wiles,
 She stole the graces silken smiles;
 She stole Aurora's balmy breath,
 And pilfer'd orient pearl for teeth:
 The cherry dipt in morning dew
 Gave moisture to her lips and hue.
Gave moisture, &c.

3.

These were her infant spoils, a
 store
 To which in time she added more;

At twelve she stole from Cyprus' queen
 Her air and love-commanding mein:
 Stole Juno's dignity, and stole
 From Pallas sense to charm the
 soul.
From Pallas, &c.

4.

Apollo's wit was next her prey,
 Her next the beam that lights the
 day;
 She sung, amaz'd the Syrens heard
 And to assert their voice appear'd:

She play'd, the Muses from the
 hill
 Wonder'd who thus had stole their
 skill.
Wonder'd, &c.

4.

(art,
 Great Jove approv'd her crimes and
 And t'other day she stole my heart.
 If lovers, Cupid, are thy care,
 Exert thy vengeance on this fair;
 To trial bring her stol'n charms,
 And let her prison be my arms.
And let, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Beauties of HAMPSTEAD. Set by Mr. ERIS.

Summer's heat the town in-vades, All re—pair to cool—ing shades :

How in—vi—ting, how de—light—ing, Are the hills and flow'ry meads ?

2.

Here, where lovely Hampstead
stands,
And the neighb'ring vale commands;
What surprizing prospects rising,
All around adorn the lands.

3.

Here, ever woody mounts arise ;
There, verdant lawns delight our
eyes ;
Where Thames wanders, in mean-

ders,
Lofty domes approach the skies.

4.

Here are grottos, purling streams,
Shades defying Titan's beams,
Rosy bowers, fragrant flowers,
Lovers wishes poets themes !

5.

Of the chrystal bub'ling well,
Life and strength the current swell

Health and pleasure, heavenly
treasure,
Smiling here united dwell.

6.

Here nymphs and swains indulge
their hearts,
Share the joys our scenes impart ;
Here are strangers to all dangers,
All—but those of Cupid's darts.

The State of Little Britain. Set by Mr. CAREY.

BRITONS where is your great magna—ni—mity, where's your boasted courage flown ?

Quite per—ver—ted to pu—si—la—ni—mi—ty, scarce to call your souls your own.

2.

What your ancestors won so victo-
riously,
Crown'd with conquest in the
field,
You'd relinquish, and O ! most in-
gloriously,
To oppression tamely yield.

3.

Freedom now for her flight makes
preparative,
See her weeping quit the shore ;
Britain's loss will be then past com-
parative,
Never to behold her more.

4.

Gracious gods, to assist exurgi-
tate,
Stretch forth your vindictive hand,
Make oppressors their plunder re-
gurgitate,
And preserve a sinking land.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Lass of PATTIE'S MILL. Set by Sigr. DAVID RIZZIO.

Andante. The Lass of Pattie's Mill So bonny blythe and gay, In spite of all my Skill has stole my Heart a—way: When tedding of the hay bare head—ed on the Green, Love 'midst her locks did play, And wanton'd in her Ey'n.

2.

3.

4.

Her arms white, round and smooth,
Breasts rising in their dawn;
To age it would gi youth
To prefs 'em wi' his hand:
Thro' all my spirits ran
An extacy of blifs,
When I such sweetness found
Wrapt in a balmy kifs.

Without the help of art,
Like flowers that grace the wild,
She did her sweets impart
Whene'er she spoke or smil'd:
Her looks they were so mild.
Free from affected pride;
She me to love beguil'd,
Ife wish'd her for my bride.

O! had I all the wealth
Hopton's high mountains fill;
Insur'd long life and health,
And pleasure at my will;
I'd promise, and fullfil,
That none but bonny she,
The Lass of Pattie's Mill
Should share the same wi' me.

A Loyal Song, for two Voices.

God save great George & king, long live our no—ble king, God save the king: Send him vic—
to—rious, happy & glo—rious, long to reign o—ver us, God save the king.
to—rious, happy and glo—rious, long to reign o—ver us, God save the king.

2.

3.

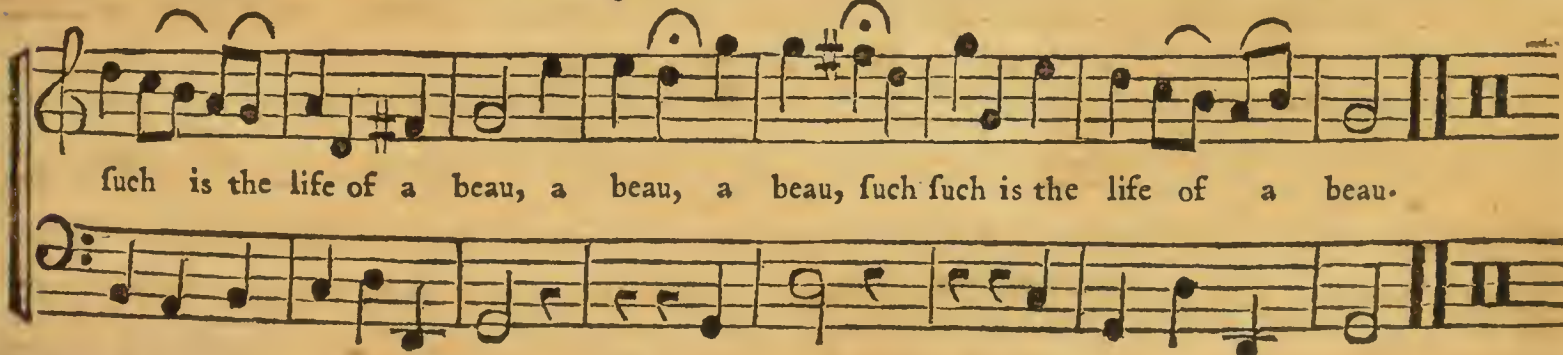
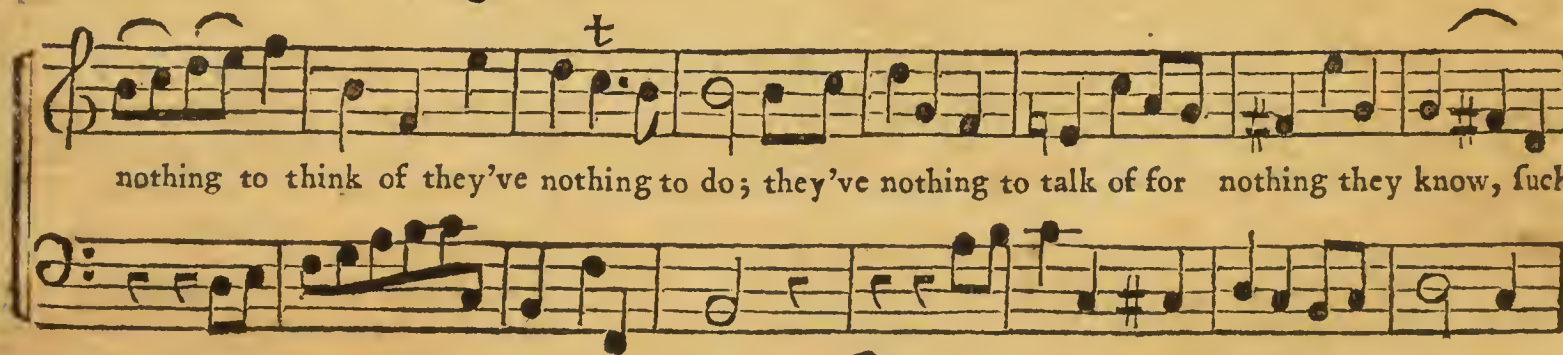
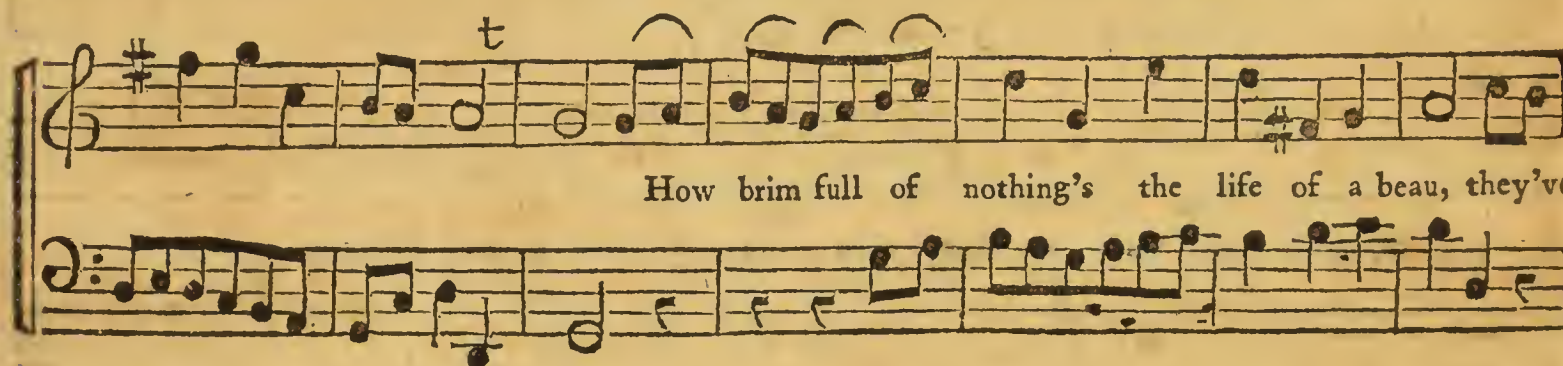
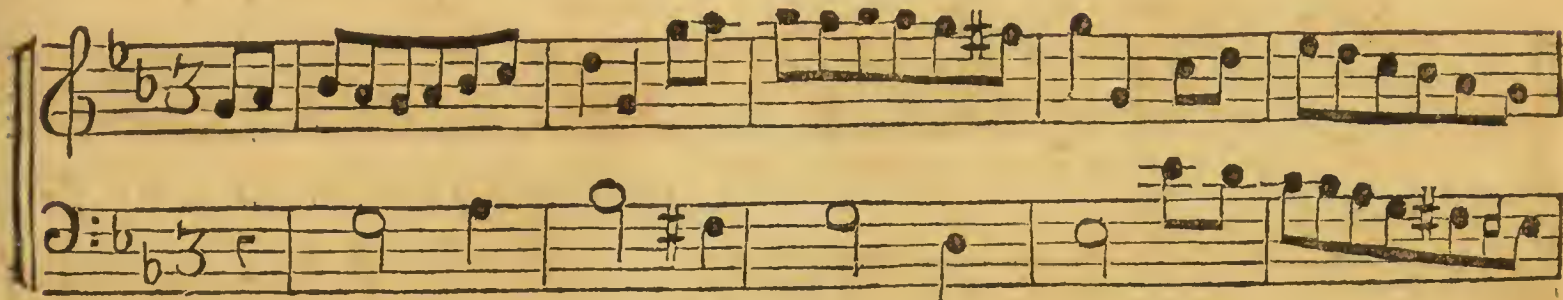
4.

O! grant that Cumberland
May, by his mighty hand,
Victory bring;
May he sedition hush,
And like a torrent rush,
Rebellious hearts to crush,
God save the king.

O Lord our God arise,
Scatter his enemies,
And make them fall:
Confound their politics,
Frustrate their knavish tricks,
On him our hearts we fix,
God save the king.

Thy choicest gifts in store,
On him be pleas'd to pour,
Long may he reign;
May he defend our laws,
And ever give us cause
To cry with loud applause,
God save the king.

The Life of a Beau. Sung by Mrs. CLIVE.



2
For nothing they rise but to draw
the fresh air,
Send the morning in nothing but
curling their hair,
And do nothing all day but sing,
faunter and stare.
Such, such is the life of a beau.

For to mind nothing done there
they always are proud,
But to bow, and to grin, and talk
—nothing aloud.
Such, such is the life of a beau.

Such, such is the life of a beau.

3.
For nothing at night to the play-
house they crowd,

4.
For nothing they run to th' affem-
bly and ball,
And for nothing at cards a fair
partner call,
For they still must be beasted who
have—nothing at all.

5.
For nothing, on sundays, at church
they appear,
For they've nothing to hope, nor
they've nothing to fear;
They can be nothing nowhere who
nothing are here.
Such, such is the life of a beau.

Sung

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sung by Miss STEVENSON. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

Young Strephon a shepherd the pride of the

plain, Each day is at-tempt-ing my kindness to gain :

He takes all oc-ca-sions his

flame to re-new, I always re-ply that his court-ing won't

do.

2

3

4

He spares no rich presents to make
me more kind,
And exhausts in my praise all the
wit of his mind ;
I say I'm engag'd—and I wish
him to go :
He asks me so oft till I rudely say
no.

To Thyrsis, last Valentine's day,
the dear youth,
I tell him I plighted my faith and
my truth ;
That wealth cannot peace and con-
tentment bestow,
And my heart is another's, so beg
he will go.

That love is not purchas'd with
titles and gold,
And the heart that is honest can
never be sold ;
That I sigh not for grandeur, nor
look down on shew ;
But to Thyrsis must hasten, and
not say him no.

He

5

He hears me, and trembling all o-
ver replies,
If his suit I prefer not he instantly
dies ;
He gives me his hand, and would

force me to go,
I pity his suffering, but boldly say
no.

6

I try to avoid him, in hopes of
sweet peace,

He haunts me each moment, to
make me say yes ;
But to-morrow, ye fair ones, with
Thyrsis I go,
And trust me, at church, that I
will not say no.

Youth and Beauty. Set by Mr. HARRIS.

Andante.

Whilst youth and beauty join to please, The
pre- sent bliss enjoy : Youth flies and
beauty soon decays, And time on ev'ry charm will seize, Then Ce-
lia be not coy.

2.

3

4

Behold the lilly as it grows,
White as thy snowy breast ;
Observe the fragrant blushing rose,
Such rival sweets thy lips disclose,
View these, and make me blest.

When nature's in her best array,
In spring's gay robe attir'd ;
When smiling Phoebus gilds the day
Like thee they shine, like thee look
gay,
And are like thee admir'd.

(shade
But when bleak winter's chilling
Deforms the gloomy sky,
Their bloom decays, their glories
fade,
Low is their pride of beauty laid,
They droop their head and die.

By

The Muses DELIGHT.

By Men belov'd. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

By men belov'd how soon we're mov'd how eas'ly y^e persuade how cas'ly y^e persuade, y^e please us so who

can say no or who'd die a maid? Males for females heav'n intended, so y^e heav'n mayn't be offended

he that first makes love to me, shall find I'll be as fond as he, shall find I'll be as fond as he.

A tender maid, at first tho' staid,
When once she thinks of love,
When once, &c.
Will freely own, that lying alone

Is what she can't approve :
Fruit when young eats then the
sweetest,
Looks the gayest and the neatest ;

Women too, by all confest,
When young they're kist kifs then
the best.
When young, &c.

The Happy Beggars. Set by Mr. EATON.

Tho' Begging is an ho—nest Trade & wealthy knaves despise, Yet rich men may be Begrs. made &

we that beg may rise : The greatest Kings may be betray'd, & lose their sov'reign Pow'r ; But

he y^e stoops to ask his Bread, but he y^e stoops to ask his Bread can ne—ver fall much lower.

Tho'

2.

3.

4.

Tho' foreigners have swarm'd of late
and spoil'd our begging trade,
Yet still we live and drink good ale
tho' they our rights invade ;
Some say they for religion fled, but
wiser people tell us
They were forc'd here to seek their
bread, for being too rebellious.

Let heavy taxes greater grow, to
make our army fight,
Where 'tis not to be had, you know
the king must lose his right ;
Let one side laugh the other mourn,
we nothing have to fear,
But that great lords will beggars be
to be as great as we are.

What tho' we make the world be-
lieve that we are sick or lame,
Tis now a virtue to deceive, our
teachers do the same :
In trade dissembling is no crime,
and we may live to see
That begging, in a little time, the
only trade will be.

The Happy Swain. Set by Mr. WORGAN.

As Da—mon on a summer's day be—neath a shade be—gan his lay, The
wa—ters murm'ring pass'd a—long, well pleas'd to hear their Da—mon's song :
His theme was love, for De—lia's charms had won
the shepherd to her arms. Had won & shepherd to her arms.

2

How blest am I, who only know
The joys of love, that ever flow ;
Dear scenes of pleasure now ap-
pear,
And love is all a Damon's care :
Hear then, ye warbling birds and
groves,

That Delia's kind, and Damon
loves.
That Delia's kind, &c.

3.

Delia, as Morn, is true and fair ;
Sweet as the rose and violet are :

Our hearts in mutual bliss shall
live,
(No more can bounteous Nature
give)
And every tree our passion tell,
That shepherds liv'd, and lov'd
so well.
That shepherds, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Jolly Bacchanalians. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Jolly Mortals fill your Glaffes, No—ble Deeds are done by Wine ; Scorn the

nymph, scorn the nymph and all her Graces ; who'd for love or beauty pi—

ne ? Who'd for Love or Beau—ty pine ?

2. In that moment to be kind. He subdu'd the world by drinking
In that moment, &c. More than by his conquering
 sword,
 More than, &c.

3. Alexander hated thinking, Drank about at council-board ;

Look within the bowl that's flow-
 ing
 And a thousand charms you'll
 find
 More than Cloe when just going

The Hunting Song in APOLLO and DAPHNE.

The sweet rosy morning peeps over the hills, With blush—es adorning the

meadows and fields. The merry merry merry horn calls come come come a-

way, A—wake from dull flum—bers and hail the new day.

2.

Where pleasure and vigorous
Health you embrace.
Chorus. Then follow, &c.

And gives the brisk lover
Fresh charms for the night ;
Then let's now enjoy
All we can while we may,
Let love crown the night
As our sports crown the day.
Chorus. Then let's, &c.

3.

The day's sport, when over
Makes blood circle right,

The stag rouz'd before us
Away seems to fly,
And pants to the chorus
Of hounds in full cry :
Then follow follow follow follow
The musical chace,

STELLA and FLAVIA. *Set by Mr. HOWARD.*

Stel-la and Flavia ev'ry hour, Do various hearts sur—prize ;

In Stella's soul is all her power, And Flavia's in her eyes : In

Stel—la's soul is all her pow'r, And Fla—via's in her

eyes : More boundless Fla—via's con—quests are, And Stel—la's more con—

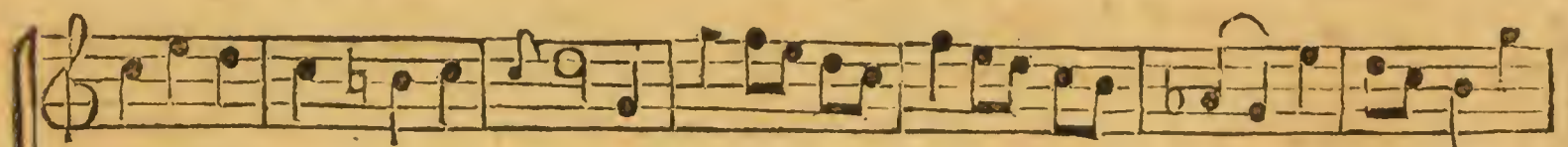
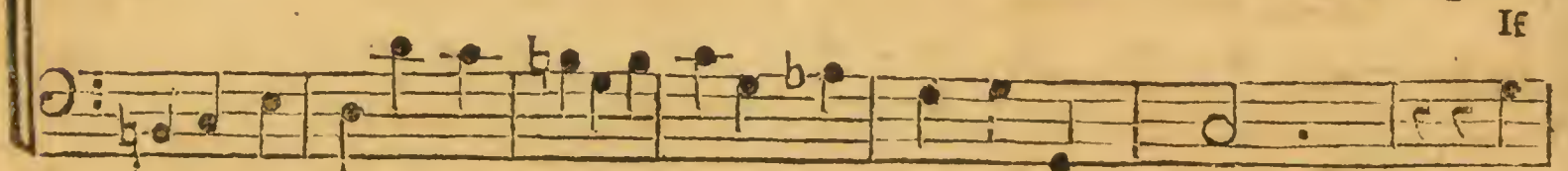
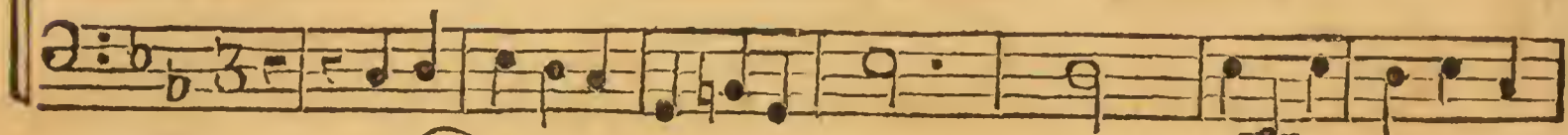
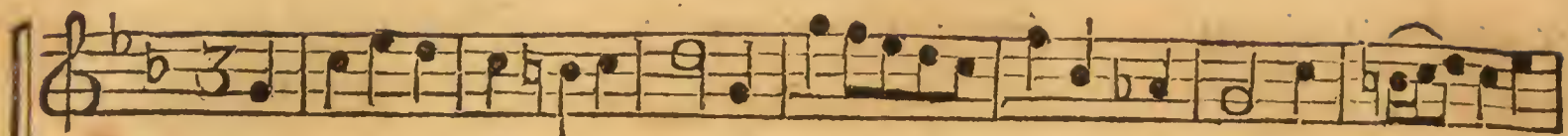
fin'd ; All can dis—cern a face that's fair, But few a heav'nly mind.

Stella, like Britain's monarch,
reigns
O'er cultivated lands ;
Like eastern tyrants Flavia deigns

To rule o'er barren sands ;
Like eastern tyrants, &c.
Then boast, fair Flavia, boast thy
face,

Thy beauty's only store ;
Each day that makes thy charms
decrease
Will yield to Stella more.

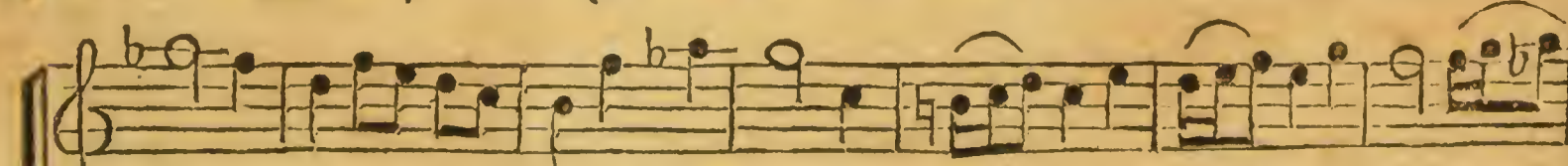
Love Relaps'd. Set by Mr. ARNE.



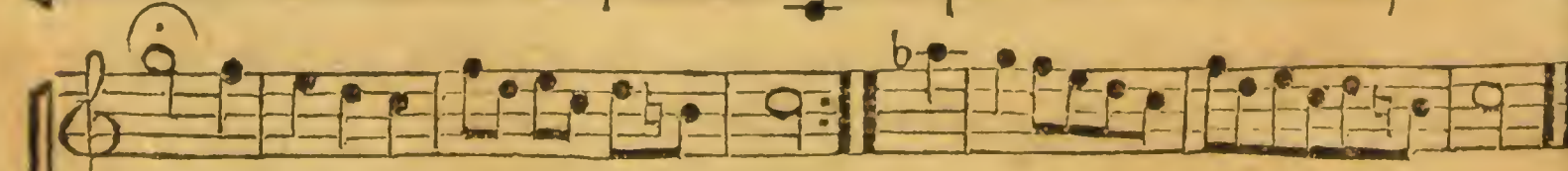
all that I love is her face, From looking I sure can re—frain; In o—thers her



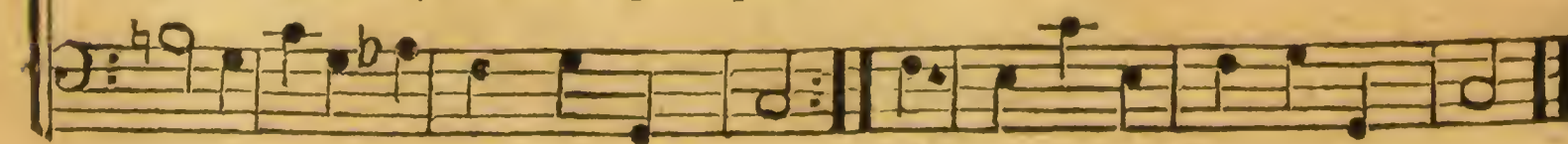
likenels may trace, Or absence may cure all my pain: This said, from her charms I re-



tir'd, Nor knew I till then how I lov'd; What pre—sent my pas—sion ad-mir—



—'d, In absence my rea—son ap—prov'd.



Ah! why should I hope for re-
lief,
Where all that I see is dif-
dain!

No pity in her for my grief,
No merit in me to complain.
Nor yet do I fortune upbraid,
Tho' robb'd of my freedom and

ease;
Still proud of the choice I have
made,
Tho' hopeless it ever can please.

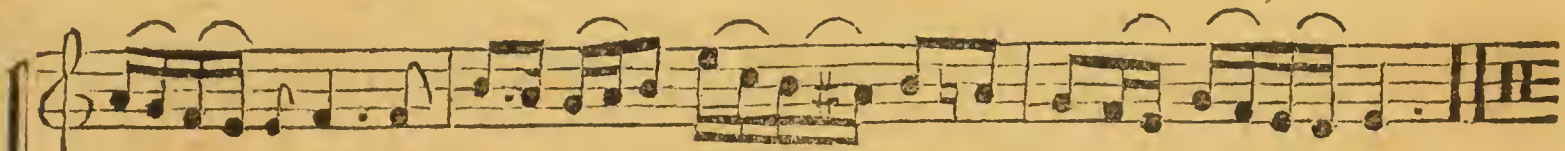
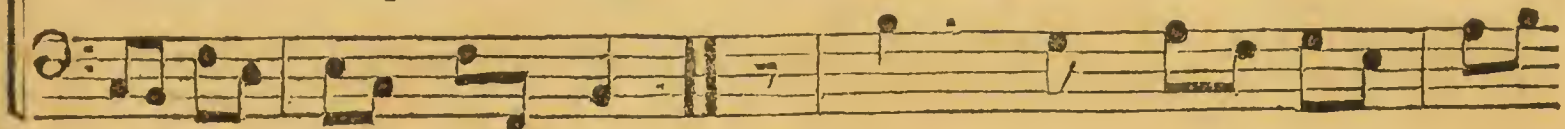
The Sleepy Fair. Set by Mr. HOWARD.



One summer's eve as Strephon rov'd wrapt up in thought profound, Surpriz'd he saw his



best belov'd lie sleeping on the ground: A—wake my pret—ty sleeper wake, a—wake to



Strephon's call; be careful for your lo—ver's sake, 'tis night the dew-drops fall.



2

Then to her cheeks his lips he laid,
And gently stole a kifs;
She still slept on, he not dismay'd
Repeats the transient blifs:
She wakes & thus, with angry tone,
Away! away! she cries,

Then fault'ring bids the swain be
gone,
Then sigh and clos'd her eyes,
3
Tho' cruel are your words sweet
maid,

Can sighs proceed from hate?
My doubts are gone! then down he
laid,
Resolv'd to share her fate:
Defended from the noxious air,
Within his arms she lay,
And tho' the swain oft wak'd the fair
She said no more till day.

The Forfaken Maid. Set by a Lady.



How happy I liv'd on the plain, the en—vy of each lass, till



fate presented to my view the charm—ing Mr. Glafs.



2.

3.

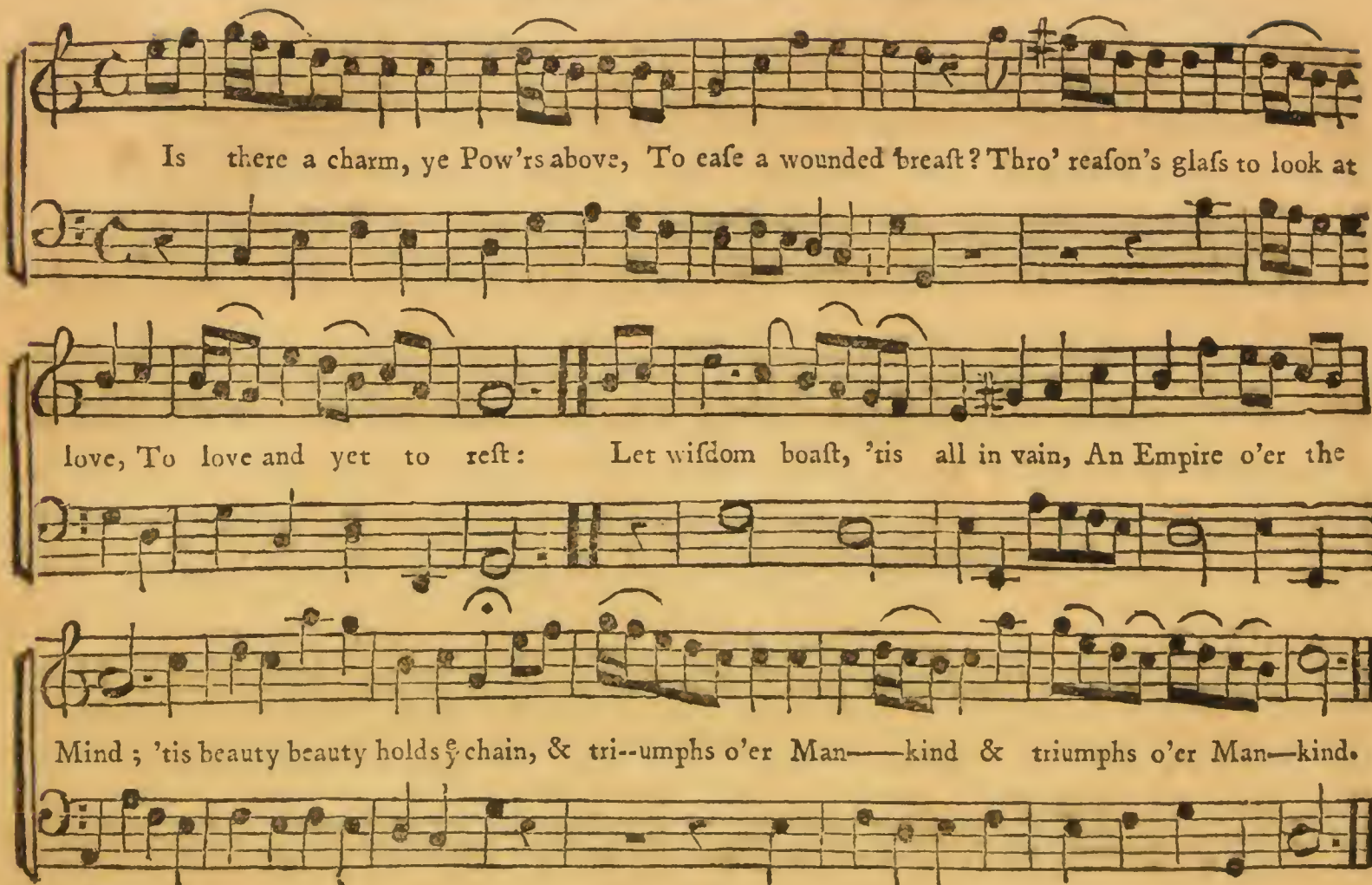
4.

His wit and graceful mein,
His voice and killing smile;
His looks! the like ne'er seen!
Too soon did me beguile.

And when, in pity, I
Did love for love return;
He left me for to sigh,
Nor e'er did more return.

Then learn from this unkind,
Each charming lovely lass,
Lest ye, like me, should find
Another Mr. Glafs.

The Power of Beauty ; or the Snake. Set by Mr. CAREY.



Is there a charm, ye Pow'rs above, To ease a wounded breast? Thro' reason's glafs to look at
love, To love and yet to rest: Let wisdom boast, 'tis all in vain, An Empire o'er the
Mind ; 'tis beauty beauty holds chain, & tri--umphs o'er Man—kind & triumphs o'er Man—kind.

2-

3

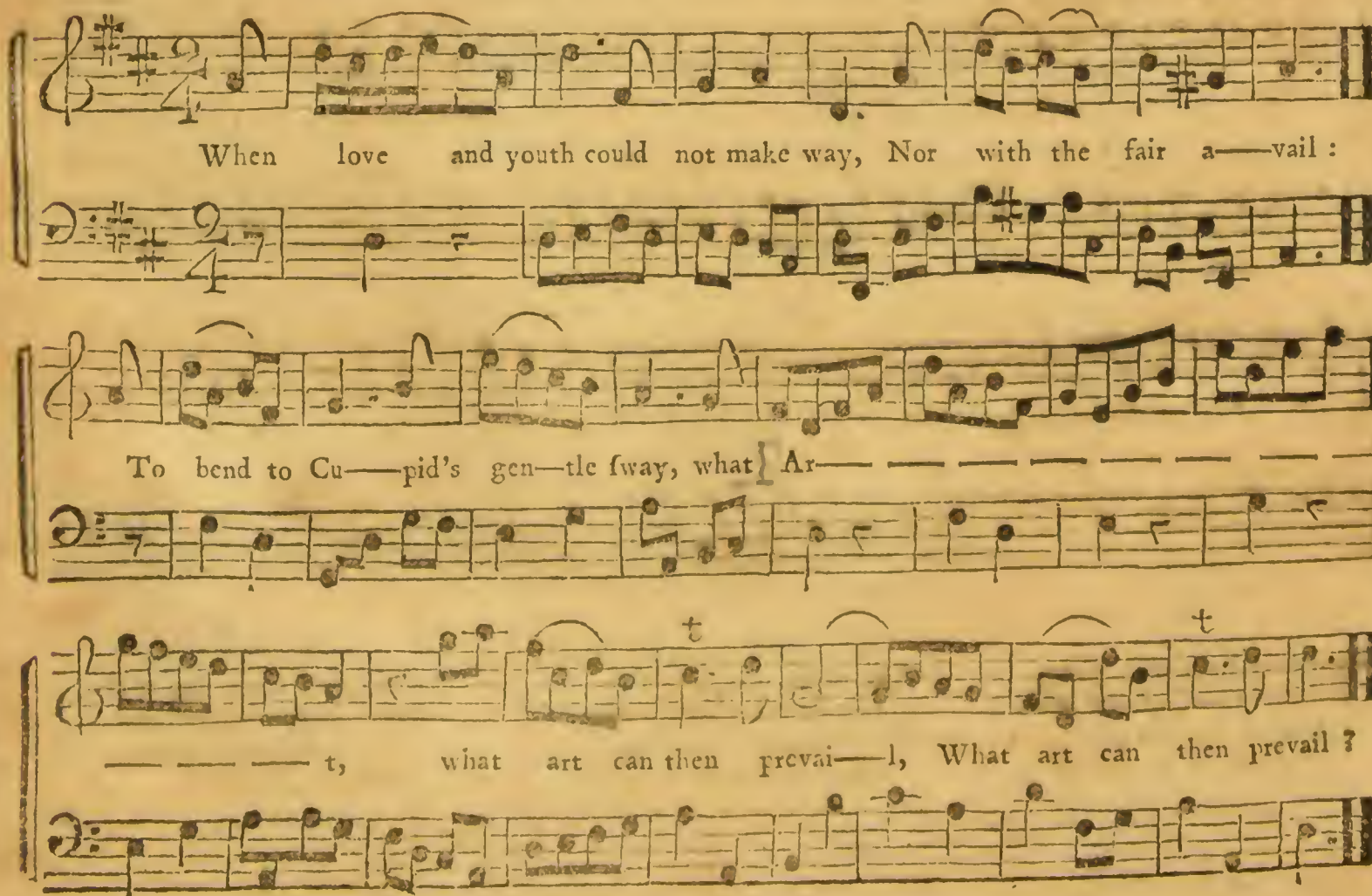
4.

Thrice happy birds who on the spray
Unartful notes prolong,
Your feather'd mates reward the lay
And yield to pow'ful song ;
By nature fierce, without controul,
The human savage ran,
Till love refin'd his stubborn soul,
And civiliz'd the man.
And civiliz'd, &c.

Verse turns aside the tyrant's rage,
And cheers the drooping slave ;
It wins a smile from hoary age,
And disappoints the grave :
The force of numbers must succeed,
And soothe each other ear, (plead
Tho' my fond cause shou'd Phœbus
He'd find a Daphne here.
He'd find, &c.

(produce
Did heav'n such wond'rous gifts
To curse our wretched race ?
Say, must we all the heart accuse,
And yet approve the face ?
Thus in the sun, bedropt with gold,
The basking adder lies,
The swain admires each shining fold,
Then grasps the snake and dies.
Then grasps, &c.

Gold a Receipt for Love. Set by Mr. MONROE.



When love and youth could not make way, Nor with the fair a—vail :
To bend to Cu—pid's gen—tle sway, what Ar—
t, what art can then prevail—l, What art can then prevail ?

2

3

4

I'll tell you, Strephon, a receipt
Of a most sovereign power ;
If you the stubborn would defeat,
Let drop a golden shower.
Let drop, &c.

This method tried enamour'd Jove,
Before he could obtain
The cold, regardless Danae's love,
Or conquer her disdain.
Or conquer, &c.

By Cupid's self I have been told,
He never wounds a heart
So deep as when he tips with gold
The fatal piercing dart.
The fatal, &c.

The Dispute of the GODS, decided by VENUS.

Two gods of great honour, Bacchus and Apollo, one famous in music the other in wine, In

heaven were raving, disputing and braving, whose theme was y noblest and trade most di-vine; Your

music says Bacchus wou'd stun us and rack us did claret not soften the discord you make, Songs

are not in-viting nor ver-ses delighting Till poets of my great influ-ence partake.

2.
I'm young, plump and jolly, free
from melancholly,
Who ever grew fat by the sound
of a string ?
Rogues doom'd to a gibbet do often
contribute
To purchase a bottle before they
dare swing :
In love I am noted, by old and
young courted,
A girl when inspired by me is
soon won ;
So great are the motions of one of
my potions,
The Muses, tho' maids, I could
whore ev'ry one.

A bottle revives the oppress'd vo-
tary ;
Then leave off your tooting, your
fidling and fluting,
Aside throw your Harp, and now
bow to the flask ;
My joys they are riper than songs
from a piper :
What music is sweeter than found-
ing a cask.

Says she, now to ease ye, Mars best
of all pleas'd me,
When arm'd with a bottle, and
charm'd with a flute.

3. (or indebted,
When mortals are fretted, perplex'd
To me, as a father, for succour
they cry ;
In their sad conditions, I hear their
petitions,

4.
Says Phœbus, this fellow is drunk
sure, or mellow,
To prize music less than wine and
october ;
When those who love drinking are
past thoughts of thinking,
And want so much wit as to keep
themselves sober.
As they were thus wrangling, a
scolding and jangling,
Came buxom bright Venus to end
the dispute :

5.
Your music has charm'd me, your
wine has alarm'd me,
When I have shew'd coyness and
hard to be won ;
When both have been moving I
cou'd not help loving,
And wine has compleated what
music begun.
The Gods struck with wonder,
vow'd both by Jove's thunder,
They'd mutually join in supplying
love's flame ;
Since each in their function mov'd
on in conjunction,
To melt with soft pleasures the
amorous dame.

The

The Muses DELIGHT.

The RECOVERY. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.

When prostrate first at Flavia's shrine, I adoration
paid, I fancied ev'ry charm divine that deck'd the lovely maid. I
fancied ev'ry charm divine, That deck'd the lovely maid.

2.

Each smile and frown dispatch'd a
dart,Whilst they her thoughts declare:
That sooth'd with love my captive
heart,This pierc'd it with despair.
That sooth'd with love, &c.

3.

Thus for a while I wore her chain,
With love and fears possess'd,
And calmly suffer'd her to reign,Sole mistress in my breast.
And calmly suffer'd, &c.

4.

The muses too, those friends to
love,I summon'd to my aid,
And left no art untry'd to move,
The fair obdurate maid.
And left no art untry'd, &c.

5.

But when I found she mock'd my

And lov'd another He
I bravely snatch'd my heart again,
And vow'd I would be free.
I bravely snatch'd, &c.

6.

Unheeded now, those charms I
view,
Which once I did adore,
Have chang'd my Goddesses for a
new,
And worship her no more.
Have chang'd my Goddesses, &c.

JESSY MOORE. Sung by Mr. LOWE.

Thou rising sun whose glad-some ray Invites my fair to rural play:
Dispel the mist and clear the skies, And bring my Jessy to my eyes.

Oh!

2.

Oh! were I sure my dear to view,
I'd climb the pine-tree's topmost
bough;
Aloft in air that quivering plays,
And round, and round for ever gaze.

4.

Oh! I cou'd ride the clouds and
skies,
Or on the raven's pinions rise;
Ye storks, ye swans, a moment stay,
And waft a lover on his way.

6.

What may, for strength, with steel
compare?
O love has fetters stronger far:
By bolts of steel are limbs confin'd,
But cruel love enslaves the mind.

3.

My Jessy fair, where art thou laid?
What wood conceals my sleeping
maid?
Fast by the root, enrag'd I'll tear
The trees, that hide my Jessy fair.

5.

My blifs too long my bride denies,
Apace the wasting summer flies;
Nor yet the wintry blasts I fear,
Nor storms nor night shall keep me
here.

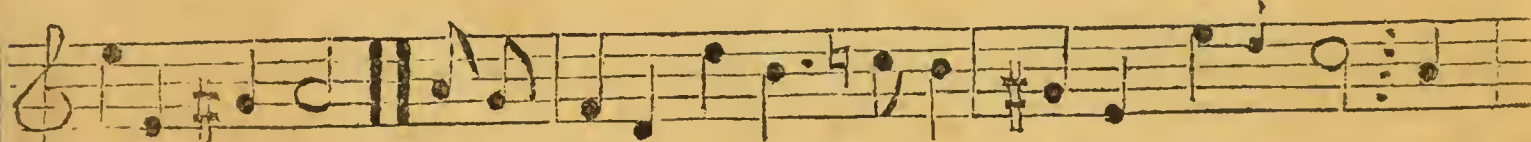
7.

No longer then perplex thy breast,
When thoughts torment, the first
are best;
'Tis mad to go, 'tis death to stay,
Away, to Jessy! haste, away!

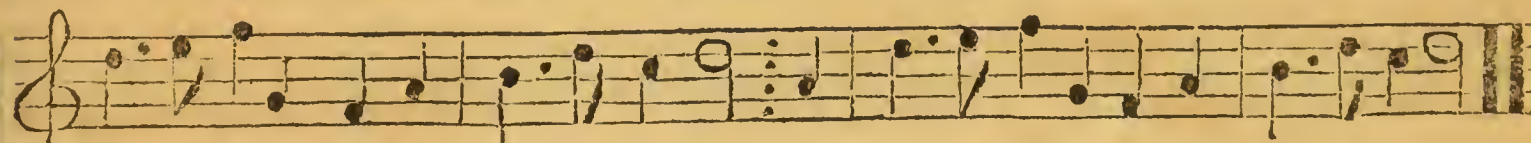
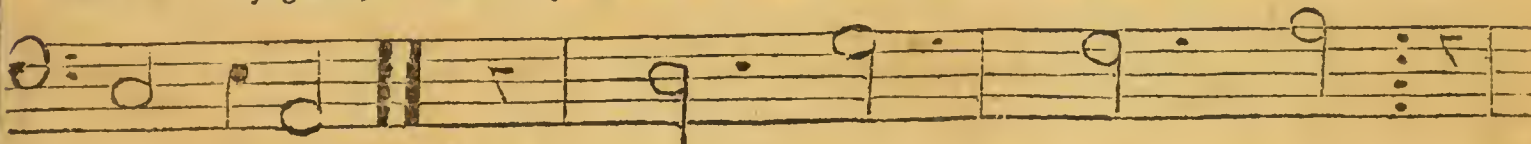
The Jolly Toper. Sung at the public Gardens.



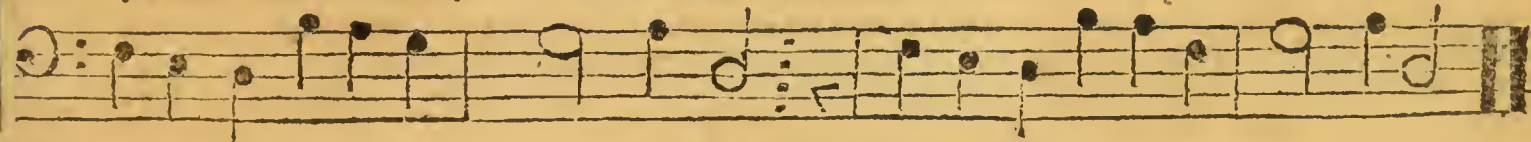
The women all tell me I'm false to my lass, That I quit my poor Cloe and



stick to my glass; But to you men of rea—son my reasons I'll own, And



if you don't like 'em, why let 'em a—lone.



2.

Altho' I have left, her, the truth
I'll declare,
I believe she was good and I'm sure
she was fair,
But goodness and charms in a bum-
per I see,
That makes it as good and charm-
ing as she.

4.

Her lillies and roses were just in
their prime,
Yet lillies and roses are conquer'd
by time;
But in wine, from its age, such a
benefit flows,
That we like it the better the older
it grows.

6.

Let murders, and battles, and histo-
ry, prove
The mischiefs that wait upon rivals
in love;
But in drinking, thank Heav'n, no
rival contends,
For the more we love liquor the
more we are friends.

3.

My Cloe had dimples and smiles I
must own,
But tho' she could smile, yet in
truth she could frown;
But tell me, ye lovers of liquor di-
vine,
Did you e'er see a frown in a bum-
per of wine?

5.

They tell me my love would in time
have been cloy'd,
And that beauty's insipid when
once 'tis enjoy'd;
But in wine I both time and enjoy-
ment defy,
For the longer I drink the more
thirsty am I.

7.

She too might have poison'd the joy
of my life,
With nurses, and babies, and squat-
ling, and strife;
But my wine neither nurses, or
babies can bring,
And a big-bellied bottle's a mighty
good thing.

8.

We shorten our days when with
love we engage,
It brings on diseases and hastens old
age ;
But wine from grim Death can its
voraries save,
And keep out t'other leg, when
there's one in the grave.

9.

Perhaps, like her sex, ever false to
their word,
She had left me to get an estate or
a lord ;
But my bumper regarding, nor title,
nor pelt,
Will stand by me when I can't
stand by myself.

10.

Then let my dear Cloe no longer
complain,
She's rid of her lover and I of my
pain ;
For in wine, mighty wine, many
comforts I spy,
Shou'd you doubt what I say, take
a bumper and try.

The Lass of the Hill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

At y^e brow of a hill a fair shepherdes dwelt who y^e pangs of ambi—tion or love ne'er had
felt, a few sober maxims still ran in her head, 'twas better to earn e'er she eat her brown bread, y^e to
rise with the lark was con—du—cive to health, & to folk in a cottage contentment was wealth.

2.

Young Roger that liv'd in the val-
ley below,
Who at church and at market was
reck'n'd a beau ;
Wou'd oftentimes try o'er her heart
to prevail,
And would rest on his pitchfork to
tell her his tale ;
With his winning behaviour he so
wrought on her heart,
That quite artless herself she sus-
pected no art,

3.

He flatter'd, protested, he kneel'd
and implor'd ;
And would lie with the grandeur

and air of a lord ;

Her eyes he commended with
language well drest,
And enlarg'd on the tortures he
felt in his breast ;
With his sighs and his tears, he so
soften'd her mind,
That in downright compassion to
love she inclin'd.

4.

But as soon as he'd melted the ice
of her breast,
The heat of his passion in a mo-
ment decreas'd ;
And now he goes flaunting all o'er
the vale,
And boasts of his conquests to Susan
and Nell ;

Tho' he sees her but seldom, he's
always in haste,
And whenever he mentions her,
makes her his jest.

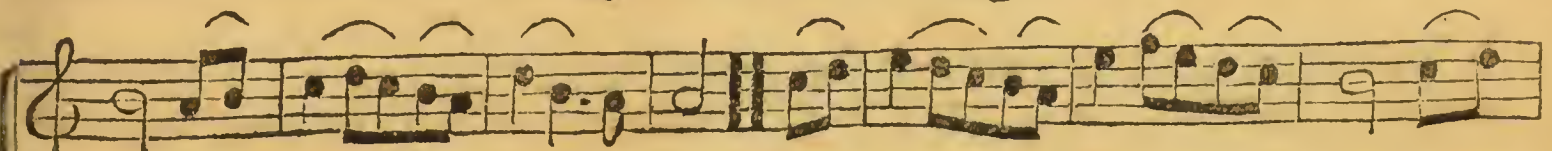
5.

Take heed ye young virgins of
Briton's gay isle,
How you venture your hearts for a
look or a smile ;
For young Cupid is artful, and vir-
gins are frail,
And you'll find a false Roger in
every vale ;
Who to court you, and tempt you,
will try all their skill,
But remember the lass at the brow
of the hill.

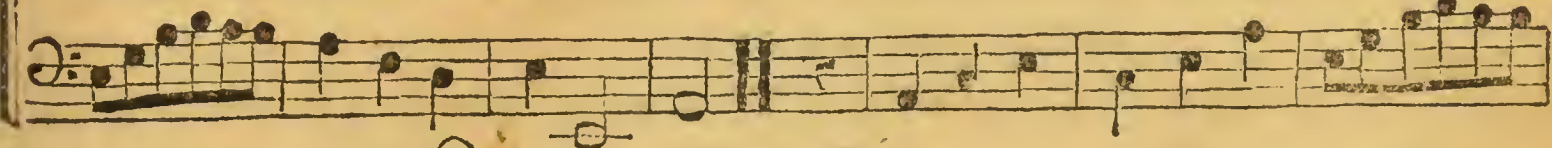
Tweed Side ; or MOGGY. Set by Signor DAVID RIZZIO.



What beauties does Flora disclose, how sweet are her smiles upon tweed? yet Mary's still sweeter than



those, both nature and fancy exceed : No daisy nor sweet blushing rose, nor



all the gay flow'rs of the field, nor tweed gliding gently thro' those, such beauty and pleasure yield.



2

3

4

The warblers are heard in the grove,
The linnet, the lark, and the thrush ;
The blackbird & sweet cooing dove,
With music enchant ev'ry bush :
Come let us go forth to the mead,
Let us see how the Primroses
spring ?
We'll lodge in some village on
Tweed,
And love while the feather'd
folks sing.

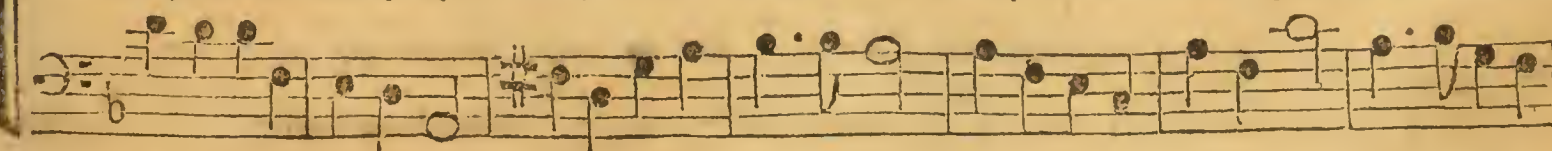
How does my love pass the long
day ?
Does Mary not tend a few sheep ?
Do they never carelessly stray,
While happily she lies asleep ?
Tweed's murmurs should lull her
to rest ;
Kind nature indulging my bliss
To relieve the soft pains of my
breast,
I'd steal an ambrosial kiss.

'Tis she does the virgins excel,
No beauty with her can compare,
Loves graces all round her do dwell,
She's fairest where thousands are
fair :
Say, charmer where do thy flocks
stray ?
Oh ! tell me at noon where they
feed ?
Shall I seek them on sweet winding
Tay ? (Tweed ?
Or the pleasanter banks of the

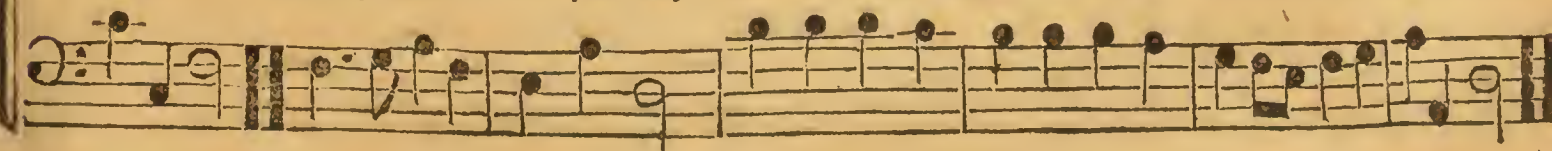
The FLY. Set by Mr. CAREY.



Busy curious thirsty fly, drink w me and drink as I; Freely welcom to my cup, cou'dst thou sip &



sip it up : Make y most of life you may, life is short and wears a—way, life is short & wears away.



Both alike both mine and thine,
Hasten quick to their decline ;

Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Tho' repeated to threescore ;

Threescore summers when they're
Will appear as short as one. (gone,

The Muses DELIGHT.

The generous Distrest Lover. Set by Mr. ARNE.

Blow ye bleak winds around my head, And soothe my soul's corroding care; Flash round my
brows ye lightning red, And blast the lawrels plant—ed there: But may the maid, where-
e'er she be, Think not of my distress nor me; But may the maid, where'er she be, Think not of
my distress nor me, Think not of my distress nor me.

2.

3.

4.

Let all the traces of our love
Be ever blotted from her mind;
May from her breast my vows re-
move,
And no remembrance leave be-
hind:
*But may the maid, where e'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.
But may the maid, &c.*

O! may I ne'er behold her more;
For she has robb'd my soul of
rest;
Wisdom's assistance is too poor
To calm the tempest in my
breast:
*But may the maid, where'er she be,
Think not of my distress nor me.
But may the maid, &c.*

Come, Death, oh! come, thou
friendly sleep,
And with my sorrows lay me low;
And should the gentle virgin weep,
Nor sharp nor lasting be her woe:
Then may she think, where'er she
be,
No more of my distress nor me.
Then may she think, &c.

The Judgment of PARIS. Set by Mr. MONRO.

When for a fil—ly glit—ter—ing toy Three God—des—ses were in dispute:
Each try'd to bribe the gen—tle boy, And ga— in the gold—en fruit.

2.

My present will more tempting
prove ;

What king so great, what sage so
wife,

A beauty promis'd, let me win,
And quit all else for love.

As he who rules a heart ?

4.

She said : He bows, and thus re-
plies,
Goddeffs ! I can't but take this
part ;

5.
Like Paris, I would scorn a crown,
To pow'r, or fordid riches, blind ;
I'd learning slight, my books lay
down,
Would Emma but be kind.

3.

Here Venus artfully slept in ;

SENESINO. *Sung at the public Gardens.*

As musing I rang'd in $\frac{e}{y}$ Meads all a-lone, A beautiful Damsel was making her Moan :

O the Tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pierced the Air and my Heart with her

Cries : O $\frac{e}{y}$ tears they did trickle full fast from her Eyes, & she pierced $\frac{e}{y}$ Air & my Heart $\frac{e}{y}$ her Cries.

2

4

6

I gently requested the cause of her
moan,
She told me her sweet Senifino was
flown ;
And in the sad posture she'd ever
remain,
Unless the dear charmer wou'd come
back again.

'Tis neither for man, nor for woman,
said she,
That thus in lamenting I water the
lee ;
My warbler, coelestial, sweet dar-
ling of fame,
Is a shadow of something, a sex
without name.

No linnet, no blackbird, no sky lark
said she,
But one much more tuneful by far
than all three ;
My sweet Senifino, for whom thus
I cry,
Is sweeter than all the wing'd song-
sters that fly.

3

5

7

Why who is this mortal so cruel,
said I,
That draws such a stream from so
lovely an eye ?
To beauty, so blooming, what man
can be blind ?
To passion, so tender, what monster
unkind ?

Perhaps 'tis some linnet, some black-
bird, said I,
Perhaps 'tis your lark, that has soar'd
to the sky,
Come dry up your tears and abandon
your grief,
I'll bring you another, to give you
relief.

Adieu Farinelli, Cuzzoni likewise,
Whom stars and whom garters extol
to the skies ;
Adieu to the opera, adieu to the
ball,
My darling is gone, and a fig for
them all.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Praise of Burgundy. *Sung by Mr. LOWE.*

Hail Burgundy thou Juice divine, in—spir—er of my Song ; y Praises giv'n to o—ther
 wine to thee a—lone belong : Of poignant wit & rosy charms thou canst y pow'r improve, care of its sting thy
 balm disarms, thou noblest gift of Jove, care of its sting thy balm disarms, thou nobl—est gift of Jove.

2
 Bright Phoebus on the parent vines
 From whence thy current streams,
 Sweet smiling through the tendrils
 shines,
 And lavish darts his beams.
 'The pregnant grape receives his fires,
 And all his force retains
 With that same warmth our brains
 inspires,
 And animates our strains.

Her cheeks imbibe a rosier dye,
 Her beauteous bosom heaves.
 Summon'd to love by thy alarms,
 O with what nervous heat !
 Worthy the fair, we fill their arms,
 And oft our bliss repeat.

And then concludes his time well
 spent
 In honest social life.

4
 The Stoick prone to thought in—
 tense,
 Thy softness can unbind,
 A cheerful gaiety dispence,
 And make him taste a friend.
 His brow grows clear, he feels con—
 tent,
 Forgets his pensive strife,

5
 E'en beaux those soft amphibious
 things,
 Wrapt up in self and dress,
 Quite lost to the delight that springs
 From sense, thy pow'r confess.
 The sep with chitty maudlin face,
 'That dares but deeply drink,
 Forgets his cue, and itiff grim—
 ace,
 Grows free, and seems to think.

3
 From thee my Chloe's radiant eye,
 New sparkling beams receives,

The Solitary Relief. *Set by Mr. LAMPE.*

Blow on ye winds, de—scend soft rains, To soothe my ten—der grief :
 Your so—lemn mu—sic lulls my pains, And gives me short re—lief.

The Muses DELIGHT.

2.

3.

4.

In some lone corner would I sit,
Retir'd-from human kind ;
Since mirth, nor shew nor sparkling
wit,
Can soothe my anxious mind.

The sun, which makes all nature
Torments my weary eyes ;
And in dark shades I spend the
day,
Where eccho sleeping lies.

(gay,
The sparkling stars, which daily
shine,
And glitt'ring deck the night,
Are all such cruel foes of mine,
I sicken at their fight.

The Contented Farmer. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Vivace. What care I for Af-fairs of State, Or who is rich or who is great ?

How far abroad the am-bi-tious roam, Or bring or Gold or Sil-ver home ;

What is't to me if France or Spain Con-sent to Peace or War main-tain.

I pay my taxes peace or war,
And wish all well at Gibraltar ;

But mind a Cardinal no more
'Than any other scarlet whore :

Grant me, ye pow'rs, health & rest,
And let who will the world contest

The Farmer's Wish. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Near some cool Stream O let me keep My Li-ber-ty and feed my

Sheep; A shady walk well lin'd with Trees, A Gar-den with a range of

Bees ; An Orchard & good Ap-ples bears, where Spring a long green Man-tle wears.

Where winters never are severe ;
Good barley land to make me beer ;

With entertainment for a friend,
To spend in peace my latter end :

In honest ease and home-spun gray,
And let the evening crown the day.

The Muses DELIGHT.

COLLIN. Set by Mr. KILBURNE.

Collin, one day in angry mood, because Myrtilla & he lov'd laugh'd at his flame, mock'd his sighs, so

fervently to Jove applies: O Jove & sov'reign god above who feel't & pains of

slighted love, hear a poor mortal's pray'r & take all & sex for pity's sake, & so we men may live at ease se-

cure of happiness & peace, & so we men may be at ease secure of happiness & peace.

Jove kindly heard; he pray'd not twice, And took the women in a trice; When Collin saw the coast was	clear, For not a single girl was there; Reflecting with himself, 'twas kind Says he, to gratify my mind;	Put now my passion's o'er, O Jove! Give me Myrtilla back, my love, Let me with her on earth be bless'd, And keep in Heaven all the rest.
---	---	---

TO CLOE. Set by Signor PUTTI.

When—e'er, my Cloe, I be—gin thy breast like mine to move, You

tell me of that crying sin of unchaste law—less love, of unchaste lawless love.

2.

How can that pleasure be a crime,
That gave to Cloe birth?
How can those joys but be divine,
That make a Heav'n on earth?
That make a Heav'n, &c.

By some fly fallacy;
And disobey'd God's great com-
mand,
Increase and multiply.
Increase and multiply.

Than over ninety just?
Then over, &c.

5.

Sin then dear girl for Heav'n's sake,
Repent and be forgiven?
Bless me, and by repentance make,
A holiday in Heav'n.
A holiday, &c.

3.

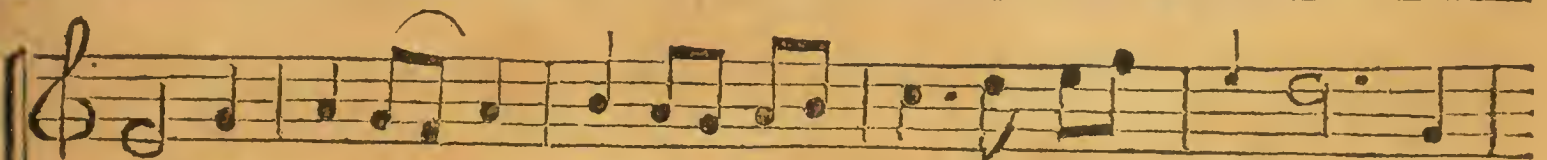
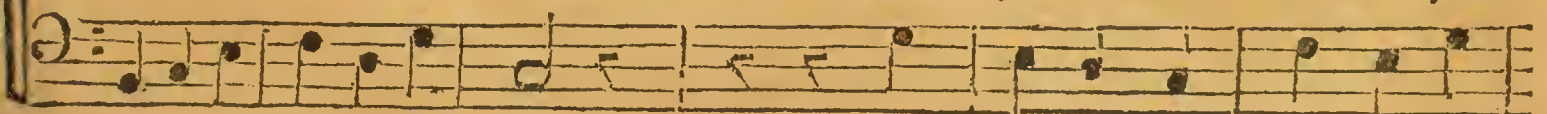
To wed mankind the priest tra-
pann'd,

4. (tent,
You say that love's a crime, con-
Yet this allow you must,
More joys in heav'n when one re-
pent,

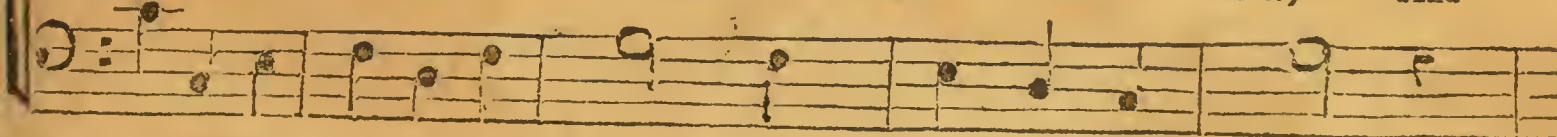
Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.



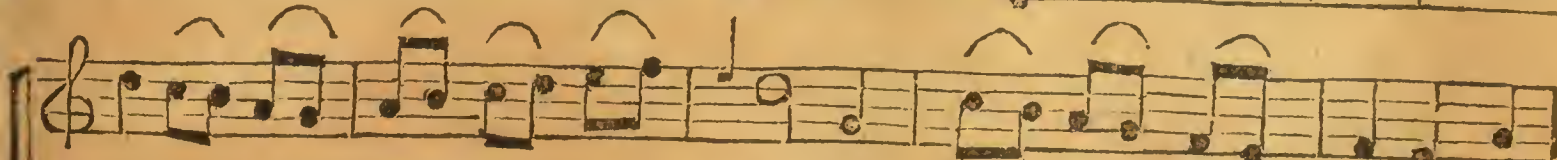
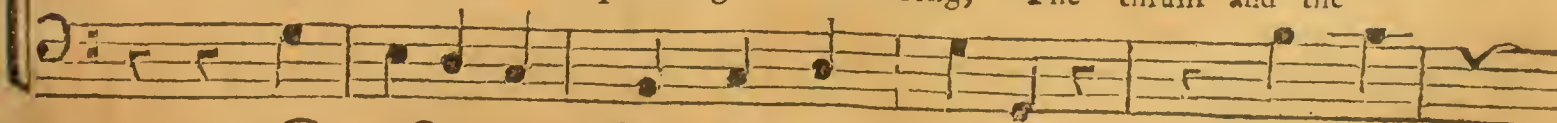
DAMON. Con—tent—ed all day, I will sit at your



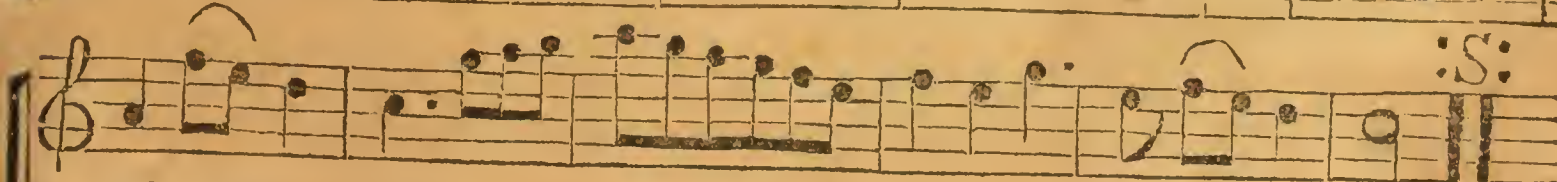
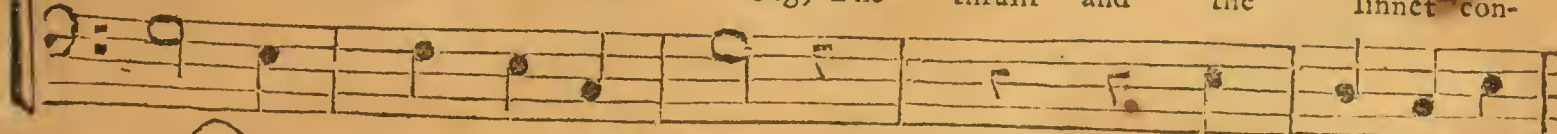
side, Where pop—lars far stretch—ing o'er—arch the cool tide, And



while the clear ri—ver runs pur—ling a—long, The thrush and the



lin—net con—tend in their song, The thrush and the linnet con-



tend in their song.



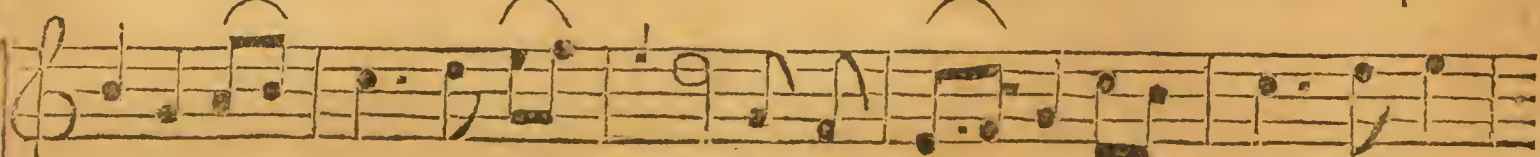
DUETTO, in the CHAPLET.



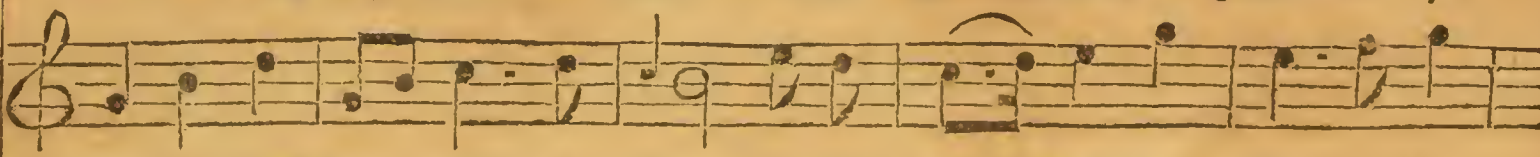
For their ho—nour and faith be our vir—gins re—nown'd, Nor false to his



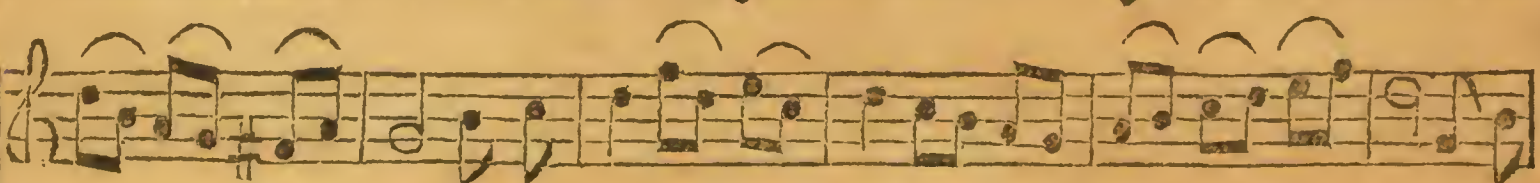
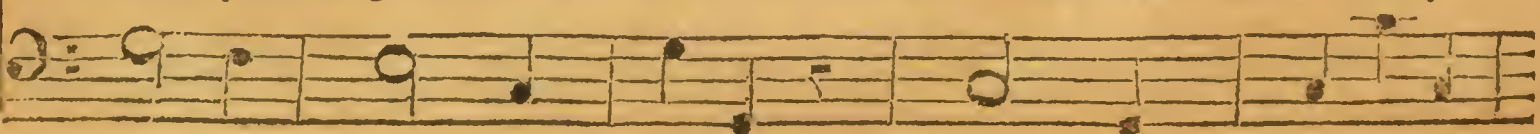
For their ho—nour and faith be our vir—gins re—nown'd, Nor false to his



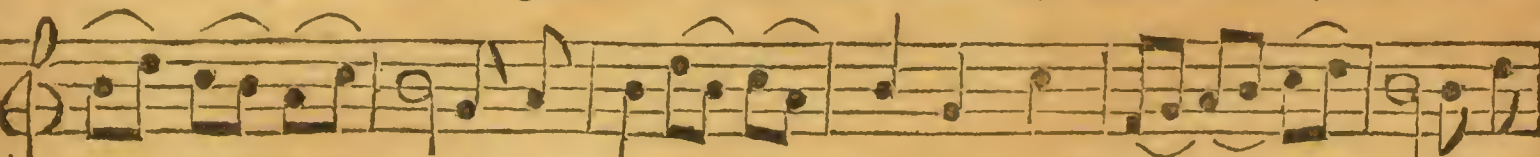
vows one young shep—herd be found; Be their mo—ments all guid—ed by



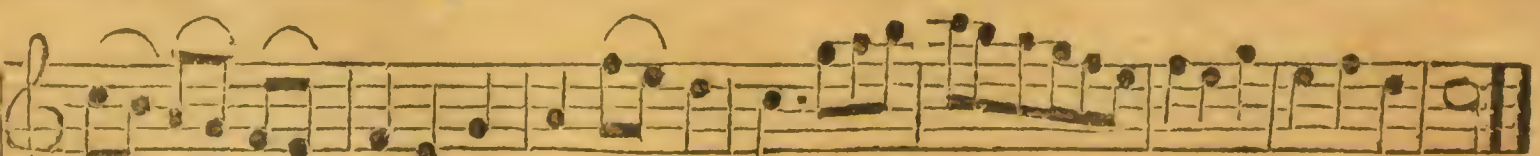
vows one young shep—herd be found; Be their mo—ments all guid—ed by



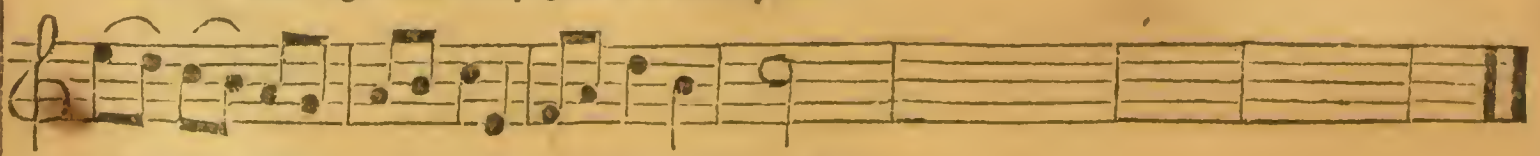
vir—tue and truth, To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth. To pre-



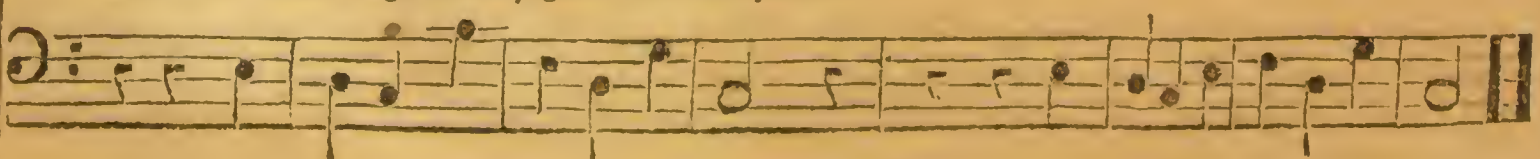
vir—tue and truth, To preserve in their age what they gain'd in their youth. To pre-



serve in their age what they gain'd in their youth.



serve in their age $\frac{2}{w}$ they gain'd in their youth.



The Muses DELIGHT.

The Beauty of True Love. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Andante. Love's a gen—tle
ge—n'rous Passion, source of all sub—lime De—light: When th^t mu—tual In—cli—
na—tion two fond Hearts in one u—nite, two fond Hearts in one u—nite.

2.

When obtain'd we may repent.
When obtain'd, &c.

But a chaste and constant love
Is a glorious emulation
Of the blissful state above.
Of the blissful, &c.

What are titles, pomp or riches,
If compar'd with true content?

3.

That false joy that now bewitches, Lawless passion brings vexation,

ARNO'S VALE. Set by Mr. HOLCOMBE.

When here Lu—cinda first we came where Arno rolls his sil—ver stream, how blyth^y nymphs &
swains how gay, content inspir'd each ru—ral lay: The birds in livelier concert sung, & grapes in
thick — er clusters hung, all look'd as joy cou'd ne—ver fail among^y sweets of Arno's vale.

But now since good Palemon died,
The chief of shepherds, and the
pride;

Old Arno's sons must all give place
To northern swains, an iron race:
The taste of pleasure now is o'er,

Thy notes, Lucinda, please no more,
The muses droop, the Goths prevail,
Adieu the sweets of Arno's Vale.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Melancholly Nymph. Set by Mr. HANDEL.

'Twas when the Seas were roaring, With hollow blasts of Wind, A Dam---fel
 lay de---ploring, all on a Rock reclin'd; Wide o'er y^e roaring Billows She
 cast a wishful Look, Her Head was crown'd wth Willows That trembled o'er the Brook.

<p>2. Twelve months were gone and over, And nine long tedious days; Why didst thou vent'rous lover? Why didst thou trust the seas? Cease, cease then cruel ocean, And let my lover rest; Ah! what's thy troubled motion To that within my breast?</p>	<p>3. The merchant robb'd of treasure, Views tempests in despair;</p>	<p>4. But what's the loss of treasure To the losing of my dear? Should you some coast be laid on, Where gold and diamonds grow; You'd find a richer maiden, But none that loves you so.</p> <p>How can they say that nature Has nothing made in vain? Why then beneath the water Do hideous rocks remain? No eyes those rocks discover, That lurk beneath the deep;</p>	<p>5. To wreck the wand'ring lover, And leave the maid to weep.</p> <p>All melancholly lying, 'Thus wail'd she for her dear; Repaid each blast with sighing, Each billow with a tear: When o'er the white waves stoop- ing, His floating corps she spy'd; Then like a lilly drooping, She bow'd her head and dy'd.</p>
---	---	--	--

The Bush aboon TRAQUAIR. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZIO.

Hear me ye Nym. & ev'ry Swain I'll tell how Peggy grieves me, tho' thus I languish and com-
 plain, a---lafs she ne'er be---lieves me: My Vows & Sighs like fi---lent Air, Un---heed---ed
 ne---ver move her; At the bonny Bush a---boon Traquair 'twas there I first did love her.

2.

3.

4.

That day she smil'd and made me
glad,
No maid seem'd ever kinder ;
I thought myself the luckiest lad,
So sweetly there to find her :
I try'd to sooth my am'rous flame,
In words that I thought tender ;
If more there pass'd I'm not to
blame,
I meant not to offend her.

Yet now she scornful flies the plain,
The fields we then frequented,
If e'er we meet she shews disdain,
She looks as ne'er acquainted :
The bonny bush bloom'd fair in
May,
Its sweets I'll ay remember,
But now her frowns make it decay,
It fades as in December.

Ye rural powers who hear my
frains,
Why thus should Peggy grieve
me ?
Oh ! make her partner in my pains,
Then let her smiles relieve me :
If not my love will turn despair,
My passion no more tender,
I'll leave the Bush about Traquair,
To lonely wilds I'll wander.

A CANT SONG. *The Words by Mr. STEVENS.*

As I derick'd along to dofs on my pad, young Molly § fro-file I touted ; She'd nail'd a rum codger of

*tilter and nab, But in filing his † tatler was routed : As I § trolled a-long I ‡ grappl'd her shell, She

stag'd § rum bowman & knew me full well, § harmans tap'd her but d—me to hell, I plumpt'm & fav'd'er fro limbo

2.

3.

4.

The || buznapper's kenchin my rum-
mer did seize,
But I soon right and left daddle
tipt him ;
I darken'd his daylights, and sew'd
up his fees,
And up with my ** dew-beaters
tript him :
While I mill'd his mazzard she
†† snaff'd his poll,
Away she went laughing, I hik'd
after Moll ;
We fil'd the rum codger and plumpt
the queer cull,
And away we went to the †† ken
boozie.

As there we sat §§ yaffling and
fluicing our gobbs,
She tipt me the gum very clean-
ly ;
L—d d—me 'twill never be out
of my nob,
The brimstone she wheedled so
bienly :
Round my scrag her dear daddles
did lovingly fold,
She tipt me the velvet, her day-
lights she roll'd ;
She said I must love you, you're
quiddish and bold,
You shall dofs with me Jemmy
till || jamming.

Dear Molly, he cried, I will dofs
in your pad,
I'm a bowman that ne'er will
deceive you ;
I'll cut a bien wid for to keep you
in scan,
And boldly will pad to relieve
you :
The |||| darbies I dread not, death's
common to all,
Those that rumble in §§§ rattlers
or pad in the Mall ;
I can but shake trotters at fam'd
††† Bilby's ball,
And go off like a bowman that's
quiddish.

* Sword and Hat. † Watch. § Loiter'd. ‡ Took hold of her. || Constable's Attendant. ** Feet. †† Stole his Wig. †† Alehouse. §§ Eating and drinking. ||| Hanging. |||| Feters. §§§ Coaches. ††† Gallows.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Who'll buy a Heart. A CANTATA. Set by Mr. STANLEY.

:S:

:S:

Who'll buy a heart Myr—til—la cries,

Who'll buy a heart, who'll buy a heart, Who'll buy a

heart Myr—til—la cries, And throws a—round her spark—ling Eyes. And

throws a—round her spark—ling eyes, And throws a—round her

sparkling Eyes, her spa—rkling Eyes, And thro—

ws a round her spark-ling Eyes

An ea-sy shape, a grace-ful air, A face like

love-ly The-tis fair; A pair of Eyes that wound at fight, And foil the

di'-mond's piercing light. An ea-sy shape, a graceful air, A

face like love-ly He-be's fair; A pair of eyes ½ wound at fight, And

foil the di'-mond's sparkling light. Who'll buy a heart? Who'll buy a

heart? Who'll buy a heart Myr-til-la cries; And throws a round her

sparkling eyes, And throw-s a round her spark-ling eyes; And throws a

round her spark—ling eyes, And thro—ws a—round her sparkling Eyes

Recitative. Come hither ye that long to prove the soul-en—chant—ing joys of

love ; Quickly, quickly come, For he buys that bids the most for me.

Allegro.

But let no fordid wretch presume, Tho'

e'en with Croesus' wealth to come ; Nor vainly hope for

gems or gold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold. Nor

vain—ly hope, for gems or gold, Such charms as these can e'er be fold.

So vile a change I scorn to make, For love's

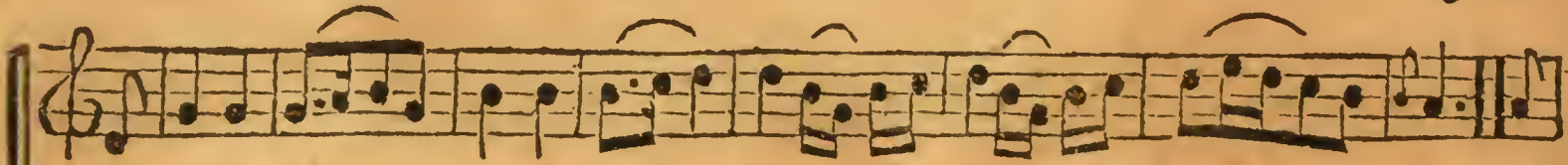
on—ly coin I take. So vile a change I

scorn to make, For love's the only coin I take, For love's the on—ly coin I

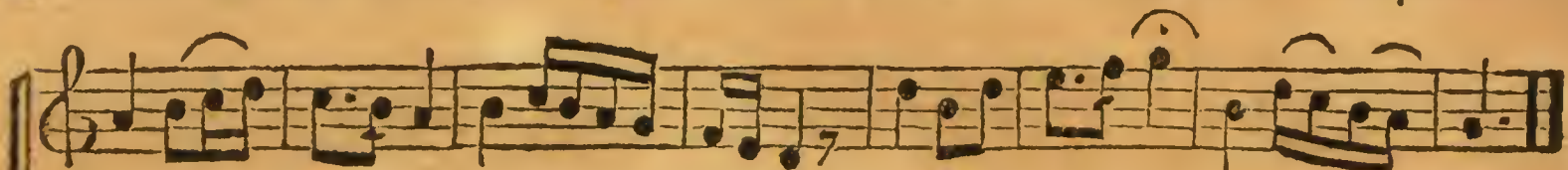
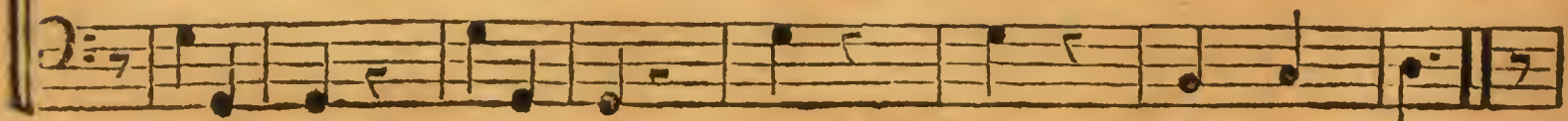
take, For love's the on—ly coin I take.

The Muses DELIGHT.

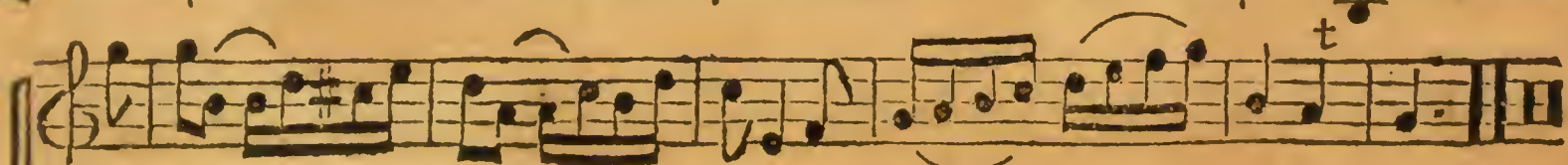
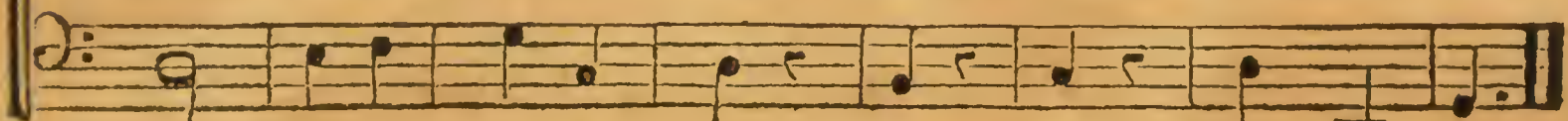
Set by Sigr. PASQUALI. Sung by Mr. SULLIVAN, at Ranelagh Garden, Liverpool.



When absent from my soul's de-light, What cold sus-pi-ci-ous freeze my breast? Once



more re—turn'd to thy lov'd sight, Hope too re—turns, my fears have rest.



2

This heart, the victim of your
pow'r.

It's cares are far superior found;
A dawning hope we scarce possess,
E'er 'tis in some new sorrow
drown'd.

If the light air curl but a wave,
Move but a leaf, or bend a
flow'r,

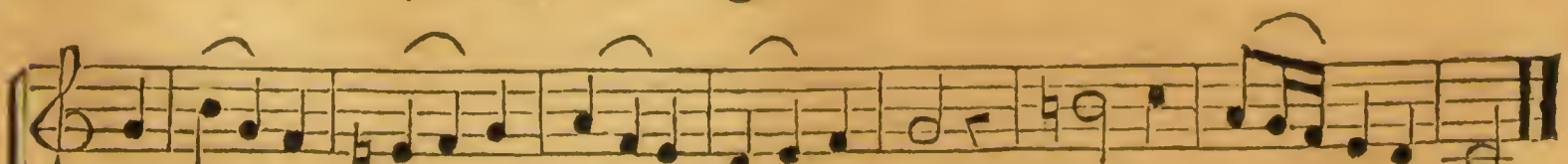
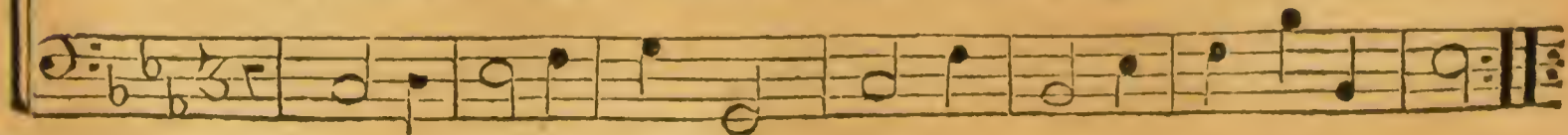
3

Fears for your safety never leave In love there's no true happiness,

The Blind Boy. Set by Mr. STANLEY.



O! say what is that thing call'd light, Which I can ne'er en—joy?



What is the blef—sing of the sight Oh! tell, tell your poor blind boy.



2.

You talk of wond'rous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Then make it day or night?

3.

My day or night myself I make,
Whene'er I sleep or play;
And could I always keep awake,
It would be always day.

But sure with patience I may bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

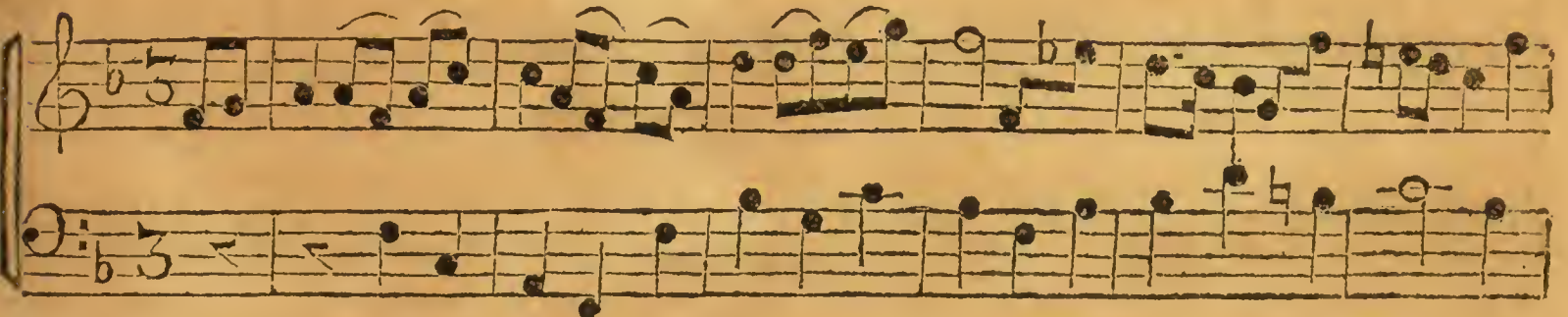
5.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy;
Whilst thus I sing I am a king,
Altho' a poor blind Blind.

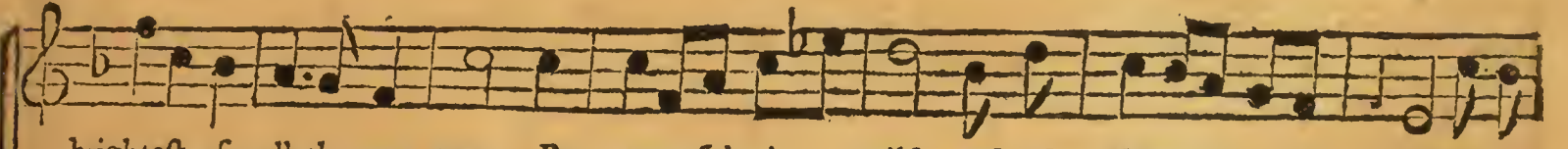
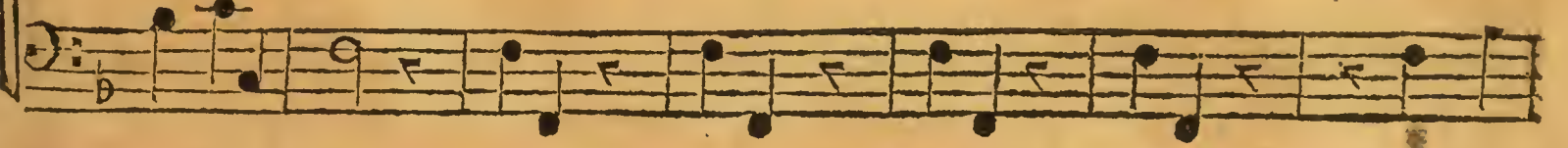
4.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hopeless woe;

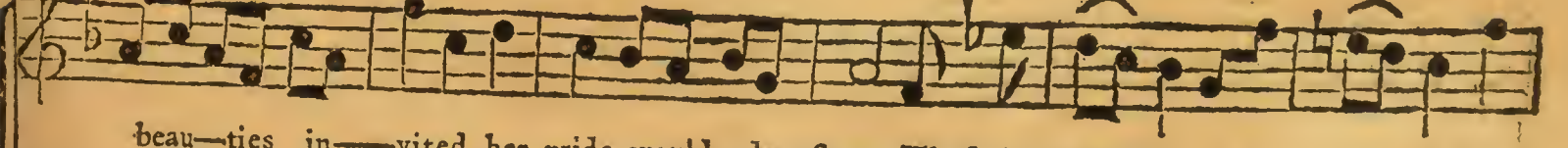
Song in the FOUNDLING. Set by Mr. ARNE.



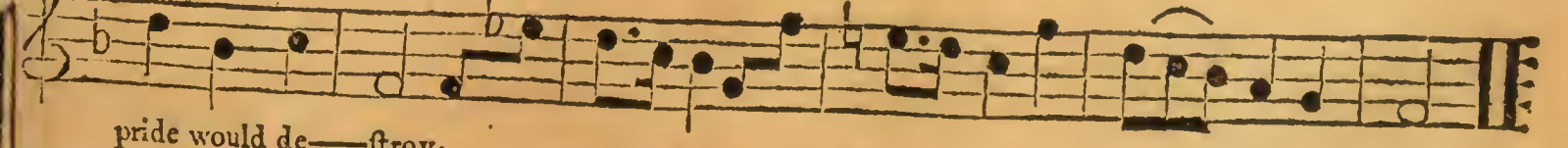
For a shape and an air, and a bloom and a mein, Myr—til—la was



brightest of all the gay green; But art—ful—ly mild and af—fect—ed—ly coy, those her



beau—ties in—vited her pride would de—stroy. Those her beauties in—vi—ted her



pride would de—stroy.

2.

By the flocks as she stray'd, with
the nymphs of the vale,
Not a shepherd but wou'd her to
hear his soft tale;
Tho' fatal the passion, she laugh'd
at the swain,
And return'd with neglect what she
heard with disdain.
And return'd, &c.

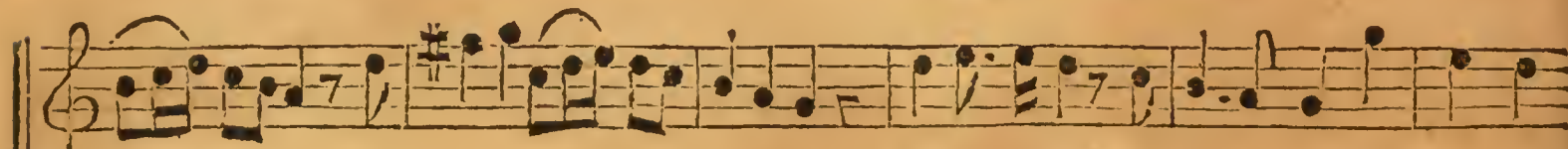
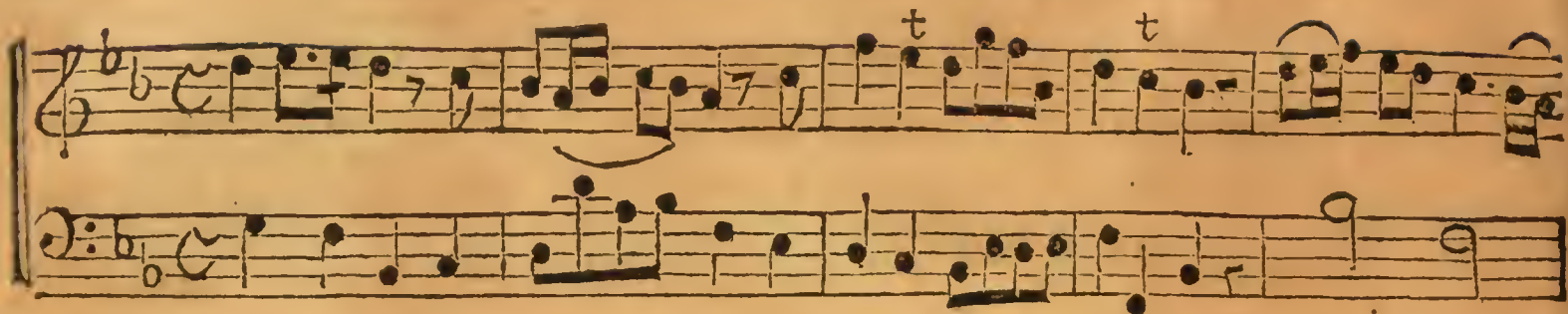
3.

But beauty has wings, and too hast—
ily flies,
And love unrewarded soon sickens
and dies;
The nymph, cur'd by time of her
folly and pride,
Now sighs in her turn for the bliss
she denied.
Now sighs, &c.

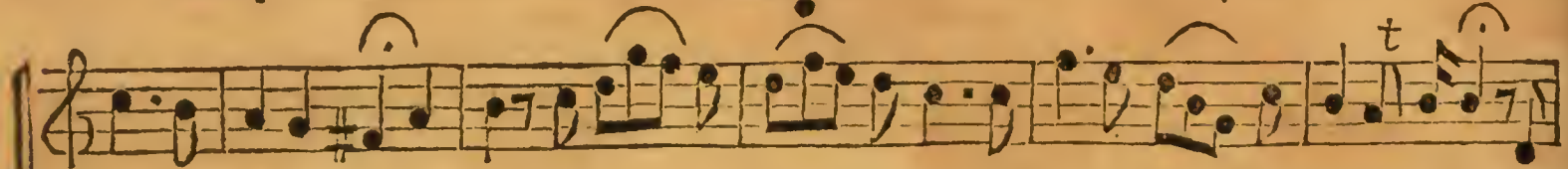
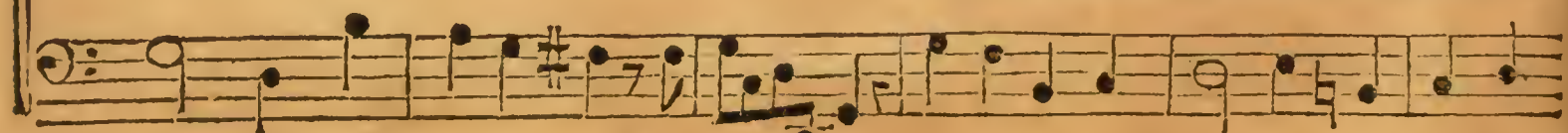
4.

No longer she frolics it wide o'er
the plain,
To kill with her coyness the lan—
guishing swain;
So humbled her heart is; so sof—
ten'd her mind,
That, tho' courted by none, she
to all would be kind.
That tho' courted, &c.

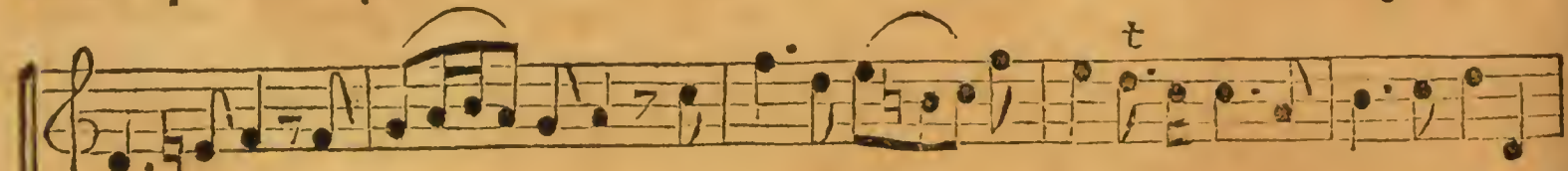
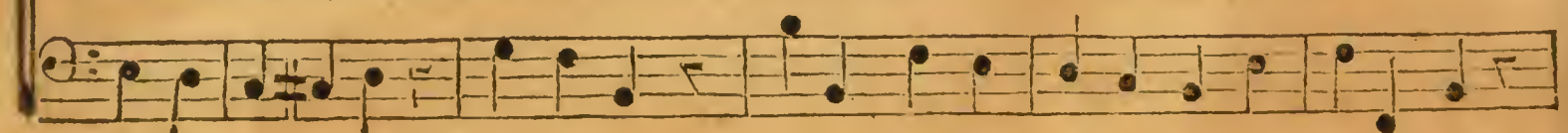
The Despairing Shepherd. Set by Mr. ARNE.



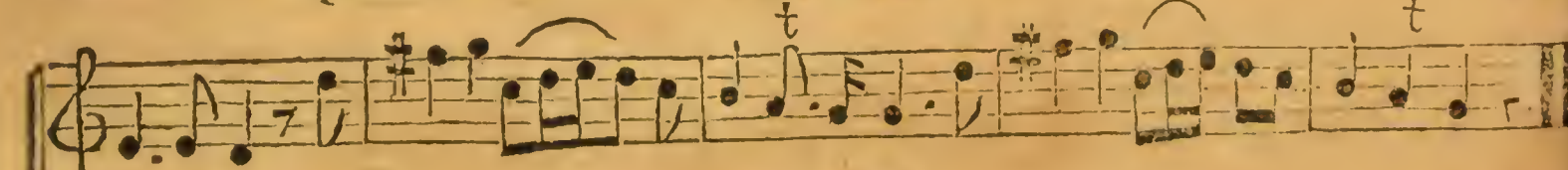
Ah well-a-day ! must I endure This pain, and



who shall work my cure? Fond love will ne—ver seek repose, No measure to its grief it knows: The



winds are hush'd, and dew—y sleep With soft em—brace has seiz'd my sleep; All wrapt in peaceful



slumbers lie, But wakeful Phi—lo—mel and I.



2.

Who better seen, in shepherds arts,
To win the wanton lasses hearts?
How to my oaten pipe so sweet,
Wont they to change their nimble
feet?

And many tales of mirth had I
To chace the Sun adown the sky:
Since Lucy wrought her spight, alone
To woods I pour my fruitless moan.

3.

Oh quit thy scorn, relentless fair!
E'er long I perish thro' despair:
Had Rosalind possess'd my mind,
The maiden wou'd have been more
kind.

Oh think! for beauty will not
stay,

And flow'rs ungather'd will decay:
The flow'rs returning seasons bring;
But beauty has no second spring.

4.

Oh wou'd my gifts but win her
heart!

Cou'd I but half I feel impart!
For plumbs I'd climb the knotty
tree,

Of honey rob the thirsty Bee:
Fair is my flock, nor clomeless I,
If fountains flatter not, and why
Shou'd fountains flatter us; yet
show

The flow'rs less beauteous than

they grow?

5.

Oh come, my love! nor think it
mean,

The Dams to milk, the Lamkins
wean:

How wou'd the Crook bescem thy
hand!

How wou'd my younglings round
thee stand!

Ah younglins! gaze not on her eye,
Such glances are the cause I die.

Sleep, sleep, my flock; for you
may take

Your rest; tho' thus your master
wake.

The Lads of the Mill. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

At St. O—syth by the mill there lives a love—ly lass, O' had I her good
 will how gay—ly life would pass: No bold in—trud—ing care my
 blifs should e'er annoy, Her smiles would gild de—spair, and brighten ev'—ry joy.

<p>2. Like nature's rural scene Her artless beauties charm, Like them, with joys serene, Our wishing hearts they warm; Her wit, with sweetness crown'd,</p>	<p>Steals ev'ry sense away; The list'ning swains around Forget the short'ning day.</p> <p>3 Health, freedom, wealth and ease, Without her tasteless are,</p>	<p>She gives 'em pow'r to please, And makes 'em worth our care; Is there, ye fates, a bliss Reserv'd my future share? Indulgent, hear my wish, And grant it all in her.</p>
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The Whining Lover. Set by Mr. MARKWELL.

Woman thought—less gid—dy creature, laughing i—dle flutt'ring thing:
 Most fan—tas—tic work of na—ture, still, like fan—cy, on the wing.

<p>2. Slaves to ev'ry changing passion, Loving, hating in extream; Fond of ev'ry foolish fashion, And at best a pleasing dream.</p>	<p>3. Lovely trifle! dear illusion! Conqu'ring weakness, wish'd for pain; Man's chief glory and confusion, Of all vanities most vain.</p>	<p>4. Thus deriding beauty's power, We will call it all a cheat; But in less than half an hour, Knecl'd and whin'd at Celia's feet.</p>
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JOHNNY JENNY'S.

A DIALOGUE. *Set to Music by Doctor BOYCE.**Sung by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER, at the Theatre in Drury-lane, Liverpool.*

HE. Let rakes for

plea—sure range the town, And mi—fers doat on gold—en guineas, Let plenty smile or

for—ture frown, The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's, Mine and Jenny's

mine and Jenny's, The sweets of love are mine and Jenny's.

SHE. Let wan—ton maids in—dulge delight, How soon the fleet—ing pleasure

gone is! The joys of vir—tue ne—ver tire, And such shall still be mine and Johnny's,

Mine and Johnny's, mine and Johnny's, And such shall still be mine and Johnny's.

HE SHE
To—gether let us sport and play, And live in pleasure

HE SHE
where no fin is; The priest shall tie the knot to—day, And wedlock's bands make

Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's, Johnny Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

DUETT.

DUETT.

SHE. To-ge-ther let us sport and play, And live in pleasure where no sin is; The

HE. To-ge-ther let us sport and play, And live in pleasure where no sin is; The

priest shall tie the knot to-day, And wed-lock's bands make John-ny Jenny's,

priest shall tie the knot to-day, And wedlock's bands make John-ny

John-ny Jenny's John-ny Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make John-ny Jenny's.

Jenny's John-ny Jenny's, Jenny's, And wedlock's bands make Johnny Jenny's.

2

HE. Let roving swains young hearts invade,
The pleasure ends in shame and
So Willy woo'd, and then betray'd,
The poor believing simple Molly.

SHE. So Lucy lov'd, and lightly toy'd,
And laugh at hamlets maids who marry;

But now she finds her shepherd cloy'd,
And chides, too late! her faithless Harry,
DUET. But we'll together, &c.

HE. By curling streams our flocks we'll feed,
And leave deceit to knaves and
Or fondly stray where love shall lead,

And ev'ry joy be mine and Jenny's.
SHE. Let guilt the faithless bosom fright,
The constant heart is always Content and peace, and sweet delight,
And love, shall live with me and
DUET. Together then, &c.

Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

What med'cine can soft—ten the bo—som's keen smart, What Lethe can ba—nish the

pain? What cure can be met to soothe the fond heart, That's broke!

broke by a faithless young swain.

2.

3.

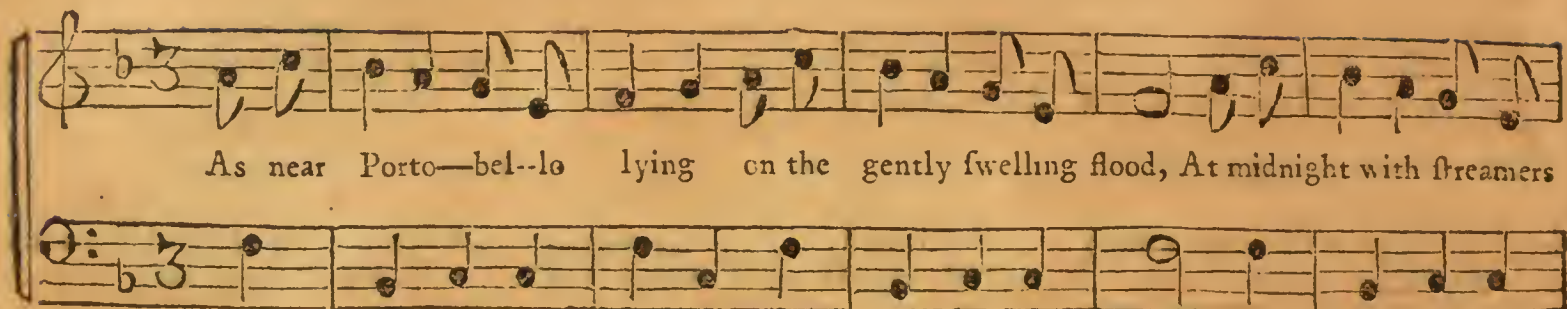
4.

In hopes to forget him how vainly I try,
The sports of the wake and the green;
When Collin is dancing I say with a sigh,
'Twas here first my Damon was seen.

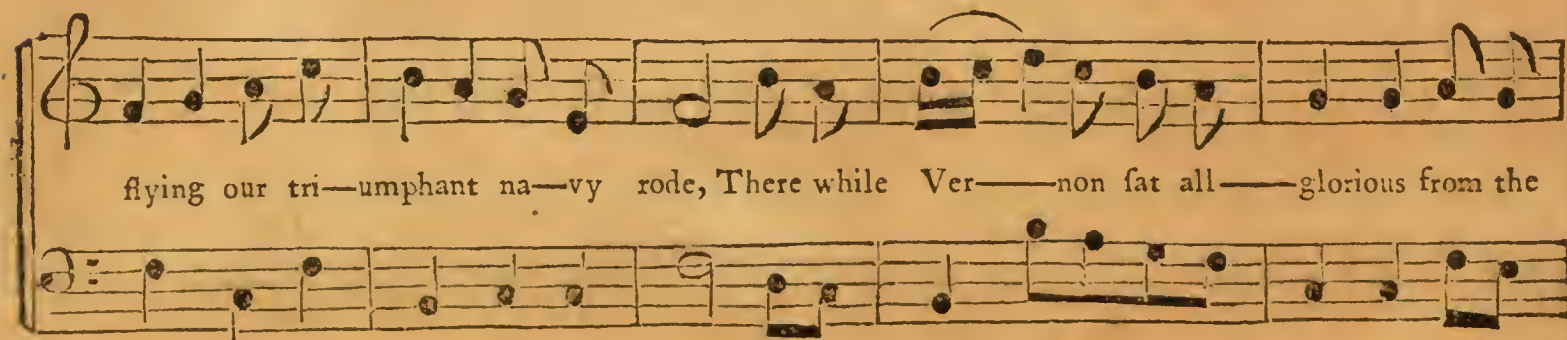
When to the pale moon the soft nightingales moan,
In accents so piercing and clear;
You sing not so sweetly, I cry with a groan,
As when my dear Damon was here.

A garland of willow my temples shall shade,
And pluck it, ye nymphs, from yon grove;
For there, to her cost, was poor Laura betray'd,
And Damon pretended to love.

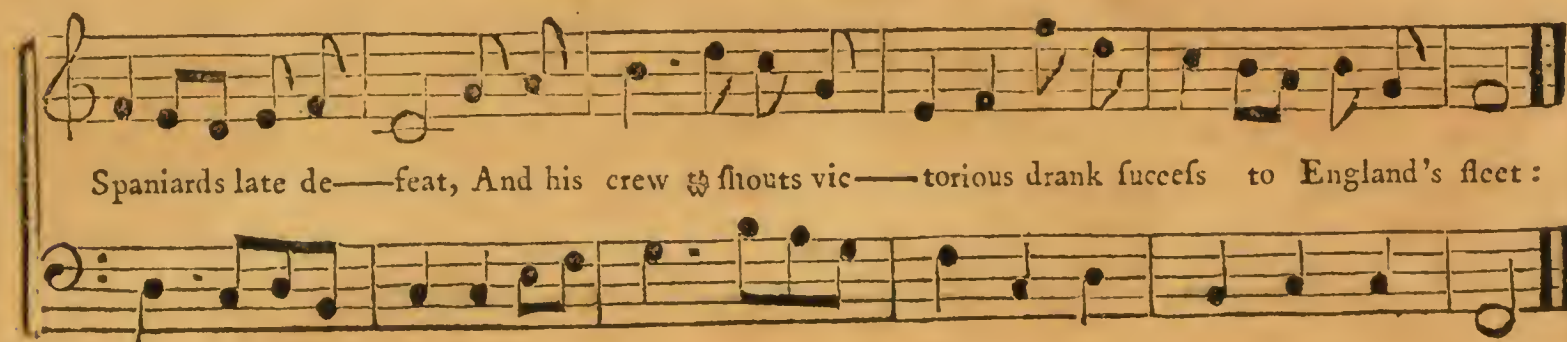
HOSIER'S Ghost. Set by Mr. HANDEL.



As near Porto—bel—lo lying on the gently swelling flood, At midnight with streamers



flying our tri—umphant na—vy rode, There while Ver—non sat all—glorious from the



Spaniards late de—feat, And his crew shouts vic—torious drank success to England's fleet :

2.
On a sudden, shrilly sounding,
Hideous yells and shrieks were heard ;
Then each heart with fear confounding,
A sad troop of ghosts appear'd :
All in dreary hammacks shrouded,
Which for winding-sheets they wore ;
And with looks by sorrow clouded,
Frowning on that hostile shore.

3.
On them gleam'd the moon's wan lustre,
When the shade of Hosier brave
His pale hand was seen to muster,
Rising from their watry grave :
O'er the glim'ring waves he hied him,
Where the Burford rear'd her
With ten thousand ghosts beside him,
And in groans did Vernon hail.

4.
Heed, oh heed, our fatal story,
I am Hosier's injur'd ghost ;
You who now have purchas'd glory
At the place where I was lost :
Tho' in Portobello's ruin
You now triumph, free from fears,
Yet, to hear of my undoing,
You will mix your joys & tears.

5.
See these mournful spectres sweep—
ing
Ghastly o'er this hated wave,

Whose wan cheeks are stain'd with weeping ! [brave !
These were English captains
Mark those numbers pale & horrid !
Who were once my sailors bold ;
Lo, each hangs his drooping forehead
Whilst his dismal tale is told.

6
I, by twenty sail attended,
Did this Spanish town affright ;
Nothing then it's wealth defended
But the Orders *not to fight* !

O that in the rolling ocean
I had cast them with disdain,
And obey'd my heart's warm motion,
To have quell'd the pride of

7.
For resistance, I could fear none,
But with twenty ships had done
What thou brave and happy Vernon
Dost achieve with six alone :
Then the Bastimentos never
Had our foul dishonour seen,
Nor the sea the sad receiver
Of these gallant men had been.

8.
Thus, like thee, proud Spain dis—
mayning,
And her galleons leading home,
Tho' condemn'd for disobeying
I had met a traitor's doom ;
To have fall'n, my country cry—
ing

He has play'd an English part,
Had been better far than dying
Of a griev'd and broken heart.

9.
Unrepining at thy glory,
Thy successful arms we hail,
But remember our sad story
And let Hosier's wrongs pre—
vail :
Sent on this foul crime to lan—
guish,
Think what thousands fell in
vain ;
Wasted with disease and anguish,
Not in glorious battle slain.

10.
Hence, with all thy train attend—
ing,
From their oozy tombs below :
Through the hoary foam ascend—
ing,
Here I feed my constant woe :
Here, the Bastimentos viewing,
We recall our shameful doom ;
And, our plaintive cries renew—
ing,
Wander thro' the midnight
gloom !

11
O'er these waves, for ever mourn—
ing,
Shall we roam, depriv'd of rest,
If, to Britain's shores returning,
You neglect my just request :
After this proud foe subduing,
When your patriot friends you
see,
Think on vengeance for my ruin,
And for England sham'd in me.

The Muses DELIGHT.

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An Address to VULCAN. Set by Mr. TENCH.

Vulcan contrive me such a cup As Ne—stor us'd of old: Try all thy

skill to trim it up, Try all thy skill to trim it up, And damask it

round with go — — ld, And damask it round with gold.

2.

3.

4.

Make it so large, when fill'd with punch,
Up to the swelling brim,
Vast toasts on the delicious lake,
Like ships at sea may swim.
Like ships, &c.

Carve me thereon a curling vine,
And add two lovely boys;
Whose limbs in amorous folds en-
twine,
The types of future joys.
The types, &c.

Cupid and Bacchus my gods are,
May love and wine still reign;
With wine I wash away my care,
And then to my love again.
And then, &c.

The ADVICE. Set by Mr. GALLIARD.

Prithce fool—ish boy give o'er, cease thy bosom to tor—ment; Prithce fight and

whine no more, come with me and taste content: Love's a foe of thine and mine,

Let us dr — — — — — own, let us drown the god in wine.

2.
Stella's fairer shape and eyes,
Charms too lovely to behold ;
Let us seek, to crown our joys,
Where the best Champaigne is
fold.

Love's a foe of thine and mine,
Let us crown the god in wine,
Let us, &c.

And believe me, when I say
All the joys they give are vain :
Leave 'em then, and come away.
Love's a foe of thine ana mine,
Let us crown the god in wine.
Let us crown, &c.

3.
Leave the filly, gaudy train,

Sung by Mr. LOWE, at Vauxhall Gardens.

The musical score is written in G major (one sharp) and 3/4 time. It consists of a vocal line and a piano accompaniment line. The tempo is marked 'Allegro affai.' The lyrics are: 'When first by fond Damon Flavel—la was seen, He lightly re-garded her air and her mein; The charms of her mind he a—lone did commend, Not warm as a lover but cool as a friend : From friendship, not passion, his raptures did move, & swain brag'd his heart was a stranger to love.' The score includes various musical notations such as treble and bass clefs, a key signature of one sharp, and a 3/4 time signature. There are also some performance markings like 't' for trills.

2.
New charms he discover'd, as more
she was known,
Her face grew a wonder, her taste
was his own ;
Her manners were gentle, her sense
was refin'd,
And O what dear virtues beam'd
forth in her mind :
Still, still for the sanction of friend-
ship he strove,
Till a sigh gave the omen, and
shew'd it was love.

3.
Now proud to be conquer'd, he
sighs for the fair,
Grows dul' to all pleasure, but be-
ing with her ;
He's mute, till his heart-strings are
ready to break,
For fear of offending forbids him
to speak ;
And wanders a willing example to
prove,
That friendship with woman is
sister to love.

4.
A lover thus conquer'd, can ne'er
give offence,
Not a dupe to her smiles, but a
slave to her sense ;
His passion, not wrinkles, nor age
can allay,
Since founded on that which can
never decay ;
And time, that can beauty's short
empire remove,
Increasing her reason, increases his
love.

CUPID'S

CUPID'S Refuge. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Vivace. Jove

he saw my Fanny's face, wond'rous passion mov'd, Forgot y care of human race & found at last he lov'd. And found at last he lov'd. Then to the god of soft desire His suit he thus address, I Fanny love; with mutual fire O touch her tender bre—ast, I Fanny love, with mutual fire O touch her tender breast. O touch her tender breast.

2.
Your sighs are hopeless, Cupid cries,
I lov'd the maid before;
What, rival me ' the pow'r replies,
Whom gods and men adore:
Whom, &c.
He grasp'd y bolt he shook y springs
Of his imperial throne,

While Cupid wav'd his rosy wings,
And in a breath was gone.
While Cupid, &c.

3.
O'er earth and seas the godhead flew
But still no shelter found,
For as he fled his dangers grew,

And light'ning flash'd around:
And light'ning, &c.
At last his trembling fear impells
His flight to Fanny's eyes,
Where happy, safe and pleas'd he dwells,
Nor minds his native skies.
Where happy, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The AMAZON. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

Swains I scorn, who, nice and fair, Shiver at the morn—ing air ; rough and
 har—dy, bold and free, be the man that's made for me ; Rough and
 har—dy, bold and free, be the man that's made for me.

2.

Slaves to fashion slaves to dress,
 Fops alone themselves carefs ;
 Let them without rival be,
 They are not the men for me.
Let them, &c.

3.

He whose nervous arm can dart
 The javelin to the tiger's heart,
 From all sense of danger free ;
 He's the man that's made for me.
From all sense, &c.

4.

While his speed outstrips the
 wind,
 Loosly wave his locks behind ;
 From fantastic foppery free,
 He's the man that's made for me.
From fantastic, &c.

5.

Nor simpering smile, nor dim-
 pled sleek,
 Spoil his manly sun-burnt cheek ;

By weather let him painted be,
 He's the man that's made for me,
By weather, &c.

6.

If false he proves, my javelin
 can
 Revenge the perjury of man ;
 And soon another, brave as he,
 Shall be found the man for me.
*And soon another, brave as he,
 Shall be found, &c.*

Song in the CHAPLET. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

You
 say

say at your Feet that I wept in De—spair, And vow'd that no An—gel was

e—ver so fair; How could you believe all the Nonfense I spoke? What know we of

Angels? I meant it in joke, I meant it in joke. What

know we of Angels? I meant it in joke.

I next stand indicted for swearing
to love,
And nothing but death should my

passion remove ;
I have lov'd you a twelvemonth,
a calendar year,

And not yet contented ! have con-
science my dear.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The LOVER. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

If love be a fault and in me thought a crime, how sad my of—fence, bear witness O!

time; The days & $\frac{1}{2}$ nights & $\frac{1}{2}$ hours as they roll'd You know may be felt, but are ne'er to be

told: One day past a—way, & saw nothing but Love, Another came on & $\frac{1}{2}$ same thing did

prove, The Sun it grew tir'd still to look on the same, But I grew more pleas'd as $\frac{1}{2}$ next moment came—

I saw you all day, and all day with new gust,	And whilst this remains rest unen- vy'd ye kings:	True lovers hereafter this wonder shall tell,
And yet ev'ry day was to me as the first;	If this be a crime, be my judges ye fair,	The cause of my death was for lov- ing too well.
Thus fleeting time pass'es with down on its wings,	And if I must suffer for what is so rare,	

FOND CELADON. Set by Dr. GREENE.

As Cella—don once from his cottage did stray, To court his dear Jugg on a hillock of hay;

What aukward confusion oppres'd the poor swain, When thus he de—liver'd his passion in pain!

<p>2. O joy of my life! and delight of my eyes, Sweet Jugg! 'tis for thee that poor Celadon dies; My pipe I've forsaken, tho' reck- on'd so sweet, And sleeping or waking thy name I repeat.</p>	<p>When the nightingale every night does the same.</p>	<p>As he at our last harvest supper confess'd; I own it says Jugg, he has gotten my heart, His short curling hair looks so pret- ty and smart.</p>
<p>3. When swains to an alehouse by force do me lug, Instead of a pitcher I call for a jugg; And sure you can't chide at repeat- ing your name,</p>	<p>4. Sweet Jugg he a hundred times o'er does repeat, Which makes people say that his voice is so sweet; Ah! why dost thou laugh at my sorrowful tale, Too well I'm assur'd that my words won't prevail.</p>	<p>6. His eyes are so black, and his cheeks are so red, They prevail more with me than all you have said; Tho' you court me and kiss me, and do what you can, It signifies nothing, for Roger's the man.</p>
<p>For Roger the thatcher possesse thy breast,</p>	<p>5.</p>	

TRUE BLUE. *The Words by Mr. S. S.*

I hope there's no foul met o—ver this bowl, But means honest ends to pur—
—sue: With the voice go the heart, And let's ne—ver de—part From the
faith of an honest True Blue, True Blue. From the faith of an honest True Blue.

<p>2. For country and friends Let us damn private ends, And keep old British virtue in view; Despising the tribe Who are sway'd by a bribe, Be honest and ever True Blue. <i>Be honest, &c.</i></p>	<p>Whose schemes the whole nation may rue; On pension and place, That cursed disgrace, Turn your backs and be staunch, be True Blue. <i>Turn your backs, &c.</i></p>	<p>'Tis worthy a British True Blue. <i>'Tis worthy, &c.</i></p>
<p>3. On the politic knave Who strives to enslave,</p>	<p>4. With hounds and with horn, We will rise in the morn, With vigour the fox to pursue; Corruption's the cry, We will chase till he die,</p>	<p>5. Here's a health to all those Who do slavery oppose, And our Trade both defend and renew; To each honest voice That concurs in the choice, And support of an honest True Blue. <i>And support, &c.</i></p>

The Muses DELIGHT.

Aria nel MITRIDATE. *Sung by Signiora CASARINI.*

Chi naque alle pene non

speri con-ten-to, No no non spe-ri con-ten-to, Che

ogni ombra di be-nc di be-nc tor-men-to tor-

men-to si fa; Che ogni ombra di bene tor-men-to tor-

men-to si fa - - - - - tor-men-to si

fa.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Che naque alle pene, non spero con—ten—to, Non spero con—

—ten—to, Che ogni ombra di bene, tor—mento si fa - - - - -

..... Che

ogni ombra di bene, tor—men—to tor—men—to si fa - - - - -

tor—men—to si fa *Ad^o* *t* Tor—men-to si

fa.

t Se

The Muses DELIGHT.

Un lampo di pa—ce tal vol—ta f—'accende, in
 fiam—ma vo—ra—ce ser—pen—do ser—pen—
 do sen va. Ser—pen—do sen va.

The musical score consists of three systems of two staves each (treble and bass clef). The first system is in G major and 2/4 time. The second system continues the melody and includes a trill (t) over the word 'serpen'. The third system concludes with a double bar line and the letters 'DC' (Da Capo).

The INCONSTANT. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Fair & soft & gay and young, All charms she play'd she danc'd & fung, No way there was to
 'scape the dart, No care could guard a lover's heart: Ah! why, cry'd I, and dropt a tear, a—
 doring, yet de—spairing e'er To have her to my—self alone, Was so much sweetn' f's made for one?

The musical score is in 6/4 time and G major. It features a single melodic line on a treble clef staff. The piece is divided into three systems by double bar lines. The first system ends with a repeat sign. The second system ends with a repeat sign. The third system concludes with a double bar line.

But,

2.

But, growing bolder, in her ear
 I in soft numbers told my care;
 She heard, and rais'd me from her
 feet,
 And seem'd to glow with equal
 heat:
 Like Heav'n, too mighty to ex-
 press,

My joys could be but known by
 guefs;
 Ah fool, said I, what have I done,
 To wish her made for more than
 one!

3.

But long I had not been in view

Before her eyes their beams with-
 drew;
 E'er I had reckon'd half her charms
 She sunk into another's arms:
 But she that once could faithless be,
 Will favour him no more than me;
 He too will find himself undone,
 And that she was not made for
 one.

The MASQUERADE Song. *Sung by Mr. BEARD.*

Ye medley of Mortals y make up y throng, spare y Wit for a moment & list to my Song, & you
 would not expect here my wit shall be new, & what is more strange ev'ry word shall be true, *Sing*
 tan--ta-ra-ra-ra truth all, truth all, sing tan--ta-ra-ra-ra truth all.

2.

Not a toy in the place you'll buy
 cheaper than mine,
 Bring your jasses to me, and you'll
 save all your coin;
 The ladies alone, will pay dear for
 my skill,
 For if they will hear me, their
 tongues must lie still.
Sing tantarara, mute all, &c.

3.

Tho' our revels are scorn'd by the
 grave and the wise,
 Yet they practise all day, what they
 seem to despise;
 Examine mankind, from the great,
 to the small,
 Each mortal's disguis'd, and the
 world is a ball.
Sing tantarara, masks all, &c.

4.

The parson, brimful of October
 and grace
 With a long taper pipe, and a
 round ruddy face;
 Will rail at our doing—but when
 it is dark,
 The doctor's disguis'd, and led
 home by the clerk.
Sing tantarara, &c.

5.

The fierce roaring blade, with long
 sword and cock'd hat,
 Who with zounds! he did this, and
 d's-blood he'll do that;
 When he comes to his trial, he
 fails in his part,
 And proves that his looks were
 but masks to his heart.
Sing tantarara, &c.

6.

The beau acts the rake, and will
 talk of Amours.
 Shews letters from wives, and ap-
 pointments from whores;
 But a creature so modest, avoids all
 disgrace,
 For how would he blush, should he
 meet face to face?
Sing tantarara, &c.

7.

The courtiers and patriots, 'mongst
 other fine things,
 Will talk of their country, and love
 of their kings;
 But their masks will drop off, if
 you shake but their pelf,
 And shew king and country all cen-
 ter'd in self.
Sing tantarara, &c.

8.

With an out-side of virtue, Miss
 Squeamish the prude,
 If you touch her, she faints; if you
 speak, you are rude;
 Thus she's prim, and she's coy, till
 her blossoms are gone,
 And when mellow, she's pluck'd by
 the Coachman or John.
Sing tantarara, &c.

9.

With a grave mask of wisdom, say
 physic and law,
 In your case there's no fear, in your
 cause there's no flaw;
 Till Death and the Judge have de-
 creed, they look big;
 Then you find you have trusted—a
 full-bottom'd Wig.
Sing tantarara, &c.

10.

Thus life is no more than a round
 of deceit,
 Each neighbour will find, that his
 next is a cheat;
 But if, O ye mortals, these tricks
 ye pursue;
 You at last cheat yourselves—and
 the Devil cheats you.
Sing tantarara, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

BRITONS Strike Home. *Set by Mr. PURCELL.*

Britons strike home re—venge re—venge your Country's Wrongs: Fight, fight & re—cord, Fight, Fight & re—cord your—selves in Dru—id Songs; Fight, Fight and re—cord, fight, fight and re—cord re—cord your—selves in Dru—id Songs.

D A M O N and S I L V I A.

A DIALOGUE. *Sung by Mr. and Mrs. BAKER. Set by Mr. ARNE.*

Dear Silvia no longer my passion de—

spife, Nor arm thus with ter—ror those beauti—ful eyes, Nor arm thus with ter—ror those
 beau—ti—ful eyes. They become not dis—dain, but most charming would prove, If once they were
 sof—ten'd with smiles and with love, If once they were sof—ten'd with smiles and with
 love.

2.

SIL. While I with a smile can
 each shepherd subduc,
 O Damon I must not be soften'd
 by you;
 O Damon, &c.
 Nor fondly give up, in an unguard-
 ed hour,
 The pride of us women, unlimited
 power.
 The pride, &c.

3.

DA. Tho' power, my dear, be
 to Deities given,
 Yet generous pity's the darling of
 heav'n;
 Yet generous, &c.

O then be that pity extended to
 me,
 I'll kneel and acknowledge no god-
 defs but thee.
 I'll kneel, &c.

4.

SIL. Suppose to your suit I
 should listen awhile,
 And only, for pity's sake, grant
 you a smile?
 And only, &c.

DA. Nay, stop not at that, but
 your kindness improve,
 And let gentle pity be ripen'd to
 love.
 And let, &c.

5.

SIL. Well then, faithful swain,
 I'll examine my heart,
 And, if it be possible, grant you
 a part:
 And, if it be, &c.
 DA. Now that's like yourself,
 like an angel exprest,
 For grant me but part, and I'll
 soon steal the rest.
 For grant, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The DUETT.

Take heed ye fair Maids, and with caution be—lieve, For love's an in—tru—der and

Take heed ye fair maids, and with caution be—lieve, For love's an in—tru—der and

apt to de—ceive ; For love's an in—truder, and apt to de—ceive. When once the least

apt to de—ceive ; For love's an in—tru—der, and apt to de—ceive. When once the least

part the fly urchin has gain'd, You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole is ob—tain'd. You'll ne'er be

part the fly urchin has gam'd, You'll ne'er be at ease till the whole s ob—tain'd. You'll ne'er be

at ease till the whole is obtain'd.

at ease till the whole is ob—tain'd.

The Muses DELIGHT.

205

CLOE. Set by Dr. GREENE.

Tender. In vain the force of Female arms, In vain their offer'd Love; Their Smiles, their
Air, nor all their Charms my Passion can remove: For all that's fair and good I
find in Cloe's Form, in Cloe's Mind, In Cloe's Form, in Cloe's Mind.

2.

3.

4.

Let Celia all her wit display,
That glitters as it kills;
My heart disdains the feeble ray,
Nor light nor heat it feels:
For all that's bright and gay I
find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

Fair Flavia shines in gems & gold,
And uses all her arts;
Not richest chains my heart can
hold,
Unpierc'd by diamond darts:
For all that's rich and fair I find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

Those notes, sweet Mira, now give
o'er;
That once had pow'r to wound;
When Cloe speaks they are no more
But mix with common sound:
All grace, all harmony I find
In Cloe's form, in Cloe's mind.
In Cloe's, &c.

The Words by Mr. SMOLLET. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

When Sappho tun'd the raptur'd strain, The list'ning wretch for——got his pain;
With Art divine the Lyre she strung, Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung;
Like thee she play'd, like thee she sung.

2.

3.

4.

For while she struck the quiv'ring wire,
The eager breast was all on fire ;
And when she join'd the vocal lay,
The captive soul was charm'd away.
The captive soul, &c.

But had she added still to these
Thy softer, chaster pow'r, to please ;
Thy beauteous air of sprightly youth,
Thy naive smiles of artless truth.
Thy native, &c.

She ne'er had pin'd beneath disdain,
She ne'er had play'd and sung in vain ;
Despair had ne'er her soul possess'd,
To dash on rocks the tender breast.
To dash, &c.

The CYPRESS GROVE. *Set by Mr. OSWALD.*

Tender. Be—neath a cypress grove young Strephon sought re—lief, The flowers a—
round his head, pin'd, conscious of his grief : Fond foolish wretch he cry'd
I love and yet de—spair ; Pur—sue tho' still de—nied by the too cruel fair.

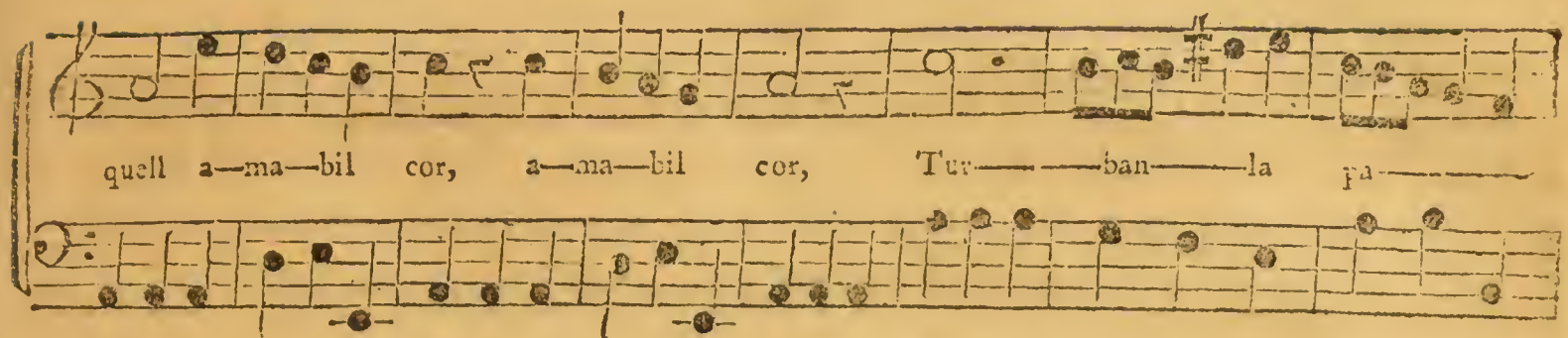
The Courtier asks a place,
The sailor tempts the sea,
The miser begs increase ;

Love only governs me.
Nor honour, wealth nor fame,
Can like soft transports move ;

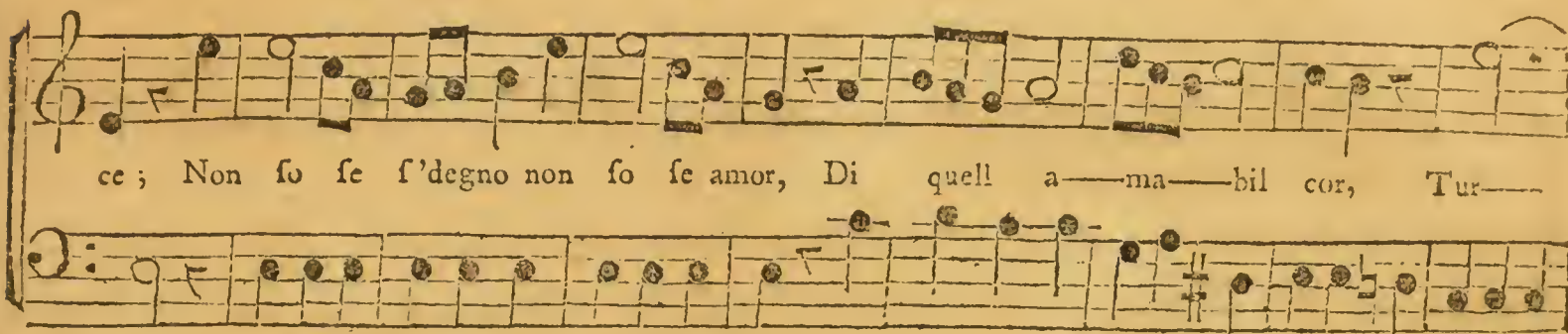
On earth 'tis bliss supreme,
And heav'n is but to love.

Aria nel MITRIDATE. *Sung by Signora FRASI.*

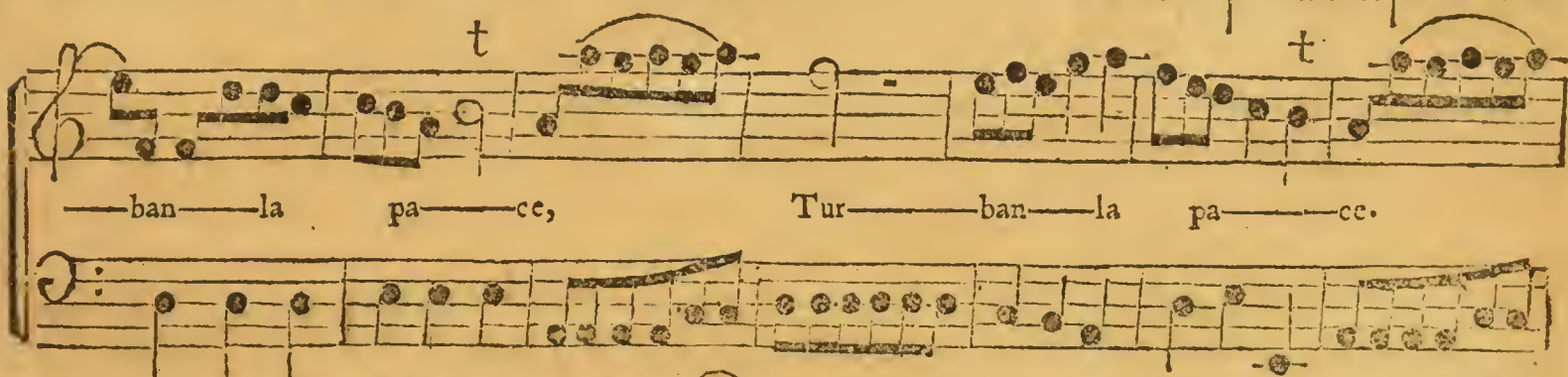
Non so se f' degno o amor, se f' degno o amor, Di
quell



quell a-ma-bil cor, a-ma-bil cor, Tur-ban-la pa



ce; Non fo se f'degno non fo se amor, Di quell a-ma-bil cor, Tur



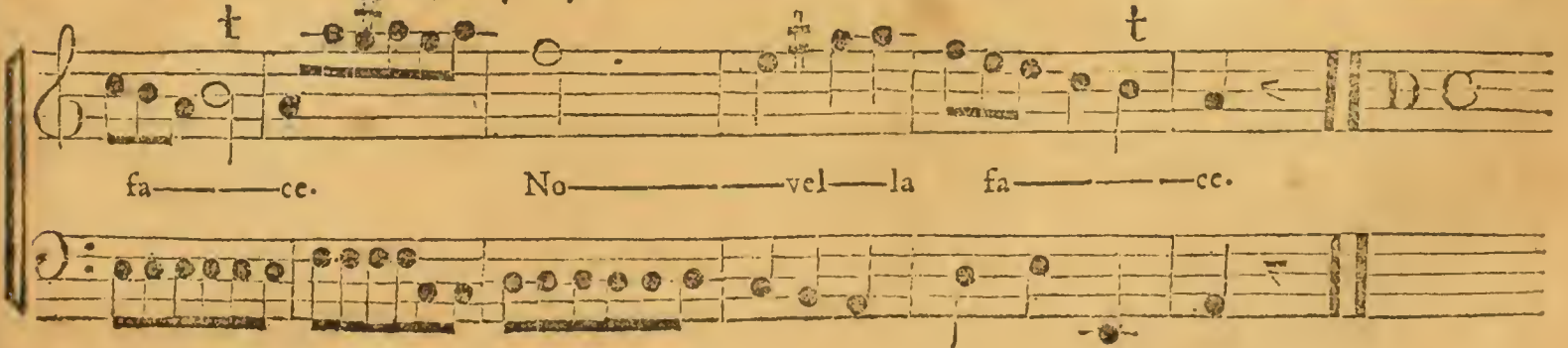
ban-la pa-ce, Tur-ban-la pa-ce.



L'af-col-to fos-pi-rar




Ne-su quel ciglio ap-par, No-vel-la



fa-ce. No-vel-la fa-ce.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Northern Lads. Set by Mr. FISHER.



Come take y' glass y' northern Lads so pret-ti-ly advis'd; I drank her Health, & real-ly was agree-a-bly surpriz'd; her Shape so neat, her Voice so sweet, her Air and Mein so free; the Sy-ren charm'd me from my Meat, but take your Drink said she.

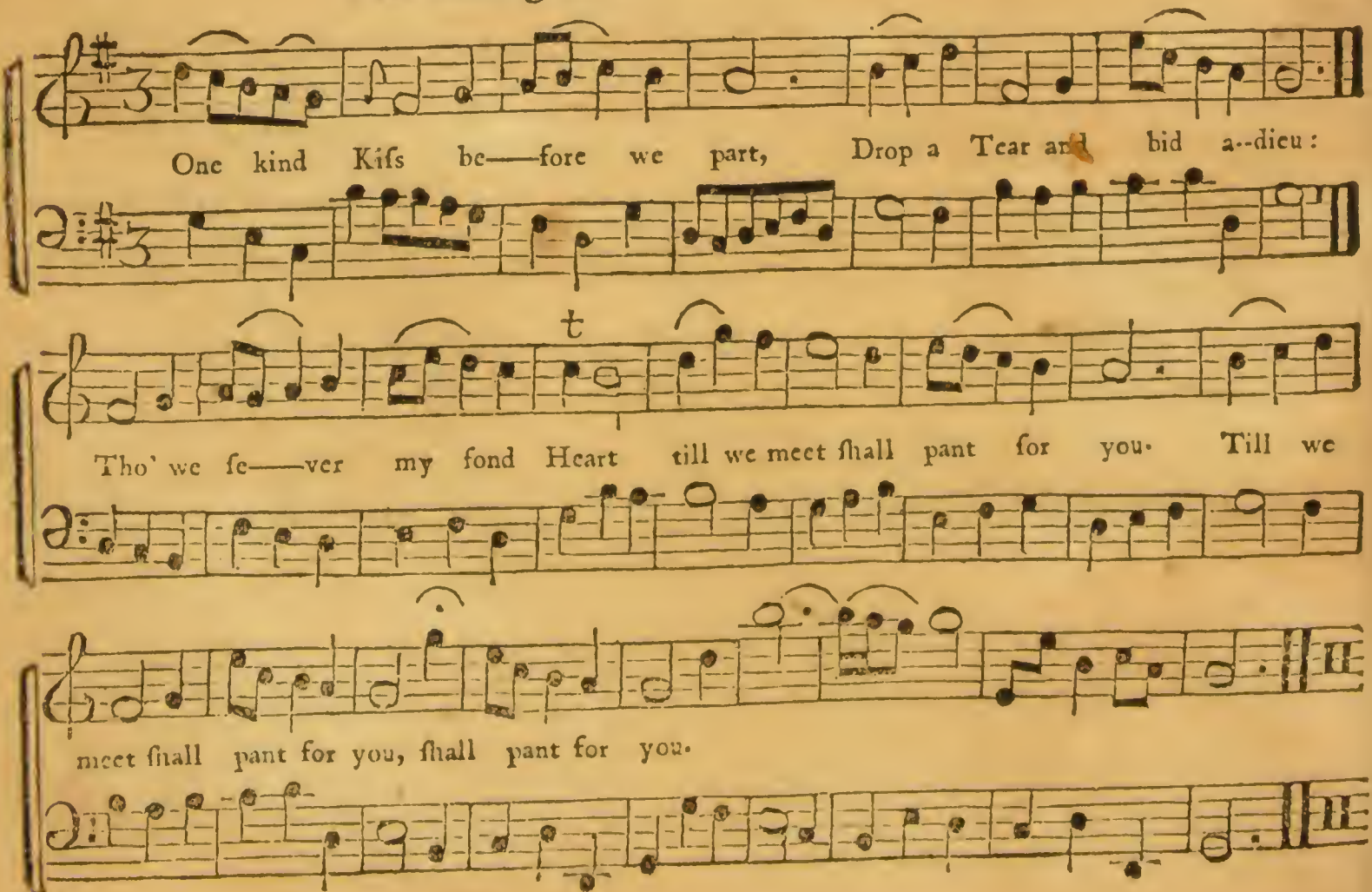
2.
If from the North such beauty comes,
How is it that I feel
Within my breast that glowing heat
No tongue can e'er reveal?
'Tho' cold and raw the north winds blow,

All summer's on her breast;
Her skin is like the driven snow,
But sunshine all the rest.

3.
Her heart may southern climates melt,
'Tho' frozen now in seems;

That joy with pain be equal felt
And ballanc'd in extremes:
Then like our genial wine she'll charm,
With love, my panting breast;
Me, like our sun, her heart shall warm,
Be ice to all the rest.

The Parting Kiss. Set by Mr. OSWALD.



One kind Kiss be-fore we part, Drop a Tear and bid a-dieu:
Tho' we se-ver my fond Heart till we meet shall pant for you. Till we meet shall pant for you, shall pant for you.

2.

All my soul will still be here.
Will still be here.

And ev'ry wish shall pant for
you;

Yet yet weep not so my love,
Let me kiss that falling tear;
Tho' my body must remove,
All my soul will still be here.

3

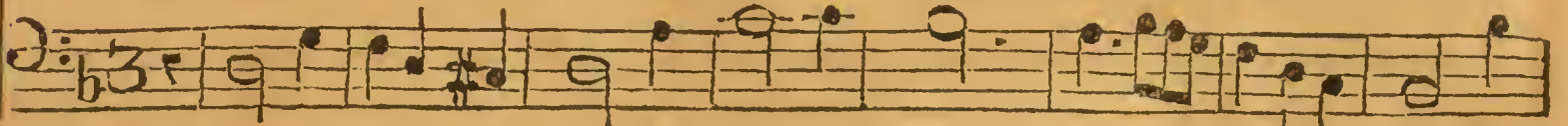
One kind kiss then e'er we part,
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.
Drop a tear, and bid adieu.
And bid adieu.

All my soul, and all my heart,

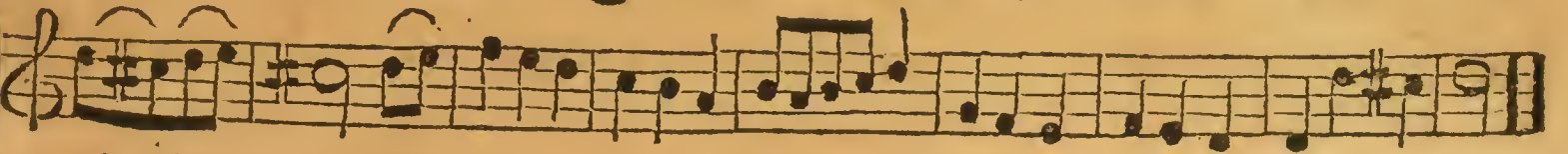
Advice to CLOE. Set by Dr. GREENE.



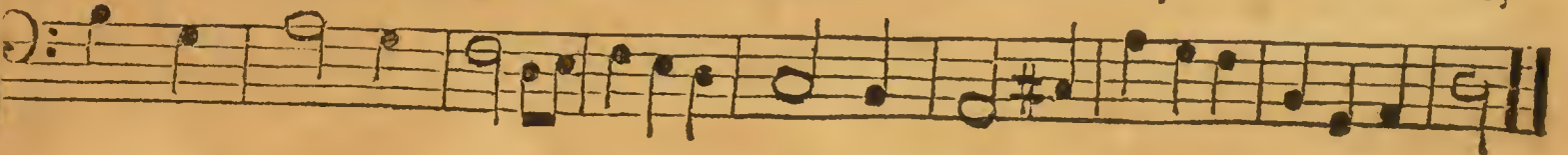
Dear Chloë while thus beyond measure you treat me wth doubts & dis--dain, You rob all y^e youth of its



Pleasure and hoard up an old age of Pain: Your Maxim that love is still founded on Charms y^e will quick-



ly de--cay, You'll find to be very ill ground--ed when once you its dictates o--bey.



2

The passion from beauty first
drawn
Your kindness will vastly im-
prove;
Soft looks and gay smiles are the
dawn,
Fruition's the sunshine of love:
And tho' the bright beams of your
eyes
Should be clouded that now are
so gay,
And darkness obscure all the skies,
You ne'er can forget it was
day.

3.

Old Darby with Joan by his side,
You've often regarded with won-
der;

He's dropical, she is fore-ey'd,
Yet they're ever uneasy asun-
der:
Together they totter about,
And sit in the sun at the door;
And at night, when old Darby's
pipe's out,
His Joan will not smoke a whiff
more.

4.

No beauty nor wit they possess,
Their several failings to smo-
ther;
Then what are the charms, can
you guess,
That make them so fond of each
other?
'Tis the pleasing remembrance of
youth,
The endearments that youth did

bestow,

The thoughts of past pleasure and
truth,
The best of all blessings below.

5.

Those traces for ever will last,
Nor sickness, nor time can re-
move;
For when youth and beauty are
past,
And age brings the winter of
love,
A friendship insensibly grows
By reviews of such raptures as
these,
And a current of fondness still
flows,
Which decrepid old-age cannot
freeze.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The Midsummer Wish. Set by Mr. CAREY.

Waft me some soft and cooling Breeze to Windfor's sha--dy cool Re--treat; Where Silvan

Scenes wide spreading trees re—pel the raging Dog-star's heat: where tufted Grass & mossy beds af-

ford a rural calm Retreat, or Woodbines hang y dewy heads & fragrant sweets around disclose.

2.

3.

4.

Old oozy Thames that flows fast
by,
Along the smiling valley plays;
His glassy surface cheers the eye,
And thro' the flow'ry meadow
strays:
His fertile banks with herbage
green,
His vales with golden plenty
swell;
Where'er his purer stream is seen,
The gods of health and pleasure
dwell.

Let me thy clear thy yielding
nave,
With naked arm once more di-
vide;
In thee my glowing bosom lave,
And stean thy gently rolling
tide:
Lay me with damask roses crown'd,
Beneath some oziars dusky shade,
Where water lillies paint the
ground,
And bubbling spings refresh the
glade.

Let chaste Clarinda too be there,
With azure mantle lightly drest,
Ye nymphs bind up her silken
hair,
Ye Zephyrs fan her panting
breast:
Oh! haste away fair maid, and
bring
The muse the kindly friend to
love;
To thee alone the muse shall sing,
And warble thro' the vocal
grove.

The Huntsman's Delight.

I am a jolly Huntsman my voice is shrill & clear, well known to drive y stag & y drooping dogs to

cheer, And a hunting we will go will go will go, & a hunt—ing we will go.

2.

I leave my bed betimes,
Before the morning gray ;
Let loose my dogs, and mount a
horse,
And hollow, come away.
And a hunting, &c.

3.

The game's no sooner couz'd,
But in rush the cheerful cry,
Thro' bush and brake, o'er hedge
and stake,
The frightened beast does fly.
And a hunting, &c.

4.

In vain he flies to covert,
A num'rous pack pursue,
That never cease to trace his steps,
Ev'n tho' they've lost the view.
And a hunting, &c.

5.

There's Scentwell and Finder,
Dogs never known to fail,
To hit off with humble nose,
But with a lefty tail.
And a hunting, &c.

6.

To Scentwell, hark ! he calls,
And faithful Finder joyns ;
Whip in the dogs, my merry rogues,
And give your horse the reins.
And a hunting, &c.

7.

Hark ! forward how they go it,
The view they'd lost they gain ;
Tantivy, high and low,
Their legs and throats they strain.
And a hunting, &c.

8.

There's Ruler and Countess,
That most times lead the field ;
Traveller and Bonnylafs,
To none of 'em will yield.
And a hunting, &c.

9.

Now Dutchess hits it foremost,
Next Lightfoot leads the way,
And Toper bears the bell,
Each dog will have his Day.
And a hunting, &c.

10.

There's Music and Chanter,
Their nimble trebles try ;
Whilst Sweetlips and Tunewell
With counters clear reply.
And a hunting, &c.

11.

There's Rockwood and Thunder,
That tongue the heavy bass ;
Whilst Trowler and Ringwood

With tenors crown the chase.
And a hunting, &c.

12.

Now sweetly in full cry
Their various notes they join ;
Gods ! what a comfort's here my
lads !
'Tis more than half divine.
And a hunting, &c.

13.

The woods, rocks, and mountains,
Delighted with the sound,
To neighb'ring dales and fountains
Repeating, deal it round.
And a hunting, &c.

14.

A glorious chace it is,
We drove him many a mile,
O'er hedge and ditch, we go thro'
fitch,
And hit off many a foil.
And a hunting, &c.

15.

And yet he runs it stoutly,
How wide, how swift he strains !
With what a skip he took that leap,
And scow'rs it o'er the plains !
And a hunting, &c.

16.

See how our horses foam !
The dogs begin to droop ;
With winding horn, on shoulder
born,
'Tis time to chear 'em up.
And a hunting, &c.

17.

Hark ! Leader, Countess, Bouncer,
Chear up my merry dogs all ;
To Tatler, hark ! he holds it smart,
And answers ev'ry call.
And a hunting, &c.

18.

Co co there, drunkard Snowball,
Gadzooks ! whip Bomer in ;
We'll die i'th' place, ere quit the
chace,
'Till we've made the game our
own.
And a hunting, &c.

19.

Up yonder steep I'll follow,
Beset with craggy stones ;
My lord cries, Jack, you dog ! come
back,
Or else you'll break your bones.
And a hunting, &c.

20.

Huzza ! he's almost down,
He begins to slack his course,
He pants for breath ; I'll in at's
death,

Or else I'll kill my horse.
And a hunting, &c.

21.

See, now he takes the moors,
And strains to reach the stream ;
He leaps the flood to cool his blood,
And quench his thirsty flame.
And a hunting, &c.

22.

He scarce has touch'd the bank,
The cry bounce finely in,
And swiftly swim a-cross the stream,
And raise a glorious din.
And a hunting, &c.

23.

His legs begin to fail,
His wind and speed is gone,
He stands at Bay, and gives 'em
play,
He can no longer run.
And a hunting, &c.

24.

Old Hektor long behind,
By use and nature bold,
In rushes first, and seizes fast,
But soon is slung from's hold.
And a hunting, &c.

25.

He traverses his ground,
Advances, and retreats,
Gives many a hound a mortal wound
And long their force defeats.
And a hunting, &c.

26.

He bounds, and springs, and snorts,
He shakes his branched head ;
'Tis safest farthest off, I see,
Poor Talboy is laid dead.
And a hunting, &c.

27.

Vain are heels and Antlers,
With such a pack set round,
Spight of his heart, seize ev'ry part,
And pull him fearless down.
And a hunting, &c.

28.

Ha ! dead, ware dead, whip off,
And take a special care ;
Dismount with speed, and cut his
throat,
Lest they his haunches tear.
And a hunting, &c.

29.

The sport is ended now,
We're laden with the spoil ;
As home we pass, we talk o'th'
chace,
O'erpaid for all the toil.
And a hunting, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

The MILLER'S SONG.

Sung by Mr. ATKINS at the New Sadler's Wells.

Vivace. Near the side of a

pond, at the foot of a hill, A free-hearted fellow attends on his Mill, Fresh health blooms a

strong rosy hue o'er his face, And honesty gives e'en to awkwardness grace :

Beslower'd of his meal does he labour and sing, And re-

galing at night he's as blest as a king ; After heartily eating he takes a full

swill Of liquor home-brew'd, & success of his Mill.

He

The musical score is written in a single system with two staves per line. The top staff is in treble clef and the bottom staff is in bass clef. The key signature has two flats (B-flat and E-flat), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo is marked 'Vivace'. The score consists of eight lines of music. The lyrics are placed between the staves. There are several musical markings: 'S.' above the first line, 'S.' above the fifth line, and 't' above the seventh line. The piece ends with a double bar line and repeat dots at the end of the eighth line.

2.

3.

4.

He makes no nice scruple of toll for his trade,
For that's an excise to his industry paid;
His conscience is free, and his income is clear,
And he values not them of ten thousand a year:
He's a freehold sufficient to give him a vote,
At elections he scorns to accept of a groat;
He hates your proud placemen, and do what they will,
They ne'er can seduce the stanch Man of the Mill.

On Sunday he talks with the barber and priest,
And hopes that our statesmen do all for the best;
That the Spaniards shall ne'er interrupt our free trade,
Nor good British coin be in subsidies paid:
He fears the French navy and commerce increase,
And he wishes poor Germany still may have peace;
'Tho' Old England he knows may have strength and have skill
To protect all her manors, and save his own Mill.

With this honest hope he goes home to his work;
And if water is scanty he takes up his fork,
And over the meadows he scatters his hay,
Or, with the stiff plough turns up furrows of clay:
His harvest is crown'd with a good English glee,
That his country may ever be happy and free:
With his hand and his heart to king George does he fill,
And may all loyal souls act the Man of the Mill.

FICKLE JENNY. Set by Sigr. D. RIZZO.

Ah! my fic—kle Jenny, while there was not a—ny in aw y^e north had pow'r to
win ye But Jocky only to his arms; Ne'er a laird in aw the na—tion was
in so happy a station as Jocky when in pos—session of Jenny in her early charms.

2.

Had you still caress'd me,
As you once address'd me,
No other Laird had e'er possess'd me,
But thine alone I'd only been:
Had I only been in vogue wi' ye,
Or had you let none else collogue ye,
Nor rambled after Cath'rine Ogue,
I'd ha' sped as well as any queen.

3.

Moggy of Dumferlin
She's my only darling,
Who sings as sweet as any starling,
And dances with a bonny air:

Moggy is so kind and tender,
If fate was ready now to end her,
Cou'd I but from the stroke defend her,
I'd die if he wou'd Moggy spare.

4.

Sawny me careffes,
Whose bagpipe so pleases,
That never my poor heart at ease is,
But when we are together baith:
I so heartily befriend him,
If fate was ready now to end him,
Cou'd I but from the stroke de-

fend him,
I thousand times I'd suffer death.

5.

Come, let's leave this fooling,
My heart ne'er was cooling,
None else but Jenny e'er was ruling,
But thus our hearts we fondly try:
To thy arms if thou restore me
Shou'd all the Lairds o' th' land adore me,
Nay our good king himself send for me,
With thee alone I'd lig and die.

The Muses DELIGHT.

FANNY Blooming Fair. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

When Fanny blooming fair first met my ravish'd sight, Caught by her shape & Air I
felt a strange de-light: Whilst ea-ger-ly I gaz'd, Ad-miring ev'ry Part, And
ev'ry Feature prais'd, She stole in—to my Heart.

2. 3. 4.

In her bewitching eyes
Ten thousand Loves appear;
There *Cupid* basking lies,
His shafts are hoarded there.
Her blooming cheeks are dy'd
With colours all their own,
Excelling far the pride
Of roses newly blown.

Her well-turn'd limbs confess
The lucky hand of *Jove*;
Her features all express
The beauteous queen of love:
What flames my nerves invade,
When I behold the breast
Of that too charming maid
Rise, suing to be prest!

Venus, round Fanny's waist
Has her own cestus bound,
With guardian *Cupids* grac'd,
Who sport the circle round:
How happy will he be
Who shall her zone unloose!
That bliss to all but me
May heav'n and she refuse.

Collin's Request. Set by Mr. MONRO.

Help me each har-monious grove, gently whisper all ye trees; tune each warbling
throat to love, and cool each mead with softest breeze: Breathe sweet odours ev'-ry flower,
all your various paintings shew, pleasing verdure grace each bow'r, a-round let ev'ry blessing flow.

Glide ye limpid Brooks along,
Phæbus glance thy mildest ray;
Murm'ring floods repeat my fong,

And tell what Colin dare not
say:
Celia comes! whose charming air,

Fires with love the rural Swains;
Tell, oh tell the blooming fair
That Colin dies if she disdains.

OPHELIA. Set by Mr. E. ORME.

Largo Affetuoso.

When fair O-phelia tunes her voice, The feather'd choir at-

tend the fong; And as they catch the melt-ing notes, And as they catch the

melt-ing notes, Re-peat them as they fly a-long, Re-peat them as they

fly along.

2.

Were half so sweet as those of
her's.
Were half so sweet, &c.

Blest with Apollo's charming
tongue!
So like the Goddess she appear'd,
So like, &c.

3.

So like the God himself she sung,
So like, &c.

'Twas sure fair Venus in disguise,

Not all the music of the Nine,
Nor of the sweet enchanting
Spheres;
Or plaintive notes of dying swans,
Or plaintive notes, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Women love Kissing as well as the Men. *Set by Mr. ARNE.*

The first system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one flat (B-flat) and a 4/4 time signature. The lower staff is in bass clef with the same key signature and time signature. The melody in the treble staff begins with a quarter note G4, followed by a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, and ends with a quarter note G4.

The second system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody from the first system. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics "A slave to y^e fair from my childh. Iv'e been, Be-" are positioned below the treble staff.

The third system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics "fore y^e soft down had appear'd on my chin ; And 'tis from experience all" are positioned below the treble staff.

The fourth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics "matters are known, I've found 'em all kind, I've found 'em all kind from Cla—rinda to Joan :" are positioned below the treble staff.

The fifth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics "I'll strive to convince ye by" are positioned below the treble staff.

The sixth system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. The lyrics "dint of the pen, y^e wom. lovekissing, wom. love kissing, wom.love kissing as well as y^e men." are positioned below the treble staff.

The seventh system of music consists of two staves. The upper staff continues the melody. The lower staff provides the bass line. This system concludes the piece with a final cadence in both staves.

2.

3.

4.

Young Cloe was wanton, but scruples she had,
I woo'd her so closely she yielded, egad!
And now you'll be constant? she whimper'd and cry'd:
I knew what I thought, so I smiling reply'd,
My dear, can you doubt it? and kiss'd her again;
For women love kissing as well as the men.

Chaste Cælia devoutly read lectures to me,
She wond'ring what pleasure in kissing cou'd be;
I press'd her to try it, and then speak her mind:
She made the sweet proof, and grew instantly kind,
Then answer'd me softly, I'll try it again:
All women love kissing as well as the men.

That Women are cruel, is all a mistake,
For ev'ry fair female at heart is a rake:
'Tis conduct, ye lovers, the damsel secures;
Stick close to her lips, she's infallibly yours;
And search thro' the sex, I'll lay twenty to ten,
All women love kissing as well as the men.

The Highland Laddie. Set by Master ARNE.

The Lowland Lads think they are fine, But oh they're vain and idly gaudy; How
much un—like the grac—eful mein, And man—ly looks of my Highland Laddie!
Oh my bon—ny Highland Laddie, My handsome charming Highland Laddie; May
heav'n still guard and love re—ward The Lowland Lads and her Highland Laddie.

2.
If I was free at will to chuse
To be y^e wealthiest lawland lady,
I'd take young Donald without
trews,
With his bonnet blue, and belted
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

4.
O'er benty hill with him I'll run,
And leave my lawland kin & dady,
Frae winter's cauld, & summer's sun,
He'll screen me with his highland
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

6.
Few compliments between us pass,
I ca' him my dear highland laddie,
And he ca's me his lawland lass,
Syne rows me in beneath his
plaidy. O my bonny, &c.

3.
The brawest beau in borrows-town,
In a' his airs, with art made ready
Compar'd to him, he's but a clown;
He's finer far in's tartan plaidy.
O my bonny, &c.

5.
A painted room, and filken bed,
May please a lawland laird and
lady;
But I can kiss, and be as glad
Behind a bush in's highland plai-
dy. O my bonny, &c.

7.
Nae greater joy I'll e'er pretend,
Than that his love prove true &
steady,
Like mine to him, which ne'er shall
end,
While heaven preserves my high-
land laddie. O my bonny, &c.

The Muses DELIGHT.

ALLY CROAKER.

There lived a man in Bali—no—cra—fy, Who wanted a wife to make him un—easy

long had he sigh'd for dear Ally Croaker, And thus the gentle youth be—spoke her,

Will you marry me dear Al—ly Croaker? Will you marry me dear Ally Ally Croaker?

2

3

4.

This artless young man, just come
from the schoolery,
A novice in love and all its foolery,
Too dull for a wit, too grave for a
joaker,
And thus the gentle youth bespoke
her;
Will you marry me, dear Ally
Croaker.
*Will you marry me, dear Ally, Ally
Croaker.*

He drank with the father, he talk'd
with the mother;
He rompt with the sister, he gam'd
with the brother;
He gam'd till he pawn'd his coat to
the broker,
Which lost him the heart of his
dear Ally Croaker,
Oh! the fickle, fickle Ally Croaker.
Oh! the fickle Ally, Ally Croaker.

To all ye young men who are fond
of gaming,
Who are spending your money
whilst others are saving,
Fortune's a jilt, the De'il may
choak her,
A jilt more inconstant than dear
Ally Croaker;
Oh! the inconstant Ally Croaker,
Oh! the inconstant Ally, Ally Croaker.

The Parrot's Song, from the fourth Book of TASSO. Set by Mr. BRODERIP.

Recit. Whilst at Armida's feet Rinaldo lay, Sinking be—neath the pleasing force of

love; A feather'd songster, from a nei'b'ring spray, the sweetest sounds thus fill'd th'enchanted grove.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Air Andante.

The gently budding rose behold, Half opening
to the vernal beams; Its beauties cautious to unfold, The
less 'tis seen the fairer seems.
Ye tender maids besieged by fighting beaux, Learn from my song,
learn from my song, Learn from my song the moral of the
rose.

And as, tho' guarded round with thorns,
 Time trips the fading uselefs
 Now'r,
 Which ne'er the lover's breast a-
 dorns,
 Nor e'er bedecks the bridal bow'r,
 When maiden aunts their sage ad-
 vice propose,
 Learn from my song the moral of
 the rose.

The DUETT.

Check the growing i-dle passion, On-ly built on In- cli-

Check the growing i-dle passion, On-ly built on In- cil-

na-tion: Check the growing i-dle passion, On-ly built on

na-tion: Check the growing i-dle passion, On-ly built on

In- cli- nation: Then a-lone it reigns complete,

Then a-lone it reigns complete,

When mutual love and friendship me-

When mutual love and friendship me-

et. Then a—lone it reigns com—
 et.
 plete, when mutual love and friendship meet.
 Then a—lone it reigns complete, when mutual love and friendship meet.

Lovely BETT. Set by Mr. CROME.

Of all the flow'rs that deck the field, In spring's en—liv'n—ing verdure set; Nor
 one such fragran—cy does yield, None half so sweet as love—ly Bett. None
 half so sweet as love—ly Bett.

2
 The men with rapture view the lass,
 The women eye her charms and
 fret,
 All vainly wishing to surpass,
 All falling short of lovely Bett.

3
 Sol shakes the reins and whips his
 nags,
 To sit with Thetis tete a tete,
 Yet knows no joys what e'er he
 brags, (Bett
 Like mine when sitting with my

4
 Minerva's wit, and Venus' charms,
 With chaste Diana's thought are
 met:
 Wou'd fortune give her to my arms,
 Death only shou'd part me and
 Bett.

The Muses DELIGHT.

Love and Innocence. Set by Mr. ORME.

Vivace.

I met in our village a swain t'other day, He stopt me and

beg'd me a moment to stay ; Then blush'd and in language I ne'er heard before He talk'd much of

love, he talk'd much of love & some pains that he bore, He talk'd much of love & some pains & he

bore : But what was his meaning I know not I

vow ; Yet a-las ! my poor heart, a-las ! my poor heart Feels, feels I

cannot tell how.

2.

3.

4.

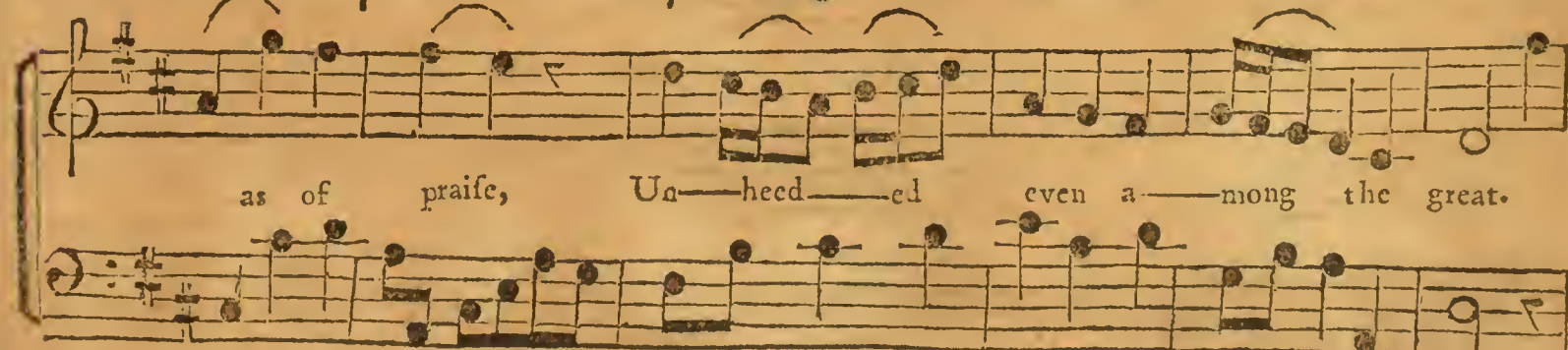
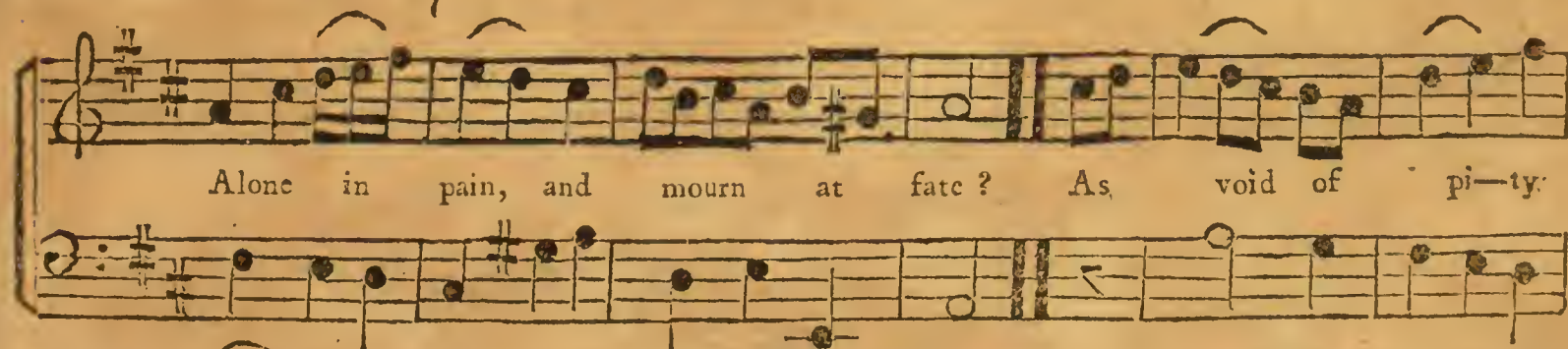
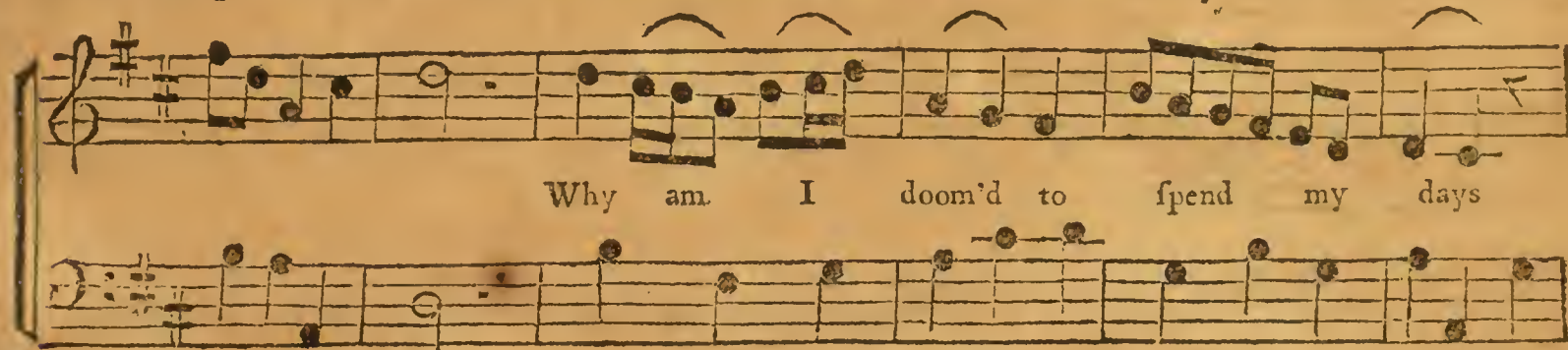
Each morning he brings me the violet and rose,
The woodbine, and ev'ry sweet flower that blows;
The choicest and sweetest he picks from the rest,
And begs me to wear the fine things in my breast:
But what is his meaning I know not, I vow,
Yet alas! my poor heart, &c.

At my feet my dear shepherd for ever I see,
Protesting he'll never love any but me;
He gazes with transport, and kisses me too,
And swears he'll for ever be constant and true:
But what is his meaning I know not, I vow,
Yet alas! my poor heart, &c.

Alas! why for me does the shepherd complain,
And say my bright eyes are the cause of his pain?
Indeed, were I sure (for his fate I deplore)
That he suffer'd for me, he should suffer no more.
I'll do all I can to relieve him, I vow,
That my heart may no more feel &c.

Why am I doom'd, &c. Set by Mr. STEEMSON.

Largo.



2.

3.

4.

None has a sense of what I feel;
None knows the anguish of my heart;
None but the pow'r to whom I kneel;
None, none, but he can cure my smart.

'Tis he alone that can restore
That darling object of my soul;
Give, what he only lent before,
For endless time, without controul.

Thus time, as boundless as my love,
Shall yield me joys as boundless, store,
'Till gift and giver one shall prove.
Where time and sorrow is no more.

The Muses DELIGHT.

A SCOTS Song. Set by Mr. OSWALD.

Andante. The shape and face let o—thers prize, The fea—tures of the fair; I look for spirit
in her eyes and meaning in her air. A damask cheek, and i—vory arm, Shall ne'er my
wish—es win; Give me an a—ni—ma—ted form, & speaks a mind with—in.

2.
A soul where awful honour shines,
Where sense and sweetness move;
And angel innocence refin'd,
The tenderness of love:
These are the soul of beauty's
frame,

Without whose vital aid
Unfinish'd all her features seem,
And all the roses dead.

3

But ah! when both their charms
unite,

How perfect is the view!
With ev'ry image of delight,
And graces ever new;
Their pow'r but faintly to express,
All language must despair;
But go, behold Aspasia's face
And read it perfect there.

CLOE. Set by Dr. GREENE.

My Cloe's eyes an heavenly blue, a brighter heav'n dis—close to view, a
brighter heav'n disclose to view; for in them is her temper seen, where all is cloudless
all serene, where all is cloudless, all serene.

2.

3.

4.

No vain coquet, nor pertly gay,
But keeping still the middle way;
Gentle to all, and kind to me,
Is the lovely darling she.

O may her rosy cheeks still bloom,
Her breath the ambient air perfume;
May age nor wrinkling care destroy
Those beauties which diffuse such
joy.

So may me live and love and toy
In one continual round of joy,
Till Time, vindictive, with his
scythe
Cuts our slender thread of life.

What beauteous Scenes, &c. Set by Mr. HOWARD.

What beauteous scenes en—chant my sight! How close—ly you—der vine Does
round that elm's sup—port—ing height It's wanton ring—less twine: That
elm, no more a bar—ren shade, Is with her clusters crown'd; And
that fair vine with—out it's aid Had crept a—long the gro—und, Had
crept along the ground.

2

Let this, my fair one, move thy
heart
Connubial joys to prove;
But mark what age and care impart,
Nor thoughtless rush on love:
Know thy own blifs, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,

The youthful God that rules the
year
And keeps the groves from harms.
And keeps, &c.

3.

While some with short-liv'd pas-
sion glow,

His love remains the same;
On him alone thy heart bestow
And crown his constant flame:
So shall no frost's untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring;
So shall thy trees, from blasts se-
cure,
Their wonted tribute bring.
Their wonted, &c.

Set by Mr. LANGSHAW.

Say mighty love, and teach my song, To whom the sweetest joys be-long, And
 who the happy pairs, Whose yielding hearts and joining
 hands Find blessings twisted in their bands which soften all their
 cares?

2.

3.

4.

Not the wild herd of nymphs and
 swains,
 Who thoughtless run into the chains,
 As custom leads the way:
 If there be bliss, without design,
 Ivies and oaks may grow and twine,
 And be as blest as they.

Not the dull souls, whose marble
 form
 None of the melting passions warm,
 Can mingle hearts and hands:
 Logs of green wood, that quench the
 coals,
 Are married just like stoic souls,
 With ozers for their bands.

Not minds of melancholly strain,
 Still silent, or that still complain,
 Can the dear bondage bless:
 As well may heav'nly concert spring
 From two old lutes with ne'er a
 string,
 Or none beside the bass.

Nor

5.

Not fordid souls of earthly mold,
Who, drawn by kindred charms of
gold,
To dull embraces move :
So two rich mountains of Peru
Might rush to wealthy marriage too,
And make a world of love.

6.

Nor let the cruel fetters bind

A gentle to a savage mind,
For love abhors the fight :
Loose the fierce tyger from the deer!
For native rage and native fear
Rise, and forbid delight.

7.

Nor can the soft enchantment hold
Two jarring souls of angry mold,
The rugged and the keen :
Sampson's young foxes might as
well

In bonds of cheerful wedlock dwell,
With firebrands tied between.

8.

Two kindest souls alone must meet,
'Tis friendship makes the bondage
sweet,
And feeds their mutual loves :
Fair Venus, in her rowling throne,
Is drawn by gentlest birds alone,
And Cupid's yolk the doves.

An HYMN for CHRISTMAS-DAY.

Sing we prai—ses to the Lord, Hal—le—lu—i—a; Bless his name
one accord, Hal—le—lu—i—a: For it's owing to his Care, Hal—
le—lu—i—a, What we have, and what we are. Hal—le—lu—i—a.

2.

3.

4.

He first made us by his power,
Hal-le-lu-i-a,
He preserves us every hour,
Halleluia ;
Food and raiment all are His,
Halleluia,
Present comforts, future blifs.
Halleluia.

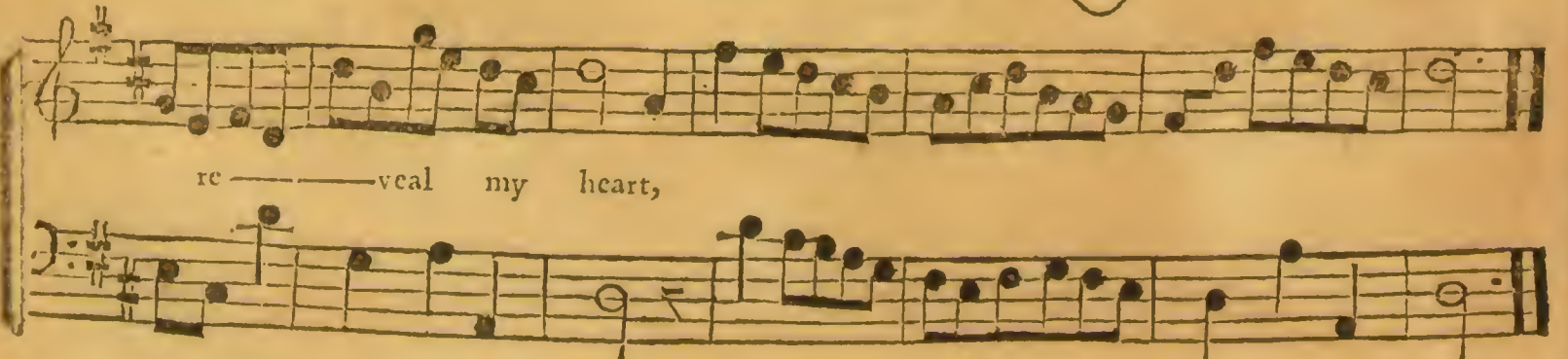
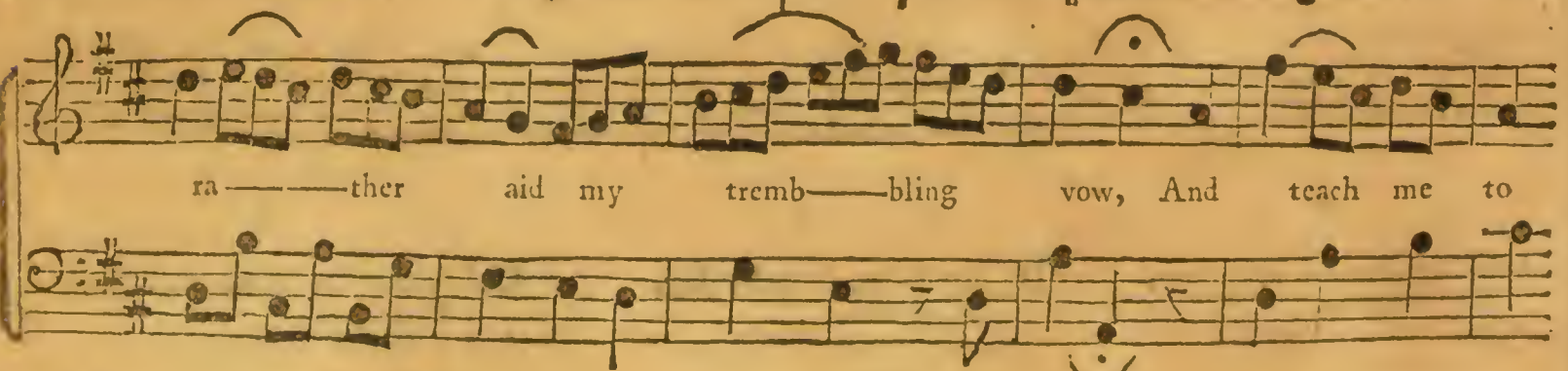
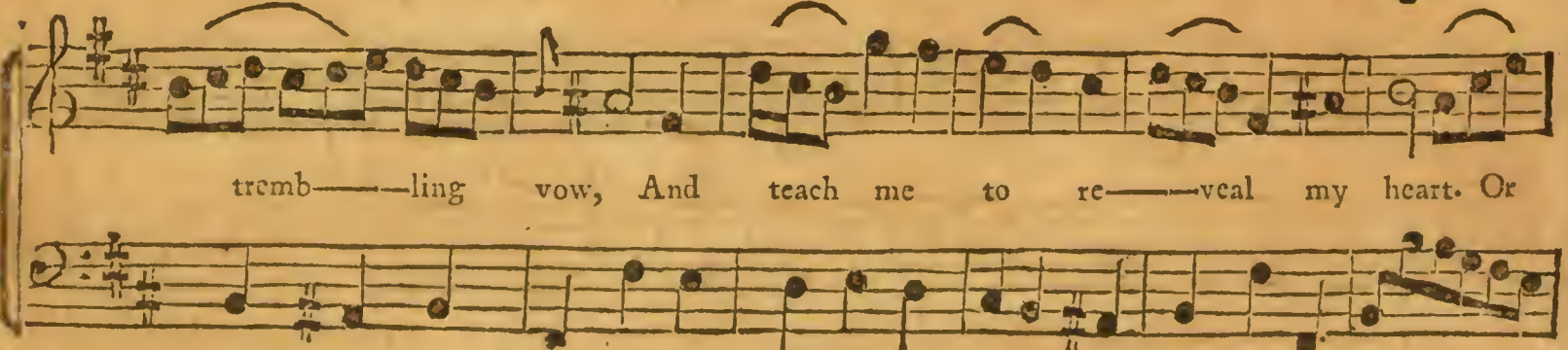
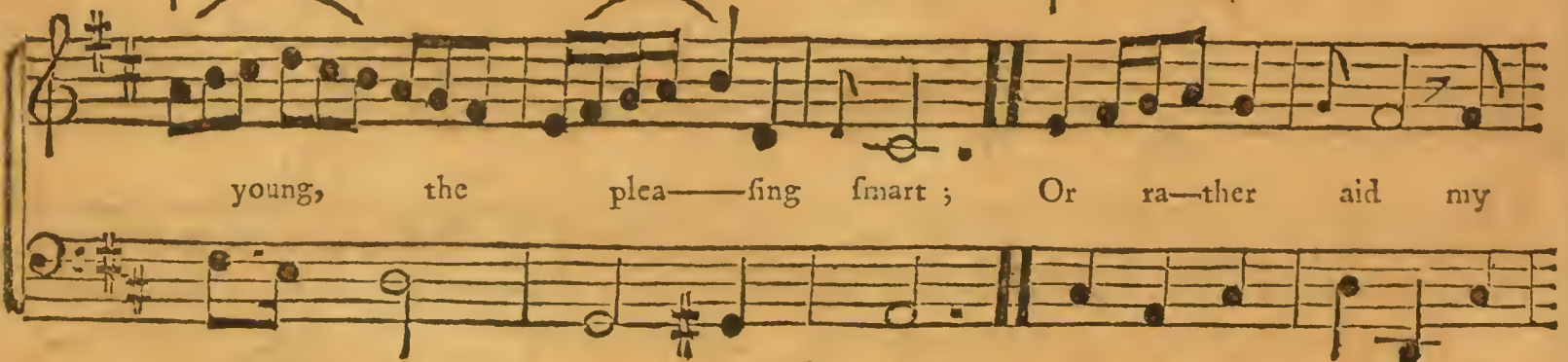
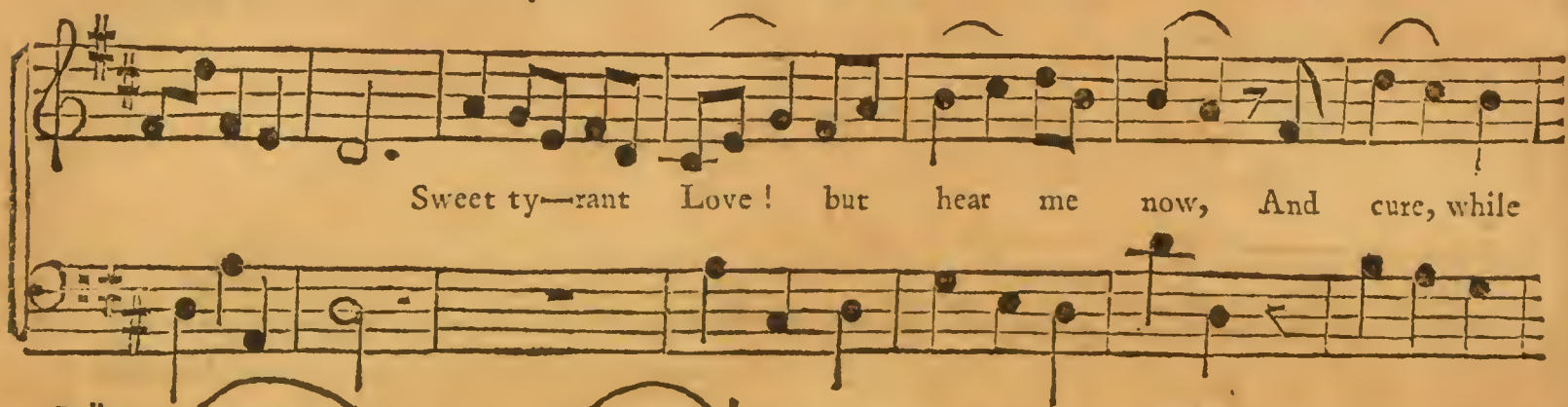
He directs our steps by day,
Halleluia,
Pointing out the safest way,
Halleluia,
And at night in mercy still,
Halleluia,
Guards us from all kinds of ill.
Halleluia.

God forgave us when undone,
Halleluia,
And redeem'd us by his son,
Halleluia :
Raise your voices then, and sing
Halleluia,
Thanks to heaven's eternal king.
Halleluia.

Sweet

The Muses DELIGHT.

Sweet Tyrant Love, &c. Set by Mr. STERMSON.



2.
Tell her, whose goodness is my bane,
Whose looks have smil'd my
peace away,
Oh! whisper how she gives me pain
While, undesigning, frank and
gay.
Oh whisper, &c.

3.
'Tis not for common charms I sigh,
Nor what the vulgar beauty call;
'Tis not a lip, a cheek, an eye,
But 'tis the soul that lights them
all.
'Tis not a lip, &c.

4.
For that I drop this tender tear,
For that I breathe this artless
moan;
Oh! whisper love into her ear,
And make the bashful lover
known.
Oh! whisper, &c.

COLLIN. Set by Mr. DEFESCH.

Oh pi—ty Collin, cru—el

fair, Think on his sighs and tears; His sighs re—gardless as the air, And without hope his

fears : Young Collin was ^e hap—

pi—est swain That e'er in Al—bion dwelt, He laugh at love and mock'd at pain, It's

pangs he ne'er had felt.

2.
The neighb'ring nymphs had often
tried
With love to lure the swain,
And he as oft their suit denied;
For love return'd disdain:
But ah! how chang'd his former state,
With folded arms he walks,
Upbraids the God and curses fate,
And like a madman talks.

2.
Nor can soft music's flatt'ring charm
Give now the least delight:
No more the bowl his bosom warm,
Or rural sports invite:
Relent, fair maid, e'er Collin dies;
Let him not mourn in vain;
His helpless love, regardless pangs
And unrewarded pain.

4.
O! think Myrtilla on his grief,
And on your cruel hate;
Reward his love and bring relief,
Before it is too late:
So shall his gen'rous, constant flame
Reward the beaut'ous fair,
And every hour and day shall beam
New blessings on the pair.

If

The Muses DELIGHT.

If Love's a sweet Passion. Set by Mr. BAILDON.

If love's a sweet passion how can it tor-

ment? If bit—ter oh! tell me whence comes my content? Since I suffer with pleasure why

should I com—plain, or grieve at my fate, when I know 'tis in vain?

Yet so plea—sing the pain is so soft is the

dart, That at once it both wounds me and tick—les my heart. At

once it both wounds me and ti—ckles my heart.

2.
I grasp her hand gently, look languishing down.
And by passionate silence I make my love known;
But oh! how I'm bless'd, when so kind she does prove,
By some willing mistake to discover her love!

When, in striving to hide, she reveals all her flame,
And our eyes tell each other what neither dares name!
Our eyes, &c.

3.
How pleasing is beauty, how sweet are the charms,
How delightful embraces, how

peaceful her arms!
Sure there's nothing so easy as learning to love;
'Tis taught us on earth, and by all things above;
And to beauty's bright standard all heroes must yield,
For 'tis beauty that conquers, and keeps the fair field.
'Tis beauty, &c.

Song in the Chaplet. Set by Dr. BOYCE.

De—clare my pret—ty Maid, Must my fond suit miscarry? With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play, But hang me if I marry, Hang me if I mar—ry. With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play, but hang me if I marry.

2.
Then speak your mind at once,
Nor let me longer tarry;
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play,
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

The stroke I well can parry;
I love to kifs, and toy and play,
But do not choose to marry.
I love to kifs, &c.

The foolish swain would marry.
Because when they, &c.

3.
Tho' charms and wit assail,

4.
Young Molly of the dale
Makes a meer slave of Harry;
Because when they had toy'd and kifs'd,

5.
These fix'd resolves, my dear,
I to the grave will carry:
With you I'll toy, I'll kifs and play,
But hang me if I marry.
With you, &c.

A
Musical Dictionary.

Being an EXPLICATION of

ITALIAN, FRENCH,

AND

Other WORDS, TERMS, &c.

Made Use of.

In Musical Compositions.



A

Musical Dictionary, &c.

A

A *Majuscule*, in thorough basses, marks the *Alto* or *Counter Tenor*.

A *Battuta*. See BATTUTA.

A *Bene placito*, at pleasure.

ACCENT, a certain modulation, or warbling of the sounds, to express the passions, either naturally by the voice, or artificially by instruments.

ACUTO, or ACUTE; a voice or Sound is so called when high or shrill.

ADAGIO, or by way of abbreviation ADAG°, or AD°; by which is signified the slowest movement in music, especially if the word be repeated twice, as *Adagio Adagio*.

AD *Libitum*, if you please.

A DUE, or DOI, A TRE, A QUARTO, &c. signifies, for two, for three, or four, &c. parts. See OBLIGATO.

AFFETTO, or CON AFFETTO, or AFFETTUOSO, signifies that the music must be performed in a very moving, tender or affecting manner, and therefore not too fast, but rather slow.

ALAMIRE, the name of one of the notes in the modern scale.

ALLABREVE, the name of a movement, whose bars consist of two semi-breves, or four minims, &c.

ALLEGRO, is used to signify that the music ought to be performed in a brisk, lively, gay and pleasant manner, yet without hurry and precipitation, and quicker than any except Presto.

The usual six distinctions succeed each other in the following order, Adagio, Grave, Largo, Vivace, Allegro and Presto.

A

It is to be observed, the movements of the same name as Adagio or Allegro, are swifter in triple than in common time; the triple $\frac{3}{2}$ is Adagio, Allegro, or Vivace; the triples $\frac{6}{8}$, $\frac{6}{4}$, $\frac{9}{8}$, $\frac{12}{8}$ are commonly Allegro.

If Allegro be preceded by Piu, it adds to the strength of its signification, requiring the music to be performed brisker and gayer than Allegro alone intimated.

ALLEGRO *Allegro*, signify much the same as Piu Allegro.

ALLEGRO *ma non presto*, brisk and lively, but not too hastily.

ALLEGRETTO, a diminutive of Allegro, which therefore means pretty quick, but not so quick as Allegro.

ALLEMAND, a sort of grave and solemn music, whose measure is full and moving.

ALMAIN, a sort of air that moves in common time.

ALMANDA, a certain air or tune where the measure is in common time and movement slow.

ALT, is a term applied to the high notes in the scale.

ALTERNATIVEMENT, is to play or sing two airs by turns, one after another, several Times over.

ALTO, or ALTUS, the upper or counter tenor, and is commonly met with in music of several parts.

ALTO *Viola*, a small tenor or Viol.

ALTO *Violino*, a small tenor Violin.

ALTO *Concertante*, the tenor of the little chorus, or the tenor that sings or plays throughout.

A

ALTO Ripiano, the tenor of the great chorus, or the tenor that sings or plays now and then in some particular Places.

ALTRO, is an *Italian* Adjective, signifying other, as *una altera volta*—play it over again; *in altro modo*—in another manner.

ANDANTE, this Word has respect chiefly to the thorough bass, and signifies, that in playing the time must be kept very just and exact, and each Note made very equal and distinct the one from the other. Sometimes you will find the word *Largo* join'd with it, as *Andante Largo*, or *Largo Andante*, which is as much as to say, that though the music must be performed slow, yet the time must be observed very exactly, the sound of each note made very distinct, and separated one from another.

ANIMA, or **ANIMATO**, is with life and spirit, and is of much the same signification as the word *Vivace*, which is a degree of movement between *Largo* and *Allegro*.

ANTHEM, a church song, performed in cathedral and other service, by the choristers, divided for that purpose into two chorusses, who sing alternately.

APOTOME, is the remaining part of an entire tone, after a greater semi-tone has been taken from it.

APOGIATURA, is when in any part of a song there are two notes that are some distance from one another, as a third or fifth, and in playing such passage the musician puts in *small* intermediate notes, ascending or descending, which are not reckon'd in the Time.

ARCHILUTO, an Arch-Lute, or very long and large Lute, differing but little from the Theorbo Lute, and is used by the *Italians* for playing a thorough bass.

ARCO, a bow, or fiddle-stick.

ARIA, an air, song or tune.

ARIETTA, is a little or short air, song or tune.

ARIOSE, or **ARIOSO**, signifies the movement or time of a common air, song or tune.

ARPEGGIO. See the word **HARPEGIC**.

A

ARSIS and *Thesis*, are *Greek* Terms used in composition; as when a point is inverted or turned, 'tis said to move *per Arsin* and *Thesin*, *i. e.* when a point rises in one part and falls in another, whence is produced an agreeable variety; tho', properly speaking, 'tis also the rise and fall of the hand in beating the time.

ASSAI, this Word is always joined with some other word, to lessen or weaken the strength or signification of the Words it is joined with. For Example, when it is joined with either of these words *Adagio*, *Grave* or *Largo*, which do all three denote a slow movement, it signifies that the music must not be perform'd so slow as each of those words would require if alone: But if it be joined with either of the following words, *Vivace*, *Allegro* or *Presto*, which do all three denote a quick movement, then it signifies that the music must not be perform'd quite so brisk or quick, as each of these words if alone does require.

B

B, Signifies Bass or Basso.

B, B C, denote Basso Continuo.

BALLETTO, is what we call a Balet, a sort of dance, the air whereof begins with a quaver, the hand rising: it has two strains of four or eight bars each, and is beat in two or four times quick.

BANDORA, a kind of ancient musical instrument with strings resembling a Lute.

BAR, a stroke drawn perpendicularly across the lines of a piece of music, including between each two a certain quantity or measure of time, which is various as the time of the music is either triple or common.

BASS, that part of a concert which is most heard, which consists of the gravest and deepest sounds, and which is played on the largest pipes or strings of a common instrument, as of an Organ, Lute, or on instruments larger than ordinary for that purpose, as Bass Viols, Bassoons, Bass-hautboys, &c.

BASSO,

B

BASSO, is the bass in general; tho' sometimes in pieces of music for several voices, the singing bass is more particularly so called.

Basso Violino, is the bass for the Bass Violin.

Basso Viola, a Bass Viol.

Basso Continuo, is the thorough bass, or continual bass, and is commonly distinguished from the other basses by figures over the notes; which figures are proper only for the Organ, Harpsichord, Spinnet, and Theorbo Lute.

N. B. A Thorough Bass is not always figured.

Basso Concertante, the bass of the little chorus, or the bass that plays throughout the whole piece.

Basso Recitante, the same as Basso Concertante.

Basso Ripieno, is the bass of the grand chorus, or the bass that plays now and then in some particular places.

BASSETTO, is a bass Viol, or bass Violin of the smallest size, and is so called to distinguish them from those bass Viols or Violins of a larger size.

BASTARDO Viola. See **VIOLA**.

BASSOON, a musical instrument of the wind kind, serving as a bass in concerts of wind music, as of Flutes, Hautboys, &c. To make it portable it is divided into two parts. Its diameter at bottom was formerly nine inches, at present 'tis four at most, and it's holes are stopped with keys, &c. like large Flutes. It serves as Bass to the Hautboy.

BASS Violin, a musical instrument of the same form with the Violin, except that 'tis much larger. 'Tis struck like that with a bow, has four strings and eight stops, divided into half notes or semitones. The sound it yields is much more grave, sweet and agreeable than that of the Violin, and of much better effect in a concert.

BATTUTA, the motion of beating with the hand or foot, in directing the time.

The *Italians* use the phrase, *A Tempo Giusto*, after a recitative, to shew that the measure is to be beat true and just, which

B

during that recitative was conducted irregularly, to favour some action, or to express some passion, &c.

BENE Placito, if you please, or if you will.

BELL HARP, a musical instrument of the string kind, thus called either because shaped like a Bell, or by reason the common players thereon swing it about as a Bell on it's bias, it being hung on a string and rested against them for that purpose.

BMI is the third note in the modern scale of music.

BOMBARDO, is an instrument of music, much the same as our Bassoon or Bass to a Hautboy.

BOUREE, is the name of a *French* dance, or the tune or air belonging thereto.

BREVE is a note, formed like a square, without a tail, and equivalent to two Semibreves or four Minims.

BRILLIANTE, is to play in a brisk, lively manner.

C

C Denotes the highest part in thorough bass.

CADENCE, in the modern music, may be defined a certain conclusion of a song, or of the parts thereof, in many places of a piece, which divide it, as it were, into so many numbers or periods. The Cadence is when the parts fall or terminate on a chord or note, the ear seeming naturally to expect it; and is much the same in a song as a period that closes the sense in a paragraph of a discourse.

CAMERA, a Chamber. This word is often used in music books, to distinguish such music as is designed for Chambers or private concerts, from such as is designed for Chapels or great Concerts: Thus *Sonata da Camera*, is Chamber Sonatas; and *Sonata da Chiesa* is Church or Chapel Sonatas.

CANON, a short composition of two or more parts, in which one leads and the other follows.

CANTABILE, is to play in a kind of singing or chanting manner.

CANTATA

C

CANTATA, a song or composition, intermixed with recitatives, little airs and different motions, and meerly intended for a single voice with a thorough bass, tho' sometimes for two violins and other instruments. When the words or subjects are intended for the church it is called *Cantata morali ò spirituali*; but when on love, *Cantata amorose*, &c.

CANTO, a song, or the treble part thereof; thus,

CANTO Concertante, is the treble of the little chorus, or the part that sings throughout.

CANTO Ripiano, is the treble of the grand chorus, or that which only sings now and then in some particular places.

CANTORE, a singer, or songster: one that sings.

CANZONE, in general, signifies a song, wherein some little fuges are introduced; but it is sometimes used for a sort of *Italian* poem usually pretty long, to which music may be composed in the stile of a Cantata. If the word Canzone be added to a piece of instrumental music, it signifies much the same as Sonata; to a piece of vocal much the same as Cantata. If placed in any part of a sonata signifies much the same as Allegro, and only denotes that the part to which it is prefixed is to play in a brisk and lively manner.

CANZONETTA, a little short song. The *Canzonetta Neapolitane* have two strains, each whereof is sung twice over, as the *Vaudevilles* of the *French*. The *Canzonetta Siciliane* are a species of jig, the measure is usually $\frac{1}{8}$ or $\frac{6}{8}$, sometimes both are Rondeaux, and begin with the first strain to end.

CAPPELLA signifies a church or chapel, but more properly the music belonging thereunto, or the chief master thereof: Thus *Maestro di Capella*, is master of the chapel music. Tho' sometimes by *Maestro di Capella*, is to be understood only a music master; but then it means one of the first rank.

CAPO, is to say head or chief, as *Capo di Instrumenti*, the master or head of the instruments, being the person whose care is to instruct and direct those that

C

perform the instrumental part of a concert.

CAPRICIO means Caprice, the term is applied to certain pieces, wherein the composer gives a loose to his fancy, and not being confined either to particular measures or keys, runs divisions according to his mind, without any premeditation.

CATTIVO, bad, unfit.

CHACONE, or **CHACONDE**, a kind of dance in the air of a Saraband, derived from the *Moors*.

CHANT, is used for vocal music in churches. In ecclesiastical history we find mention made of many kinds of *Chant*, or song, the first is the *Ambrosian Chant*, which was established by St. *Ambrose*, bishop of *Milan*, and was distinguished from the *Roman* in being stronger and higher.

The next is the *Gregorian Chant*, introduced by pope *Gregory* the great. This is what above is called the *Roman Chant*, and is still retained in churches under the name of Plain Song.

CHIAVE, is a Cliff or Cleff, a term or character in music.

CHIAVE Maestro, signifies the fundamental key or note of a song.

CHIESA, a church or chapel. This word is used in the title page of some music books, to distinguish the music design'd for churches from that design'd for chambers or private concerts. Thus *Sonata, Musiche, or Concerti, &c. da Chiesa*, is Sonatas, Music, or Concertos, &c. for a Church or Chapel: And *Sonata, Musiche, or Concerti da Camera* is Sonatas, Music, or Concertos for a chamber or private concert.

CHORDS, or **CORDS**, are strings or lines, by whose vibrations the sensation of sound is excited; and by whose divisions the several degrees of a tune are determin'd.

CHORO, **CHOEUR**, or **CHORUS** is when all the several parts of a piece of music perform together, which is commonly at the conclusion.

CHROMATIC, in the ancient music, the second of the *Genera* or kinds, into which the consonant intervals were subdivided into their concinnous parts. The other kinds are the *Enharmonic* and the *Diatonic*.

CIACONA,

C

C

CIACONA, a Chacon or tune composed to a ground bass. See **CHACONE**.

CIFFRA, a cypher; thus the *Italians* name the figures which they use over the bass notes in thorough basses, to mark the accords which are to be made as accompaniments to those on the lines.

CLARINO, a Trumpet, *A doi Clarini*, for two trumpets.

CLAVE *Cimbalo*, a Harpsichord.

CLARICHORD, or **MANICHORD**, a musical instrument in the form of a Spinnet.

CLARION, a kind of Trumpet, whose tube is narrower, and its tone shriller than that of the common Trumpet.

CLEFF, **CLIFF** or **KEY**, a mark set at the beginning of the lines of a song, which shews the tone, or key, in which the piece is to begin; or, it is a letter marked on any line, which explains, and gives name to all the rest.

COME *sopra*, as above; or the part above over again: Which words are used when any foregoing part is to be repeated.

COMMA, is one of the least intervals of music that the ear is sensible of. The Comma is about the tenth part of a tone.

COMPOSITION, is the art of disposing musical sounds into airs, songs, &c. either in one or more parts, to be sung by a voice, or played on instruments.

CON is an *Italian* word signifying *with*, and is joined often with other words, as

CON *Affetto*. See **AFFETTO**.

CON *Bizarria*, with changes, capriciously, sometimes fast, at others slow, strong, soft, &c.

CON *Dolce maniera*, in a soft and sweet manner.

CON *Diligenza*, with care, diligently.

CON *Discretione*, with judgment or discretion.

CON *é senza Violini*, with and without Violins. This phrase is used when there are some parts of a piece to be sung with, and some without Violins.

CON *é senza stromenti*, with and without instruments.

CON *furia*, in a very quick and strong manner.

CON *Observanza*, with care, to play a piece of music just, and exactly as 'tis marked, without adding or diminishing.

CONCERTO, or **CONCERT**, popularly a consort, a number or company of musicians, playing or singing the same piece of music or song at the same time.

The word Concert may be applied where the music is only melody; that is, the performers all in unison; but it is more properly as well as more usually understood of harmony, or where the music consists of divers parts, as treble, tenor and bass, &c.

CONCERTANTE, are those parts of a piece of music which play throughout the whole, to distinguish them from those which play only in some parts.

CONCERTO *Grosso*, is the great or grand chorus of the concert, or those places of the concerto, or concert, where all the several parts perform or play together.

CONCORD, is the relation of two sounds that are always agreeable to the ear; whether applied in succession or consonance.

CONSONANCE, all agreeable intervals in music are so called.

CONTINUO, signifies the thorough Bass, as *Basso continuo* is the continual or thorough Bass, which is sometimes marked in music books by the letters B C. which see.

CONTINUATO, is to continue or hold on a sound or note in an equal strength or manner; or to continue a movement in an equal degree of time all the way.

CONTRAPUNTO, or **COUNTERPOINT**, thus called, because originally the notes were only points placed one against or over another.

In general, every harmonious composition of many parts, is called Counterpoint. But one, two or more different parts composed upon a given subject, taken from the church music, is particularly called, in *Italian*, *Sogetto di contrapunti*. When the Tenor, or any upper part, is given for a subject, 'tis called *Sogetto sopra*

C

sopra, and the bass or lower parts made to it, are called *Contrapunti infra* or *Sotto il sogetto*. The subject is ordinarily in the Bass, and each note contains a bar of common duple time, or half a measure common of four times; and the composition made to this subject is termed *Contrapunto sopra il sogetto*.

CORNET, a Horn, a musical instrument used by the ancients in their wars.

CORNETTINO, is a small Cornet, and is nearly the same with our Hautboy, though not blown with a reed, but in the manner of a Trumpet.

COUNTER *Tenor*, is one of the mean or middle parts, so called as if it were opposite to the tenor; by the *French* called the *Haut Contre*.

COURANT, is used to express the air or tune and the dance to it.

CROTCHET, one of the notes or characters of time.

D

D, In thorough basses, marks what the *Italians* call *Descanto*, and intimates that the treble ought to play alone, as T does the tenor and B the bass.

DA an *Italian* proposition, signifying sometimes *by*, as *Da Capella*. See CAPPELLA; sometimes *for*, as *Sonata da Camera*, See CAMERA; sometimes *from*, as *Da Capo*, from the beginning. See DC. or CAPO. Sometimes *to*, as *Da Suonar*, to sound or play; and likewise *with*, as *Stromenti da Arco*, instruments to be played with a bow.

DAL', the same as *Da*.

DC, an abbreviation of *Da Capo*, i. e. at the head or beginning; these words or letters are commonly met with at the end of rondeaus, or such airs or tunes as end with the first strain, and intimate that the song is to be begun again, and ended with the first part.

DECIMA, is one of the intervals in music, by us called a tenth; 'tis composed of an octave and tierce major or minor.

Contrapunto ala DECIMA, is one of the species of double counterpoint; wherein

D

the principal counterpoint may rise a tenth above, or fall as much below the subject, (by the *Italians* called *Sogetto*) which greatly varies the harmony.

DECIMA *Terza* is the double sixth or thirteenth.

DECIMA *Quarta*, is the double seventh.

DECIMA *Quinta*, is the double octave or fifteenth.

DECIMA *Sexta*, is the second tripled or ninth doubled.

DECIMA *Settima*, is the third tripled, or tenth doubled.

DECIMA *Oitava*, is the fourth tripled.

DECIMA *Nona*, is the fifth tripled.

DEMI, the same as *femi*, half.

DEMI-DITONE, the same with tierce minor.

DEMIQUAVER, is a note in music, two of which are equal to a Quaver.

DIALOGO, a dialogue, a piece of music for two or more voices or instruments, which answer one another.

DIAPASON, a musical interval, by which most authors who have wrote on the theory of music, use to express the octave of the *Greeks*; as they use *Diapente*, *Diateffaron* and *Hexachord*, to express fifth, fourth and sixth.

DIATONIC, an epithet given to music, as it proceeds by tones and semi-tones, both ascending and descending.

DIESIS, is a division of a tone less than a semitone; or an interval consisting of a less or imperfect semi-tone, i. e. the placing semi-tones where there ought to be tones, or tones where there ought to be only semi-tones.

DIMINUTIO, signifies *diminished*; as a diminished or rather divided cadence, interval, counterpoint, &c. all intervals wanting a semi-tone minor of their full quantity, are called diminished intervals, as also *imperfect*. When a sharp is placed in a lower part, or a flat in a higher, the interval from that may be called *diminished*.

DISCORD, the relation of two sounds, which are always and of themselves disagreeable, whether applied in succession or consonance.

DISSONANCE, or DISCORD, a false consonance or concord.

DITONE,

D

DITONE, or **DITONUM**, an interval, comprehending two tones.

DIVISI, divided. Thus *Divisi in due parte*, is divided into two parts.

DIVOTO, signifies a grave, serious manner or way of playing or singing, proper to inspire devotion.

DOI, two. *A doi canti*—for two voices.

D, LA, SOLRE, is the fifth note of the septentaries or combination in the gamut; only *re* is wanting in the uppermost, and *la* in the lowermost.

DOMINANT of a mode, that sound which makes a perfect fifth to the final, in authentic modes; and a third to the final, or sixth to the lowest chord of a plagal mode.

DOLCE, signifies *soft, sweet, and agreeable*; as *con dolce maniera*—after a sweet and agreeable manner.

DOUX, soft and sweet, much the same in music as *Piano*.

DUE, DUI, or DUO, the same as *Doi*.

DUETTI, or DUETTO, are little songs or airs in two parts.

DULCINO, a little or small Bassoon.

DULCIMER, a common musical instrument, of a triangular form.

DUODECIMA, is the twelfth, or fifth doubled.

E

ECHO, or **ECHUS**, is an echo, which in music is the repetition of some part of a song or tune in a very low and soft manner, in imitation of a real or natural echo; the same is signified by the words *Doux* or *Piano*.

ECCHOMETRE, a kind of scale or rule with several lines thereon, serving to measure the duration and length of sounds, and to find their intervals and ratios.

ENHARMONICAL, of, or pertaining to harmony.

ENTREE, or ENTRE, is a particular kind of air so called.

EPISYNAPHE, says *Bacchius* senior, is when three tetrachords or fourths

are sung one after another, without any disjunction, as when we proceed from the *Hypaton tetrachord* to *Meson*, and thence to *Synemmenon*, between which there is no *Diezeutic* tone.

F

F. This letter is often used as an abbreviation of the word *Forte*.

FAGOTTINO, a single Curtail, a musical instrument, somewhat like unto a small Bassoon.

FAGOTTO, is a double or large bass Curtail, or Bassoon.

FANTASIA, is a kind of air, wherein the composer is not tied up to such strict rules as in most other airs, but has all the liberty allowed him for his fancy or invention that can reasonably be desired.

N. B. Some Sonatas are so called.

FIFE, a sort of wind music, being a small pipe.

FIFTH, one of the harmonical intervals or concords. The Fifth is the second in the order of the concords; the ratios of the chords that afford it, are as 3 : 2.

FIFFARO, is a fife, or small pipe, flute or flageolet, made use of by the *Germans*, in their armies, to play with a drum.

FILUM, is by the *Italians* called *Virgula*, and by us the tail of a note, as a minim is a semibreve with a tail to it.

FIN, FINIS, or FINALE, is the end or last note of a piece of music.

FINITO, a canon or fugue is said to be *Finito*, when it is not perpetual; but when at some certain place all the parts join or unite, after having followed one another for some time.

FIORITTO is a species of diminution, which is commonly made at the ending of a cadence.

Canto **FIORITTO**, is a song full of diminutions, graces, passages, &c. and is indeed a figurate counterpoint.

FISTULA, an instrument of the wind kind, resembling our flute or flageolet.

FLAUTO, is a flute; to be understood chiefly of the common sort.

F

FLAUTO *Traversa*, a German Flute.

FLAUTINO, or FLAGEOLET, a little or small flute, of the common sort; like what we call a sixth flute, or an octave flute.

FLUTE *a Bec*, is a common flute.

FLUTE *d'Allemanda*, is a german flute.

FORLANA, a slow kind of jig.
See SALTARELLA.

FORTE, or FORTEMENT, is to play or sing loud and strong; and *Forte Forte*, or FF, is very loud.

Piu Forte, or PF, is a degree louder than Forte only.

FORTISSIMO, is extreme loud.

FUGUE, is when the different parts of a musical composition follow each other, each repeating what the first had performed.

FURIA, or *Con Furia*, is with fury and violence; and this is to be understood not so much with respect to the loudness of the sound, as to the quickness of the time or movement.

G

G Is used to signify one of the clefs.

GALLIARDA, the name of an ancient dance or tune belonging thereunto, commonly in triple time, of a brisk, lively humour, somewhat like a jig.

GAMA, or GAMMA, is what we call the Gamut, or Gam-ut; by which is meant the first note in the scale of music; also the scale itself.

GAMBA, Leg, as *Viola di Gamba*—a leg Viol.

GAVOTTA, a Gavot, an air of a brisk, lively nature, always in common time, each part to be play'd twice over; the first part is commonly in four or eight bars, and the second part in four, eight, twelve, sixteen bars or more.

GAY, or GAYMENT, is gay, brisk, or lively.

GENUS, by the ancients called *Genus Melodica*, is a certain manner of dividing and subdividing the principles of melody; *i. e.* the consonant and dissonant intervals into their concinnous parts.

GIGA, GICQUE, or GIGUE, a Jigg,

G

a dance or air very well known; some of which are to be play'd slow, others brisk.

GRANDE, is great or grand, and is used to distinguish the great or grand chorus from the rest of the music.

GRATIOSO, is a graceful and agreeable manner of playing.

GRATIETUSEMENT, the same as Gratiofo.

GRAVE, signifies a very grave and slow movement, somewhat faster than Adagio and slower than Largo.

GRAVEMENT, is the same as Grave.

GRAVITY, an affection of sound, whereby it becomes denominated *deep* or *low*.

GRAVITY stands in opposition to acuteness, which is that affection of sound whereby it is denominated *acute* or shrill.

GITARE, a Guittar, a musical instrument, now out of use with us.

H

HARDIMENT, much the same as Vivace.

HARMONIA, Harmony, the result or agreement of two or more different notes or sounds, joined together in accord.

HARMONICA, a term given by the ancients to that part of music which considers the difference and proportion of sounds, with respect to acute and grave.

HARP, a musical instrument of the string kind, being of a triangular figure, and placed an end between the legs to be played on.

HARPEGGIO, or HARPEGGIATO is to cause the several notes or sounds of an accord to be heard, not together, but one after another, beginning always with the lowest.

HARPSICHORD, or HARPSICAL, a musical instrument of the string kind, played on after the manner of the Organ.

HAUT, high or shrill.

HAUTBOIS, a Hoboy or Hautboy, an instrument of music very common, and therefore well known.

HAUT *Contre*, Counter Tenor.

HAUTDESSUS, first Treble.

HEPTACHORD,

H

HEPTACHORD, is a word compounded of the *Greek*, intimating seven strings.

In this sense it was applied to the lyre, when it had but seven strings, and is generally said of any instrument that hath but that number; one of the intervals is also called Heptachord, as containing such number of degrees between its extremes.

HEXACHORD, in the ancient music, a concord which the moderns call commonly a sixth.

HOMOPHONOUS, is said of two or more chords, strings, or voices, that are of the same pitch of tune, and signifies properly no more than that they are in unison.

HORN, a sort of musical instrument of the wind kind, chiefly used in hunting, to animate the hunters and the dogs, and to call the latter together.

HYMN, a song or ode in honour of God.

I

JIGG, a sort of brisk and lively air; also an airy kind of dance to a sprightly measure.

IMITATIONE, or **IMITAZZIONE**, imitation; by which is meant a particular way of composition, wherein each part is made to imitate the other.

IMPERFETTO, *imperfect*, is said of cadences, consonances, modes, times, or intervals.

INCONSONANCY, a disagreeableness in sound, a discordance.

INDEX, is a little mark at the end of each line in music, shewing what note the next line begins with; this being a *Latin* word, is called by the *Italians* *Mostra*, and by the *French* *Guidon*.

INNO, a hymn or spiritual song.

INTRADA, entry, much the same as Prelude or Overture.

INTERVALLO, Interval, is the difference between two sounds in respect of acute and grave: Or that imaginary space terminating by two sounds differing in acuteness and gravity.

K

KEY a certain fundamental note or tone, to which the whole piece, be it Concerto, Sonata, Cantata, &c. is accommodated, and with which it usually begins, but always ends.

KEYS, also signify those little pieces in the fore part of an Organ, Spinnet or Harpsichord, by means whereof the jacks play, so as to strike the strings of the instrument.

L

LACHRIMOSO, or **LAGRIMOSO**, signifies *in a wailing, plaintive manner*.

LAMENTATIONE, signifies to play or sing in a lamenting, mournful manner, and therefore pretty slow.

LANGUENTE, *languishing and soft*.

LANGUIDO, the same as *Languente*.

LARGE, the greatest measure of musical quantity; one Large contains two longs, one long two breves, and one breve two semi-breves; and so on in duple proportion.

LARGETTO, signifies a movement something slow, yet quicker than *Largo*.

LARGO, a slow movement, *i. e.* one degree quicker than *Grave*, and two than *Adagio*.

LEDGER LINE, is that which, when the ascending and descending notes run very high or very low, is added to the staff of five lines; there are sometimes many of these lines both above and below the staff, to the number of four or five.

LARGEMENT, is to play lightly, gently, and with ease.

LENT, **LENTO**, or **LENTEMENT**, do all denote a slow movement, and signify much the same as *Largo*. *Tres Lente* is very slow, and may signify a movement between *Largo* and *Grave*, the same as when the word *Largo* is repeated thus, *Largo Largo*.

LEUTO, or **LIEUTO**, a Lute, an instrument of music.

LIBITUM,

L

LIBITUM, or *ad LIBITUM*, is as much as to say, you may if you please, or if you will.

LIBRO, a Book. This word is often met with in the title page of music books, in the following manner :

LIBRO Prima, first book.

LIBRA Seconda, second book.

LIRA, **LYRA**, or **LYRE**, a Viol so called from the way of tuning.

LONGA, or **LONG**, a character of music, containing four semi-breves in common time, and consequently eight minims, unless tied to a breve.

M

MADRIGAL, a particular kind of vocal music, formerly very much in esteem, some for two, three, four, five, six, seven, and eight voices ; and was so called from the kind of poetry with which it was composed.

MAESTOSO, or **MAESTUOSO**, is to play with majesty, pomp and grandeur, and consequently slow ; nevertheless with strength and firmness of hand.

MAESTRO, is master. Thus *Maestro de Capella* is master of the chapel music, or master of music only, meaning thereby one of the first rank.

GAGGIORE, Major, greater, as a third major means a greater or sharp third.

MAJOR and *Minor*, are spoken of imperfect concords, which differ from each other by a semi-tone minor.

MANICHORD, a musical instrument in the form of a spinnet.

MANNER, a particular way of singing or playing ; which is often expressed by saying he has a good or pretty manner.

MASCHRADA, a Masquerade ; this word is applied also to music composed for the gestures of pantomimes, buffoons, mimics, and such grotesque characters.

MASSIMA, is a note or character made in a long square, with a tail to it ; it contains eight semi-breves in common time.

MEDIANTE, the mediant of a mode, is that chord which is a third high-

M

er than the final, or that divides the fifth of every authentic mode into two thirds.

MELODY, is the agreeable effect of different sounds ranged and disposed in succession ; so that melody is the effect only of a single voice or instrument, by which it is distinguished from harmony, tho' in common speech these two are frequently confounded.

MELOPOEIA, is the ranging or disposing sounds so as that their succession makes melody : This is sometimes called by the name of modulation.

MEN, less, or not so much. Thus *Men Allegro* is a movement not so gay and brisk, as the word *Allegro* alone does signify and require.

MEN Forte, not too loud, or less loud.

MEN Presto, not too quick, or less quick.

MESSA, are particular pieces of divine music, frequently made use of in the *Roman church*.

MEZZO, signifies *half*, and is often found in composition with some other word.

MINIM, is a note equal to two crotchets, or half a semi-breve.

MINOR is applied to certain concords or intervals, which yet differ from others of the same denomination by half a tone, and signifies that they are imperfect. Thus we say a third Minor, meaning a less third ; a sixth Major and Minor.

Concords that admit of major and minor, that is, greater or less, are called imperfect.

MINUET, or **MENUET**, a kind of dance, the steps whereof are extremely quick and short ; it consists of a *Coupé* a high step and a ballance ; it begins with a beat, and its motion is triple. 'Tis said to have been invented at *Poitou*.

MODE, is defined by some authors the particular manner of constituting the octave, as it consists of seven essential and natural sounds, beside the key, or fundamental.

MODERATO, is with moderation.

MODULATION, the art of keeping or changing the mode or key.

MONOCHORDO, or **MONCHORDO**,

M

DO, is a very long instrument with only one string, made use of to find out the true and exact distance of each note and half note, the one from the other.

MOSTRA, is a little mark or character in music. See INDEX.

MOTETTO, or MOTETTI, are what we call Motetes; they are a kind of church music, made use of among the Romans, and composed with much art and ingenuity, some for one, two, three four or more voices, and very often with several instruments. They are of much the same kind or nature in divine music as Cantatas are in common music.

MUSICA, Music, by which word is to be understood sometimes the art or science of music, sometimes the books or instruments of music; sometimes the melody or harmony of music; sometimes the company of musicians that do, or that are to perform the music; besides several other significations, too many to be here inserted.

MUSICO, is a musician, or music master, or one who either composes, performs, or teacheth music.

MUTATION, in the ancient music, signifies the changes or alterations that happen in the order of the sounds which compose a song.

N

NECESSARIO, *necessary*, or *that must be done*, or *which cannot be passed over*; this word is prefixed to the parts in music, as *à doi Violini Necessario*,—*that must be played by two Violins*; *Canto necessario*, it here signifies much the same as *Concertante*.

NON, is an *Italian* negative, which is often abbreviated *Nô*; 'tis often joined to *troppo*, and then signifies *not too much*, and diminishes the signification of the word, as *Non troppo presto*—*quick, but not too quick*, &c.

NONA, the ninth; one of the dissonant intervals in music, and is properly the second doubled.

NONUPLA, is a quick time, peculiar to jiggs.

N

NOTA, a Note, or character in music, of which there are upwards of fifty different sorts.

NUMERO, number.

O

OBLIGATO, signifies *for*, on purpose for, or necessary, as *doi violini obligato*,—*on purpose for two Violins*; and so of other things, as *confogotto obligato*, that must be play'd with a Bassoon, &c.

OBOE, or OBOY, is a Hautboy, or Hoboy.

OCTAVA, or OTTAVA, an octave; a term in music, otherwise called an eighth or an interval of eight sounds.

OMNES, all; of much the same use and signification in music as the word Tutti.

OCTAVINA, a kind of small spinnet.

OPERA, a dramatic composition set to music and sung on a stage, accompanied with musical instruments, and enriched with magnificent dressings, machines, and other decorations.

OPERA, properly signifies a work, and is thus used, *Opera prima*,—*first Work*, *Opera secunda*,—*second Work*, &c.

ORATORIO, is a sort of spiritual opera, full of dialogues, recitatives, duettos, trios, ritornellos, chorusses, &c.

ORCHESTRA, is a part of the theatre between the scenes and the audience, wherein the musicians are disposed to play the overture, &c. of a play, be it tragedy or comedy, of the opera, oratorio, *ferenata*, &c.

ORGAN, the largest and most harmonious wind instrument.

ORGANO, signifies the thorough bass. It is usually scored with figures over the notes for the Harpsichord, Bass-Viol and Lute.

ORGANO Picciolo, a small or chamber Organ is so called.

OVERTURE, or OUVERTURE, opening or prelude; a term used for the solemnities at the beginning of an act or ceremony, as of an opera, tragedy, comedy, concert of music, &c.

P

P Is often used as an abbreviation of the word Piano, and P P, as an abbreviation of the words Piu Piano, and P P P, for the word Pianissimo, which see.

PANDORON, a musical instrument of the stringed kind, used among the ancients, resembling a Lute.

PARTE, is part; thus,

PARTE prima, is the first part.

PARTE seconda, the second part, &c.

PASSACAGLIO, or **PASSACAILLE**, or **PASSAGILLO**, is a kind of air somewhat like a Chaconne, but of a more slow or graver movement.

PASTORALE, is an air composed after a very sweet, easy, gentle manner, in imitation of those airs which shepherds are supposed to play.

PASSEPIED, is an air very much like a minuet in all respects, only to be play'd more brisk and lively.

PAUSE, a character of silence and repose, called by some *mute figure*, because it shews that some of the parts are to be silent, while the others continue the song, either for the sake of some fugue or imitation, to give a breathing time, or to give room for another voice, &c. to answer what this part sung, as in dialogues, echos, &c.

PENTACHORD, an ancient musical instrument with five strings.

PENTATONON, in the ancient music, is a concord called by us the *redundant sixth*.

PER ARSIN PER THESIN, terms in music; *per* is a Latin preposition, signifying *by, during*; *Arsis* and *Thesis* are Greek words, the first whereof signifies *elevation*, the last, *position*.

PER THESIN then, signifies in beating or during the fall of the hand for the first part of the bar; and *Per Arsin*, during the rise of the hand, or the last part of the bar; which in common time is equal, and in triple unequal.

A song, counterpoint, or fugue, &c. are said to be *Per Thesis*, when the notes descend from acute to grave; and on the contrary, that they are *Per Arsin*, when the notes rise or ascend from grave to acute.

PERFETTO, perfect.

P

PIANO, or the letter P, signifies soft or low.

PIU PIANO, or P P, is very soft or low.

PIANISSIMO, or P P P. is extrem soft or low. See the word **ECHO**.

PIENO, signifies full; and is often used instead of the words Tutti, Grande, or Grosse. Thus,

PIENO Choro, full chorus, &c.

PIFFARO, is an instrument somewhat like a hautboy.

PIFFERO, is a small flute or flageolet.

PIQUE, is to separate and divide the notes one from another, in a plain and distinct manner; this is otherwise expressed by the words *Staccato* and *Spiccato*, which see.

PIU, signifies a little more, and increaseth the strength of the signification of the word it is joined with. Thus,

PIU Allegro is to play a little more gay or brisk than the word Allegro only does require, and **Piu Presto** is to play somewhat quicker than the word Presto only does require.

PIVA, a hautboy or cornet.

POCO, a little less, and is just the contrary to the word Piu, and therefore lessens the strength of the signification of the words joined with it. Thus,

Poco Allegro, is to play not quite so brisk as the word Allegro if alone would require; and

Poco Largo is not quite so slow as the word Largo alone does require.

Poco Piu Allegro, is a little more brisk; but **Poco mene Allegro** is a little less brisk.

POINTE, the same as Staccato or Spiccato, which see.

PONTECELLA, a small bridge.

PORT de voix, a French term, which signifies the faculty and habitude of making shakes, passages and diminutions, wherein the beauty of a song or piece of music greatly consists, and which the *Italians* comprehend under the terms *trilli*, *gioppi* and *strascini*.

POSAUNE, **TUBA DUCTILIS**, by us called a Sackbut. 'Tis a sort of large Trumpet, fit only to play the bass or tenor
to

P

to a trumpet ; it must be lengthned and shortned according as the sounds are required to be either grave or acute.

PRELUDIO, a Prelude ; the first part or beginning of a Piece of music is often so called ; and is much the same as Overture.

PRESA, is a character in music called a repeat.

PRESTO, fast or quick.

PRESTO *Presto*, or *Piu Presto* very fast or quick.

Men PRESTO, not too quick ; or not quite so quick.

Non troppo PRESTO, not too quick.

Poco PRESTO, not very quick.

PRESTISSIMO, is extream fast or quick.

PRIMA, or PRIMO, or P^o. or 1^o. the first, or number one. This word is commonly used on the top of each page of the first Treble, in the following manner.

Violino PRIMO, first Violin.

Canto PRIMO, first Voice.

PROMPTEMENT, the same as, PRONTO, quick or nimbly, without losing time.

PUNTO, a point, or dot, a character in music very well known.

Q

QUARTFAGOTTA, a small Bassoon.

QUARTA, the fourth of one of the concords or harmonious intervals.

QUARTA, or QUARTO, four, or the fourth in number. Thus,

Opera QUARTA, the fourth opera.

Violino QUARTA the fourth Violin.

QUATUOR, music for four voices is so called.

QUINQUE, is music composed for five voices.

QUINTA, or QUINTO, is five, or the fifth in number. Thus,

Opera QUINTA, is the fifth opera.

Libro QUINTO, the fifth book.

QUATRICROMA, is what we call a demi-semi-quaver, thirty-two whereof make a bar in common time.

Q

QUAVER, a measure of time equal to half the crotchet, or an eighth of the semi-breve.

R

RECITATIVO, often abridged RECITO, RECT^o, or R^o, a kind of singing that differs but little from the ordinary pronunciation ; such as that wherein the several parts of the liturgy are rehearsed in churches or cathedrals, or that wherein the actors commonly deliver themselves on the theatre at the opera ; tho' the former is rather a chant.

RECHEAT, a lesson which the huntsman winds on the horn, when the hounds have lost their game, to call them back from pursuing a counter scent.

REDITTA, the same as Replica, to repeat.

REGOLA, or REGULA, a Rule or Canon.

REHEARSAL, an assay or experiment of some composition made in private previous to the representation or performance in public, to habituate the actors or performers, and make them ready or perfect in their parts.

REPEAT, a character shewing that what was last play'd or sung must be repeated over again.

REPERCUSSION, a frequent *Repetition* of the same sounds.

REPETATUR, signifies, let it be repeated, or it must be repeated, or that part of a song, symphony, &c. be play'd or sung over again.

REPIENO, or REPIANO, signifies full ; and is used to distinguish those Violins in Concertos, which only play now and then to fill up, from those which play throughout the whole Concerto.

REPLICA, the same as Repetatur.

Se REPLICA *se piace*, to repeat if you please.

REPLICATO, to repeat or play over again.

REPRESA, to repeat, or a Repeat ; a Character used in music, to shew where the Repeat begins.

RETORNELLO, a Ritornel.
Those

R

Those short Symphonies for Violins, Flutes, or other Instruments, are so called, which either begin a few bars before a song, and sometimes play a few bars here and there in the midst of a song, and which also very often play a few bars after the song is ended.

RESPONSAY *Song*, in the church music, is an anthem of any kind, in which the choristers and the people sing by turns.

REST, a pause or interval of time, during which there is an intermission of the voice or sound.

RIBATTUTA, a repeating or sounding again the same note: This is more than shaking upon it, or making many inflections of the voice upon any particular Sound.

RICERCATE, is a kind of extemporary prelude or overture, the same as we call a Voluntary.

RIDITTA. See the words REDITTA, REPLICA, &c.

RIGALINE; this is the name the *Italians* give those horizontal lines, whereon, and between which, the notes and characters of music are disposed.

RIGADOON, a kind of dance, borrowed originally from *Provence*, performed in figure by a man and woman, it is gay, pleasant, &c.

RIGOLS, a kind of musical instrument, consisting of several sticks bound together, only separated by beads. It makes a tolerable harmony, being well struck with a ball at the end of a stick.

RIPRESA. See REPRESA.

RITORNELLO. See the word RETORNELLO.

RONDEAU, all songs or tunes which end with the first part or strain, are called by this name, let them be Minuets, Sarabands, Gavots, Jiggs, or any other kind of air, and therefore they commonly have the words *Da Capo*, or the letters DC at the end of them, to signify that the first part must be begun again; and commonly at the end of the said first part there is this word *Fin*, *Fine*, or *Finis*, to signify that it must be concluded there: Or if one of these words are not there,

R

there commonly is, or ought to be a certain character or mark \frown over the last note of the said first part, which has the same signification as the word *Fin* or *Finis*.

S

S Is used as an abbreviation of the word Solo, and is met with in pieces of music of several parts, to signify that in such places the voice or instrument performs alone.

SALMO, PSALM, a part of the divine office, composed originally in *Hebrew* by the prophet *David*, and sung by the *Hebrews* according to their manner, with the accompaniments of instruments.

SALMODIA, is the art, knowledge or practice of singing psalms, hymns and spiritual songs.

SALTARELLA, a sort of motion, that seems to go in a leaping jumping manner; the air whereof is generally in triple time, and the first note of each bar pointed.

SAMBUCUS, an ancient musical instrument of the wind kind, resembling a sort of flute; probably thus called because made of elder, which the latins call *Sambucus*

SAMPOGNA. See ZAMPOGNA.

SARABANDE, a Saraband, a kind of air, always in triple time, and commonly play'd very grave and serious.

SCALE, a series of sounds, rising or falling towards acuteness or gravity, from any given pitch of tune, to the greatest distance that is practicable, thro' such intermediate degrees as make the succession most agreeable and perfect, and in which we have all the harmonical intervals most commodiously divided.

SCHISMA, is half a comma, therefore eighteen of them are required to make a compleat tone, *i. e.* reckoning nine commas to a tone; but if ten, twenty *Schismas* are required, and a *Diaschisma* being a double comma if the tone has nine commas, four and a half, *i. e.* and two semi-tones are wanted to compleat it, but if ten commas, five *Diaschismas* are equal thereto.

SCIOLTO, *free, at liberty, Contra-punto Sciolto*, is a counterpoint that is not full of tied or syncoped notes, or that is not constrained by general rules, and that is not obliged to move in a particular manner.

Notes are said to be *Sciolti*, when they stand by themselves, *i. e.* not tied to one another, which is called *Legato*.

SCORE, *partition*, or the original draught of all musical compositions; whereon the several parts, as treble, tenor, counter tenor, and bass, are distinctly scored and marked.

SECOND, one of the musical intervals, being only the difference between any sound and the next nearest sound, whether above or below it.

SECONDA, or **SECONDO**, the second, or number two. Thus.

Violino SECONDO, the second Violin.

Opera SECONDA, the second Opera.

Parte SECONDA, the second part.

Libro SECONDO, the second book.

SEGUE, *it follows, or comes after*; this word is often used before *Aria, Alleluja, Amen, &c.* to shew that those portions or parts are to be sung immediately after the last note of that part, over which 'tis writ.

SEMI, half. Thus,

SEMI-BREVE, half a Breve, one of the notes or characters in music so called.

SENZA, without. This word is used in the following manner:

SENZA l'Aria, without the air.

SENZA Ritornello, without the Symphony.

SENZA Violino, without the Violins.

SENZA Stromenti, without the instruments.

SEPTIMA, or **SEPTIEME**. See the word **SETTIMA**.

SEREBANDA. See **SARABANDA**.

SERENATA, Serenade; a concert of music is so called when performed in the midst of the night, or morning early, in the open air or street.

SE PIACE, if you please: The same as *Ad Libitum*.

SERPENT, a musical wind instrument serving as a bass to the Cornet, or

a small Shawm, to sustain a chorus of fingers in a large vessel.

SESQUIDITONE, a concord resulting from the sound of two strings, whose vibrations in equal times are to each other, as 5:6.

SEVENTH, a musical interval, called by the *Greeks* Heptachordon.

SESTA, six, or sixth in number; thus *Opera* SESTA, the sixth opera, &c.

SETTIMA, seven, or the seventh; the same as *Septima*: Thus,

Opera SETTIMA or SEPTIMA, the seventh opera.

SEXTA, six: The same as *SESTA*.

SI is an *Italian* preposition, if joined with *replica*, it intimates that you repeat some part of the song, *si replica, si piace, —repeat it if you please. Si Volti, —turn over, &c.*

SICILIANE, a kind of Jigg, but a slower movement.

SIGNES, or **SIGNO**, a sign or mark. All notes, marks and characters in music are called so, of which there are upwards of fifty different sorts.

SIMPHONIA. See **SYMPHONIA**.

SISTRUM, **CISTRUM** or **CITRON**, a kind of ancient musical instrument used by the priests of *Isis* and *Osiris*.

SIXTH, one of the simple or original concords of harmonical intervals.

SIXTE, six. See **SESTA**.

SOAVE, sweet or agreeable.

SOAVEMENTE, sweetly or agreeably.

SOL, one of the notes in the gamut is so called.

SOLLECITO, signifies grief or sorrow.

SOLO, *singly or alone*; or by way of abbreviation the letter S. This word or letter is often met with in pieces of music of several parts, when one part is to perform alone: Thus,

Violino SOLO is the Violin alone.

Flauto SOLO, the flute alone.

Organo SOLO, the organ alone.

This word is also used to distinguish those Sonatas for one Violin and a Bass, or one Flute and a Bass, from those with two Violins and a Bass. Thus the fifth

Opera

S

Opera of *Corelli's* Sonatas, which are composed for one Violin and a Bass, are commonly called Solos, to distinguish them from the first, second, third and fourth Operas, which are composed for two Violins and a Bass.

SONA, SUONA, or SUONO, sound or sounds, which is the chief or proper object of music, and which if performed in an agreeable manner, one after another, is then called Melody; but if one with another in an agreeable manner is called Harmony.

SONATA. See SUONATA.

SONNET, a kind of composition contained in fourteen verses, viz. two stanzas or measures of four each, and two of three each; the eight first verses being all in three rhymes.

SOPRA, above or upper, as *nelle parte di sopra*,—in the higher or upper part; *di sopra*—above; *contrapunto sopra il soggetto*,—counterpoint above the subject.

SOPRANO, is a name by which the *Italians* express our canto, *haut dessus*, or first treble; *a doi Soprani, á tre Soprani*—for two or three trebles.

SOSPIRO, a little character in music called a Rest.

SOSTENUTO, is to hold out the sound of a note firmly, in an equal and steady manner.

SOTTO, below, inferior.

SPAGNUOLA, a Guittar.

SPATIUM, Space, is applied to the void found between the lines whereon a piece of music is pricked or noted; these at first were not used, but there was a line for every sound: But when those were reduced to four, and then raised to five, as at present, the spaces were reckoned, and the lowest was called the first, and so on to the fourth.

SPICCATO, is to separate or divide each note one from another, in a very plain and distinct manner.

SPINETTO, a Spinnet, an instrument well known.

SPIRITO, or SPIRITOSO, with spirit and life.

STACCATO, or STOCCATO. See SPICCATO.

S

STENTOROPHONIC TUBE, a speaking Trumpet.

STRUMENTO, plural *Stromenti*, instruments, certain machines, contrived and disposed by art in such a manner as to be of use in imitating the sound of a human voice; the music played or performed by these, is commonly called organical or instrumental.

SUBITO, quick or nimbly. Thus, *Volti SUBITO* is to turn over quickly, without loss of time. These words are met with at the bottom of a leaf on the right hand side, when the Leaf turns over in the middle of a part or strain, to signify as above, that in turning over the leaf you must be very quick, that little or no time may be lost thereby.

SUFFOLO, a bird pipe or flageolet.

SUONA, SUONO, or SUONARE. See SONA.

SUONATA, or SONATA, is the name of certain pieces of instrumental music, which being very common, and well known, needs no particular Description. Of these there are two sorts, one intended for churches or chapels, and therefore called *Sonata di Chiesa*, or church Sonatas; the others intended for chambers or private concerts, and therefore called *Sonata da Camera*, or chamber Sonatas.

N. B. Of *Corelli's* music, the first and third Operas are church Sonatas, and the second and fourth Operas are chamber Sonatas; though the common distinction among us is made by calling his first and third operas by the name of Sonatas, and the second and fourth by the name of airs.

SUONATINA, a little, short, plain or easy Sonata.

SUONO, See SONO.

SUPPOSITION, is the using two successive notes of equal value as to time, one of which being a discord supposes the other a concord.

SYMPHONIA, or SIMPHONIA, a Symphony; by which is to be understood Airs in two, three, or four parts, for instruments of any kind; or the instrumental parts of Songs, Motetes, Operas, or Concertos are so called.

SYNCOPE,

S

SYNCOPE, in music, is the driving of a note, as when an odd Crotchet comes before two or three Minims, or an odd Quaver between two three or more Crotchets.

SYSIGIA, is a *Greek* term, that signifies the combining many sounds together; which when struck at the same time, though different in the degree of tune, are so proportioned among one another, as that their consonance, *i. e.* joint sounding, affects the ear with pleasure.

T

T Is often used as an abbreviation of the word *Tutti*; which see.

TABULATURA, or **TABLATURE** is the old way of writing music with letters instead of notes.

TABOR, **TABOUR**, or **TABORIN**, a small kind of drum.

TACE, or **TACET**, to hold still, or keep silence.

TARDO, slow, much the same as *Largo*, which see.

TASTATURA, the keys of Organs and Harpsichords.

TASTO, is to touch, which signifies that the notes must not be held out their full length, but only just touch'd. This has respect chiefly to the Organ or Harpsichord in playing a thorough Bass.

TATTOO, *i. e.* *Tapto*, a beat of Drum at night, to advertise the soldiers to retreat or repair to their quarters in a garrison, or to their tents in a camp.

TEMPO, time. Thus,

TEMPO di Gavotta, is Gavot time, or the time or movement observed in playing a Gavot.

TEMPO di Minuetto, is Minuet time.

TEMPO di Sarabanda, Saraband time.

TENDREMENT, is tenderly or gently; that is, to play or sing after a sweet, gentle, or affecting manner.

TENOR, the first mean or middle part; or that which is the ordinary pitch of a voice, when neither raised to a treble, or lowered to a bass.

TENORE Violino, a tenor Violin.

TENORE Viola, a tenor Viol.

T

TENORE Concertante, the Tenor playing throughout.

TENORE Ripieno, the Tenor which plays in some parts only.

TENORISTA, one that sings or plays a Tenor.

TERZA, a third, also the number three, or the third; thus,

Opera TERZA, is the third Opera.

Violina TERZA, third Violin.

In TERZO, or *Un TERZA*, are songs or tunes in three parts, the same as Trio.

TERZETTO, little Airs in three parts.

TESTO, the text or words of a song.

TETRACHORD, Tetrachord, a concord or interval of three tones.

TETRADIAPASON, *i. e.* *four-fold Diapason*, a musical chord, otherwise called a quadruple eighth, or a nine and twentieth.

THEORBA, or **THIORBA**, a large Lute, made use of by the *Italians* for playing a thorough Bass, much the same as *Archilute*, or Arch-Lute.

THESIS, a *Greek* term, signifying the fall of the hand in beating the measure. See **ARSIS**.

THIRD, an imperfect concord, resulting from a mixture of two sounds, containing two degrees or intervals, and three terms or sounds.

THRENODIA, a mournful funeral song.

TIERCE. See **THIRD**.

TIME, is an affection of sound, whereby we denominate it long or short, with regard to its continuity in the same degree of tune.

TIME and **Tune** are the greatest properties of sound, on whose differences or proportions music depends.

TIMOROSO, is to play with fear or great care and caution.

TOCCATA, or **TOCCATO**, is of much the same signification as the word *Recircata*, which see.

TIMPANO. See **TYMPANO**.

TOCCATINA, a small research, when we have not time to perform it in all its parts.

TON, **TONO**, **TONUS**, a tone or sound.

TONDO,

T

TONDO, or RITONDO, *round*.

TONE, a property of sound, whereby it comes under relation of grave and acute, or the degrees of elevation any sound has from the degree of swiftness of the vibrations of the parts of sonorous bodies.

TOUCH, is said of an Organ, which they say has a good *touch*, when the keys close and lie down well, being neither too stiff or too loose.

TRANSITION is, when a greater note is broken into less, to make smooth the roughness of a leap, by a gradual passage to the note next following; whence 'tis commonly called *the breaking of a note*, being sometimes very necessary in musical compositions.

TRANSPOSITIO, Transposition, in music is the writing a song or tune in any key or cleff different from the key or cleff it was first composed in; and this is often done for the greater conveniency of the voice, or some particular instrument, as the flute, which cannot reach so low as the violin and other instruments. For particular explication see pages 7, 42.

TRE. See TERZA.

TREMOLA, *to tremble*; a particular grace in music.

TRIA, or TRIO, music in three parts is so called, either for voices or instruments, or both together.

TRILLO, a trill or shake, a common grace in music.

TRILLETTO, a short or little trill.

TRIPOLA, triple, is one of the sorts of time or movement made use of in music, and of which there are several sorts.

TROMBA, a trumpet.

TROMBETTA, a small or little trumpet.

TROMBONE, a very large or bass trumpet, though more properly a sackbut.

TRITONE, an interval consisting of three tones, or a greater third and a tone major, which tone is divided into two semi-tones, the one major the other minor.

It's ratio or proportion in numbers, is as 45 : 32; in dividing the octave, we

T

find on one side the false fifth, and on the other the *tritone*.

TRUMPET, a musical instrument, the loudest of all portable ones of the wind kind; used chiefly in war among the cavalry, to direct them in the service.

TRUMPET MARINE, a musical instrument, consisting of three tables, which form its triangular body. It has a very long neck, with one single string very thick, mounted on a bridge which is firm on one side and tremulous on the other. It is struck by a bow with one hand, and with the other the string is stopped or pressed on the neck, with the thumb.

TUNE is that property of sounds, whereby they come under the relations of acute and grave to one another.

TUTTI, or TUTTO, or by way of abbreviation the letter T only. This word or letter signifies all, or all together, and is often met with in music of several parts, especially after the word Solo or Trio; thereby signifying that in such places all the several parts are to perform together.

TYMPANO, or TYMPANUM, a drum in general, but in music it has respect more particularly to a pair of kettle drums, which are often used in concert as bass to a Trumpet.

V

V Is often used as an abbreviation of the word Violino. Thus,

V. PRIMO, stands for *Violino primo*, or first Violin. And,

V. SECONDO, for *Violino Secondo*, or second Violin.

V. S. at the bottom of a leaf are often used as an abbreviation of the words *Volti Subito*; for which see those words.

VARIATIO, VARIATO, VARIATION, or VARIAZONA, is a variation, variety or changing.

VÉLOCE, or VELOCEMENTE, is a quick movement, and is of much the same signification as the word Presto.

VELOCISSIMO, or VELOCISSIMAMENTE, is extrem quick, much the same as the word Prestissimo.

VENTESIMO

VENTESIMO, the same as *Vigessimo*, twenty.

VERTE, or VERTE SUBITO, See VOLTI SUBITO.

UGUALE, or UGUALEMENTE, equal or equally.

VIBRATION, a regular reciprocal motion of a body; for instance of a chord, which being suspended at freedom, vibrates first this, and then that way.

VIGESSIMO, the number twenty, or twentieth. Thus,

Opera VIGESSIMO, the twentieth opera.

VIGOROSO, or VIGOROSAMENTE is to play or sing with strength or vigor.

VILLANELLA, *rustic, peasant-like*, a sort of dance, or rather air, to which country people or peasants dance.

VIOLA, a Viol, an instrument of music well known, the neck of which is divided into half notes by seven frets fixed thereon, and which is commonly strung with six strings, though sometimes with seven. Of this instrument there are several sorts and sizes, as

VIOLA TENORA, a tenor Viol.

VIOLA BASSO, a bass Viol.

VIOLA BASTARDO, a bastard Viol; which is a bass Violin, strung and fretted like a bass Viol.

VIOLA D'AMOUR, or *Love Viol*, is a kind of triple Viol or Violin, having six brass or steel strings, like those of the Harpsichord, ordinarily played with a bow.

It yields a kind of silver sound, and has something in it very agreeable and soft, whence it's name.

VIOLA DA GAMBA, is the same as *Viola Basso*, or bass Viol, and is so called by the *Italians* from the word *Gamba*, which signifies Leg or Legs, because the common way of playing upon that instrument is to hold it with or between the legs.

VIOLETTA, a small or treble Viol.

VIOLINISTA, is a Violinist, or one that plays on the Viol or Violin.

VIOLINO, a Violin or Fiddle, an instrument of music too well known to need any description. This word is often signified by the letter V, which see.

VIOLINO *Primo*, is the first Violin, or upper Violin.

VIOLINO *Secundo*, second Violin.

VIOLINO *Terzo*, third Violin.

VIOLINO *Quarta*, fourth Violin.

VIOLINO TENORA, tenor Violin.

VIOLINO *Concertante*, or CONCERTINI, or VIOLINO *di Concerto*, are the Violins, either first or second, which play throughout, to distinguish them from those called *Ripieno*, which play only here and there, and in the full parts or chorus.

VIOLINO *Ripieno*, Violins of the full parts.

VIOLINO BASSO, a Bass Violin.

VIOLINCELLO of the *Italians*, is properly what we call the Bass Violin with four strings, sometimes even five or six; but those are not common, the first being most used among us.

VIOLONO, a large Bass Violin or double bass, every way as big again as the common one; and the strings, which are four, bigger and longer in proportion, consequently it's sound must be an octave deeper than that of the Violincello, or bass Violin; it has a noble effect in great concerts.

VIRGULA, a *Latin* term, for which the *Italians* say *Vergetta* or *Verghetta*, both which signify, that line drawn from the head of a note either upwards or downwards, which we commonly call the tail thereof.

VITE, quick or lively, much the same as Presto.

VISTAMENTE, or VISTO, much the same as Presto.

VIVACE, is as much as to say with life and spirit. By this word is commonly understood a degree of movement between Largo and Allegro, but more inclining to the latter than the former.

VIVACEMENTE, or VIVAMENTE, the same as Vivace.

VIVACISSIMO, is a degree or two quicker than Vivace, and may be look'd upon to signify a movement near as quick as Allegro.

UNDECIMA, is the number eleven.

UNDULATORY, is applied to a motion in the air, whereby it's parts are agitated, after like manner as waves in the

V

V

the sea ; as is supposed to be the case of the string of a musical instrument when struck.

VOLUNTARY, that which a musician plays extempore according to his fancy, before he begins to set himself to play any particular piece, to try the instrument, and to lead him into the piece so to be played.

UNISSONO, a Unison, by which in music is to be understood when two or more strings of an instrument or instruments, or any other sounds are so well in tune one with another, that in sounding them together, they appear but one string or sound. This word is also used when in symphonies of songs two Violins both play the same thing, or the Violin and song, or the bass and song, &c.

UN Poco. See Poco.

VOCALÉ, Vocal, music for voices is so called.

VOCE, in general, is a noise or sound, but more particularly in music it signifies a human voice. Thus,

VOCE Solo, is for a single voice.

VOLTI, **VOLTA**, or **VOLTARE**, is to turn, or turn over. This word is often

met with at the bottom of the leaf on the right hand side in music books, when the Sonata or piece of music is not ended, to signify that there still remains more on the other side the leaf, and therefore it must be turned over. When it happens that the leaf must turn over in the middle of a strain, there is the word *Subito*, or the letter S joined with it ; for which see the word *Subito*.

VOLTI Presto, is the same as *Volti Subito*.

VOLTI se piace, turn over if you please.

Z

ZAMPOGNA, sometimes written *Sampogna*, the same as the *Latin Fistula*, is in short any instrument that sounds like a Flute, and particularly a Bag-pipe, being an assemblage of divers pipes of different sizes. 'Tis also taken for a common Flute, or *Flute a bec*.

ZUFFOLO, a little Flute or Flageolet, that has a very shrill sound like the whistling of small Birds ; and it's chief use is to play to them, in order to teach them a tune ; 'tis in *Latin* called *Sibilus*.

Some of the most common WORDS, which relate to the several Degrees of Time, or Movement in Music, collected in their proper Gradation.

ADAGIO ADAGIO, extream Grave or slow.

ADAGIO, very Grave.

GRAVE, Grave or gravely.

GRAVE Assai, not too Grave.

LARGO, slow or gently.

LARGO Assai, or **Poco Largo**, not too slow.

VIVACE, with some life or spirit.

PIU VIVACE, lively.

ALLEGRO Assai, not too brisk.

ALLEGRO, brisk or briskly.

PIU ALLEGRO, very brisk, or more briskly.

PRESTO, quick.

PRESTO PRESTO, or **PIU PRESTO**, very quick.

PRESTISSIMO, extream quick.

WORDS which relate to the several Degrees of Loudness in Music, set down in their proper Gradation.

FORTISSIMO, or **FFF**, extream loud.

FORTE FORTE, or **FF**, very loud.

FORTE, or **F**. loud.

PIANO, or **P**, soft.

PIANO PIANO, or **PIU PIANO**, or **P'P**, very soft.

PIANISSIMO, or **PPP**, extream soft.

A CHOICE

COLLECTION

OF

Favourite Songs,

WITHOUT THE

MUSIC.



A CHOICE

COLLECTION of Favourite SONGS, &c.

SONG 1.

Advice to the LADIES.

Sung by Miss Stevenfon at Vaux-hall.

FORGIVE ye fair, nor take
it wrong,

If ought too much I do :

Permit me while I give my song,

To give a lesson too,

To give a lesson too.

Let modesty, that heav'n-born maid,

Your words and actions grace :

'Tis this, and only this, can add

New lustre to your face,

New lustre to your face.

'Tis this which paints the virgin
cheeks,

Beyond the pow'r of art,

And ev'ry real blush bespeaks

The goodness of the heart.

The index of the virtuous mind,

Your lovers will adore ;

'Tis this will leave a charm behind,

When bloom can please no more.

Inspir'd by this, to idle men

With nice reserve behave ;

And learn by distance to maintain

The pow'r your beauty gave :

For this, when beauty must decay,

Your empire will protect :

The wanton pleases for a day,

But ne'er creates respect.

With this their silly jests reprove,

When coxcombs dare intrude ;

Nor think the man is worth your

love,

Who ventures to be rude.

Your charms when cheap will ever

pall,

They sully with a touch ;

And tho' you mean to grant not all,

You often grant too much.

But patient let each virtuous Fair

Expect the gen'rous Youth,

Whom heaven has doom'd her heart

to share,

And bless'd with love and truth ;

For him alone preserve her hand,

And wait the happy day,

When he with justice can command,

And she with joy obey.

SONG 2.

LOVELY goddess, sprightly
May,

Fairest daughter of the day,

Hither come, with roses crown'd,

Painting as you tread the ground.

Tulips rear their glitt'ring heads,

Pinks bestrew their fragrant beds ;

Woodbines, spangled o'er with dew,

Deck their arborets for you.

Deck their arborets for you.

Hear the birds around thee sing,

In the gardens of the spring ;

Ev'ry bush, and ev'ry tree,

Warbles forth its joy to thee.

Nature's songsters all are gay

At the lov'd approach of May ;

All, great Queen, thy praises sing,

Thine, great Empress of the spring.

Goddess, in thy vest of green ;

Goddess, with thy youthful mien,

Haste and bring thy mines of wealth,

Gladness, and her parent health ;

Bring with thee thy chearful train,

Chacing care, and chacing pain.

See ! the lovely graces, all

Throng, obedient to thy call.

Goddess, haste, and bring with thee

Virtue's child, fair liberty :

For, if liberty's away,

Who can taste the month of May ?

Here he comes, I hear the sound

Of the merry songsters round :

Here he comes, all fresh and gay,

Paying homage to thee, May.

Goddess, who perfumeest the air,

Who hast deck'd the earth so fair ;

Thou, with gladness by thy side,

Still'st the raging of the tide ;

Bid'st the winds forbear to roar,

And stern winter seem no more ;

Meads and groves their echos ring,

Love, himself, is on the wing.

Lovely nymph, divinest May,

Thou to whom this verse I pay :

O ! thy healing mirth impart

To the mistress of my heart ;

Ev'ry day with gladness crown,

By her health preserve my own :

Blooming nymph, of heavenly birth,

Goddess, thou, of health and mirth.

K k

SONG 3.

HARK, *Daphne*, from the
hawthorn bush,

The spotted finches sing,

In artless notes the merry thrush

Salutes the blooming spring.

On verdant bed the violet lies,

To woo the western gale,

While tow'ring lillies meet our eyes

Like lovesick virgins, pale,

While tow'ring lillies, &c.

The rill that rushes o'er the shore,

Winds murm'ring thro' the glades ;

So heart-struck *Thirsis* tells his moan,

To win his clay-cold maid :

The golden sun, in fresh array,

Flames forward on the sphere ;

Around the may-pole shepherds play

To hail the flow'ry year.

Say, shall we taste the breezy air,

Or wander thro' the grove ?

There talk of *Sylvia's* wild despair,

The prey of lawless love.

Ah ! no, she cries, o'er *Sylvia's* fall

Exult not, though 'twas just ;

Dash not the sinner's name with gall,

Nor triumph o'er her dust.

True virtue scorns to fling the dart,

Herself above all fear ;

When justice stings the guilty heart,

She drops the gen'rous tear :

Then own, ye nymphs, this god-

like truth

Is on your hearts impressed,

On brightest patterns form your

youth,

And be for ever bless'd.

SONG 4.

ASK me not how calmly I
All the cares of life defy :

How I baffle human woes,

Woman, woman, woman knows.

You may live and laugh as I,

You, like me, may cares defy ;

All the pangs the heart endures,

Woman, woman, woman cures.

Ask me not of empty toys,

Feats of arms, and drunken joys ;

I have pleasure more divine,

Woman, woman, woman's mine.

Rapture

SONG 7.

Raptures, more than folly knows,
More than fortune e'er bestows,
Flowing bowls and conquered fields,
Woman, woman, woman yields.

Ask me not of woman's arts,
Broken vows, and faithless hearts;
Tell the wretch who pines & grieves
Woman, woman, woman lives.

All delights the heart can know,
More than folly can bestow,
Wealth of worlds, and crowns of
kings,
Woman, woman, woman brings.

SONG 5.

ASK, thou silly dotard Man,
Whence our ruin first began,
How our grief and deadly woe
Did from woman, woman flow.

We might live and happy be,
Could we shun this enemy;
All the pangs the heart e'er knew,
From vain woman, woman grew.

Ask what calm felicity
Man enjoy'd, how blest was he!
Nought could his repose invade,
Till false woman she was made.

Soon as she received her breath,
Man was subject unto death:
Other evils, to their shame,
From deceitful woman came.

Ask what ills befell old Troy,
Which false Helen did destroy;
Of the tender bridegrooms too,
Whom false woman, woman slew:

How the brave Mark Anthony
Lost the world by faithless she.
Ruin of states, lost crowns of kings,
From vain woman, woman, springs.

SONG 6.

SEE, *Stella*, see that crystal stream
Adown the valley stray:
Can art attempt, or fancy dream,
To guide its winding way?
So, pleas'd, I view thy shining hair
In artless ringlets flow:
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Not all thy art, not all thy care,
Can there one grace bestow.
Can there one grace bestow.

Behold, again, that verdant hill,
With flow'rs enamell'd o'er;
Nor can the painter's utmost skill
Pretend to please us more.
In vain would'st thou, with baneful
eyes,
Mend what thy cheeks disclose:
O may my fair, before she tries,
Improve the blooming rose.

Tho' now the linnets' tuneful throat
Each studied grace excel;
Let art constrain his rambling note,
Then will it please so well?
Oh! ever keep thy native ease,
By no ill modes confin'd;
For *Stella's* voice is found to please,
When *Stella's* words are kind.

MY dear and only love, I pray
That little world of thee,
Be govern'd by no other sway,
But purest Monarchy:
For if confusion have a part,
Which virtuous souls abhor,
I'll call a synod in my heart,
And never love thee more.

As *Alexander* I will reign,
And I will reign alone;
My thoughts did ever more disdain
A rival on my throne.
He either fears his fate too much,
Or his deserts are small,
Who dares not put it to the touch,
To gain or lose it all.

But I will reign, and govern still,
And always give the law,
And have each subject at my will,
And all to stand in awe:
But 'gainst my batteries if I find
Thou storm and vex me fore,
As if thou set me for a blind,
I'll never love thee more.

And in the empire of thy heart,
Where I should solely be,
If others do pretend a part,
Or dares to share with me:
Or committees if thou erect,
Or go on such a score,
I'll smiling mock at thy neglect,
And never love thee more.

But if no faithless action stain
Thy love and constant word,
I'll make thee famous by my pen,
And glorious by my sword.
I'll serve thee in such noble ways,
As ne'er was known before;
I'll deck and crown thy head with
bays,
And love thee more and more.

SONG 8.

HE. BE still, O ye winds, and
attentive ye swains,
'Tis *Phæbe* invites, and replies to
my strains:
The sun never rose on, search all
the world thro'
A shepherd so blest, or a fair one
so true,
A shepherd so blest, &c.

SHE. Glide softly ye streams, O ye
nymphs round me throng,
'Tis *Collin* commands, and enlivens
my song:
Search all the world over, you ne-
ver can find
A maiden so blest, or a shepherd so
kind,
A maiden so blest, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, like the sun,
that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life
can endear;
Our pleasures it heightens, drives
sorrow away,

Gives joy to the night, and enli-
vens the day,
Gives joy to the night, &c.

HE. With *Phæbe* beside me, all
nature looks gay,
And winter's bleak months are as
pleasant as *May*;
The summer's gay verdure still
springs as she treads,
And linnets and nightingales sing
thro' the meads,
And linnets, &c.

SHE. When *Collin* is absent 'tis
winter all round,
How faint is the sunshine, how
barren the ground!
Instead of the linnets' and nightin-
gale's song,
I hear the hoarse raven croak all
the day long,
I hear the hoarse raven, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

HE. O'er hill, dale, and valley,
my *Phæbe* and I
Together will wander, and love
shall be by:
Her *Collin* shall guard her safe all
the long day,
And *Phæbe* at night all his pains
shall repay,
And *Phæbe*, &c.

SHE. By moon-light, when sha-
dows glide over the plain,
His kisses shall cheer me, his arms
shall sustain;
The dark haunted groves I can
trace without fear,
And sleep in a church-yard if *Collin*
is near,
And sleep, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, &c.

HE. Ye shepherds that wanton it
over the plain,
How fleeting your transports! how
lasting your pain!
Inconstancy shun, and reward the
fair she,
And learn to live happy from *Phæ-
be* and me,
And learn, &c.

SHE. Ye nymphs, who the plea-
sures of love never try'd,
Attend to my strains, and take me
for your guide;
Your hearts keep from pride, and
inconstancy free,
And learn to be happy from *Collin*
and me,
And learn, &c.

CHORUS. 'Tis love, like the sun,
that gives light to the year,
The sweetest of blessings that life
can endear;
Our pleasures it heightens, drives
sorrow away,
Gives joy to the night, and enli-
vens the day,
Gives joy to the night, and en-
livens the day,

SONG

SONG 9.

TOO plain, dear youth these
tall-tale eyes,
My heart your own declare ;
But, for heav'n's sake, let it suffice
You reign triumphant there.
Forbear your utmost pow'r to try,
Nor farther urge your sway ;
Press not for what I must deny,
For fear I should obey.
But could your arts successful prove,
Would you a maid undo,
Whose greatest failing is her love,
And that, her love for you ?
Say, would you use that very pow'r
You from her fondness claim,
To ruin, in one fatal hour
A life of spotless fame ?
Resolve not the to do an ill,
Perhaps because you may ;
But rather try your utmost skill
To save me than betray.
Be you yourself my virtue's guard,
Defend and not pursue ;
Since 'tis a task for me too hard,
To strive with love and you.

SONG 10.

WHEN first I sought fair
Calia's love,
And ev'ry charm was new,
I swore by all the Gods above
To be for ever true.
But long in vain I did adore,
Long wept and sigh'd in vain ;
She still protested, vow'd, and swore
She ne'er would ease my pain.
At last, o'ercome, she made me
blefs'd,
And yielded all her charms ;
And I forsook her, when possess'd,
And fled to others arms.
But let not this, dear *Calia*, now
Thy breast to rage incline ;
For why, since you forget your vow,
Should I remember mine ?

SONG 11.

BLEST as th' immortal Gods
is he,
The youth that fondly sits by thee,
And hears and sees thee all the while
Softly speak, and sweetly smile.
'Twas this bereav'd my soul of rest,
And rais'd such tumults in my breast ;
For while I gaz'd, in transports tost,
My breath was gone, my voice was
lost !
My bosom glow'd, the subtil flame
Ran quickly thro' my vital frame ;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.
Indewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horrors thrill'd
My feeble pulse forgot to play ;
I fainted, sunk, and dy'd away.

SONG 12.

WITH ev'ry lady in the land
Soft *Strephon* kept a pother,
One year he languish'd for one hand,
And next year for the other.
Yet when his love the shepherd told
To *Flavia* fair and coy,
Reserv'd, demure, than snow more
cold,
She scorn'd the gentle boy.
Late at a Ball he own'd his pain ;
She blush'd, and frown'd, and
swore,
With all the marks of high disdain,
She'd never hear him more.
The Swain persisted still to pray,
The Nymph still to deny ;
At last she vow'd she wou'd not stay ;
He swore she shou'd not fly.
Enrag'd, she called her footman
strait,
And rush'd from out the room,
Drove to her lodging, lock'd the gate
And lay with *Ralph* at home.

SONG 13.

LET those that love Helicon
sip at it's stream,
And, waken'd by water effeminate,
dream ;
No aid I'll accept from a tea-drink-
ing muse,
Come Bumper *Bacchus* and toast the
True Blues.
No death-dealing Hero's loud taunts
I rehearse,
No sighing poor *Strephon* shall
whine in my verse ;
To friendship, wit, freedom, this
sonnet is due,
I name them all three when I toast
a *True Blue*.
Great *Newton* the science of Vision
resin'd,
He, mason-like, open'd new lights
on mankind ;
He examin'd each colour, and found
by clear view,
One chief one unchang'd, and he
call'd it *True Blue*.
When the spring, velvet-budding,
the face of earth blooms,
And *Flora's* gay carpet creation
perfumes ;
Fair *Phœbus* is pleas'd azure skies to
look thro',
The heavens are clearest when
clouds are *True Blue*.
The goddess of Wisdom, *Minerva*
the mild,
Ev'ry Art's great protect'refs, and
Jove's brain-born child,
Had eyes of such lustre they shot
you quite thro',
And those eyes, to her honour, were
sparkling *True Blue*.
Heroes, Statesmen and Patriots, tri-
umphantly wear

The azure flant bandage, the break-
lusted star ;
To the noblest of knighthood this
emblem is due,
The ribbon of honour is glorious
True Blue.
This colour alone uncorrupted re-
mains,
Thro' the world 'tis allow'd that
True Blue never stains ;
Therefore each social son always
wears it in view,
To shew that at heart he is *honest*
True Blue.
But could I as bright as my theme
make my verse,
Like *Sappho* I'd warble, like *Horace*
rehearse ;
But oh ! 'tis in vain, nothing more
can I do
Than drink off my bumper to every
True Blue.

SONG 14.

SEE, *Celia*, how the lovely rose,
Buds with the dawning light ;
And, as the day comes rolling on,
Looks doubly gay and bright !
But, when the night begins to spread
Her fable horrors round,
Ah ! how she fades and drooping
lies,
Quite wither'd on the ground !
No longer then, with killing frowns,
Torment your constant Swain ;
No more, like a coy vestal, fly,
And waste your bloom in vain.
Are you still deaf ? Still with disdain
Do you behold my sorrow ?
But know, tho' you are fair to-day,
Your charms may fade to-morrow.

SONG 15.

FANNY's fairer than a flower,
But uncertain as the wind ;
Ever trifling with a power,
Meant alone to blefs mankind.
Now with smiles her face adorning,
She to love my heart invites ;
But if love I offer, scorning,
She with frowns my passion slights.
Looks that speak the tender passion,
Words that wear the sound of
love ;
All things whisper inclination,
Yet no signs her heart can move.
Smiling mischief, sly undoer,
Tho' to love her looks invite,
If my lips I ope to woo her,
I am banish'd from her sight.
O thou God of pleasing anguish,
If indeed a God you be ;
Teach the tyrant how to languish,
Make her heart and eyes agree.
Or, if wilful she refuses
To obey thy laws divine,
Make the man whom first she chuses,
Treat her heart as she does mine.

SONG 16.

YOUNG *Hobinal* (the blithest swain)

Long time the dupe of haughty *Molly*;

With oaten reed and rustic strain,
Now pipes and sings the praise of *Dolly*;

O my *Dolly*, smiling *Dolly*,
My sweetly blooming, dearest *Dolly*;

Ye woods, ye lawns, ye flocks,
ye fawns,
Assist me in the praise of *Dolly*.

The dimpl'd cheek, the sooty eye,
And ruby lip belong to *Molly*;

But virtue and simplicity,
Alone bedeck my lovely *Dolly*.
O my *Dolly*, &c.

As late I rov'd, (my herds astray)
I spy'd my love most melancholly;
And over-heard the fair one say,
Lo! there's the man that's made
for *Dolly*.

O my *Dolly*, &c.

We quickly met, and down we sat,
Then told our loves beneath yon
holly;

But should I half our joys relate,
You'd surely envy me and *Dolly*.
O my *Dolly*, &c.

SONG 17.

CHAUCER'S *Recantation*.

RECITATIVE.

OLD *Chaucer*, once, to this re-
echoing grove,
Sung "of the sweet bewitching
"tricks of love;"

But soon he found he'd sullied his
renown,

And arm'd each charming hearer
with a frown,

Then self-condemn'd anew his lyre
he strung,

And in repentant strains this recan-
tation sung.

A I R.

Long since unto her native sky
F'led heav'n-descended Constancy;
Nought now that's stable's to be had,
The world's grown mutable and
mad;

Save **WOMEN**—they, we must
confess,

Are miracles of steadfastness;
And every witty, pretty dame

Bears for her motto—*Still the same*.

The flow'rs that in the vale are seen,
The white, the yellow, blue and
green,

In brief complexion idly gay
Still set with ev'ry setting day,

Dispers'd by wind, or chill'd by frost,
Their odours gone, their colour lost:

But what is true, tho' passing strange,
That **WOMEN** never—fade or
change.

The wise man said, that all was
vain,

And folly's universal reign;
Wisdom its vot'ries oft enthralls,
Riches torment, and pleasure falls;
And 'tis, good lack, a gen'ral rule,
That each man soon or late's a fool:
In **WOMEN** 'tis th'exception lies,
For they are wond'rous, wond'rous
wife.

This earthly ball with noise abounds,
And from its emptiness it sounds;
Fame's deaf'ning din, the hum of
men,

The lawyer's plea, the poet's pen:
But **WOMEN** here no one suspects,
Silence distinguishes that sex;
For, poor, dumb things! so meek's
their mould,

You scarce can hear them,—
when they scold.

CHORUS. An hundred mouths,
an hundred tongues,
An hundred pair of iron lungs,
Five heralds, and five thousand
cryers,

With throats whose accent never
tires,

Ten speaking trumpets of a size
Would deafness with their din sur-
prize,

Your praise, sweet nymphs, shall
sing and say,

And those that will believe it—
may.

SONG 18.

The Trial of Chaucer's Ghost.

Sung by Mr. LOWE, Miss NORRIS
and Miss STEPHENSON.

Miss NORRIS.

THOU traitor, who with the
fair sex hast made war,
Come hither, and hold up your hand
at the bar:

By a jury of damsels you now must
be try'd,

For having your betters traduc'd and
bely'd.

Miss STEPHENSON.

How could'st thou such base defa-
mation devise,

And not have the fear of our sex in
your eyes!

Is all decency gone—all good-
breeding forgot?

Speak, varlet, and plead—Art
thou guilty or not?

Mr. LOWE.

Not guilty I plead—but submit
to the laws,

And with pleasure I yield to these
fair ones my cause;

But still, that my trial more just
may appear,

Speak louder and faster, or how
should I hear?

Miss NORRIS.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm
each bright toast,
By the conjuring up of an old *Eng-
lish* ghost;

And made fustly *Chaucer*, without a
pretext,

Snarl posthumus nonsense against
the fair sex?

Miss STEPHENSON.

Hast thou not presum'd to alarm
each bright maid

With that common-place trash, that
each virgin must fade;

And without fear or wit, most as-
suming and bold,

Hast dar'd to suggest that we paint
and we scold?

Mr. LOWE.

For want of experience, when I was
but young,

Perhaps such *strange falsehoods* might
drop from my tongue;

But when I *recanted* for all my sins
past,

I thought I had made you *amends*
at the last.

Miss NORRIS.

I'll promise you, friend, you shall
duly be paid

For the ample *amends* that you
lately have made:

I find by your shuffling the whole
charge is true,

So I bring you in guilty without
more ado.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Ironical wits, like destroyers of
game,

When they hide in a bush, 'tis to
take surer aim—

By his shuffling I find too the whole
charge is true,

So I bring him in guilty as willing
as you.

Mr. LOWE.

Convicted I stand, and submit to
my fate;

And fain would repent, but I find
it too late:

If death then, alas! is to be my re-
ward,

Why then I must die—but, by
Jove, I'll die hard.

Miss STEPHENSON.

Since to lengths so unbounded his
malice he carried,

To hang him were kindness—

Miss NORRIS.

No let him be married
To some musty old maid, that's the
de'il of a shrew,

That will scold him

Miss STEPHENSON.

And beat him,
Miss NORRIS.

And cuckold him too.

Both together. To some musty old
maid, that's the de'il of a shrew,

That will scold him, and beat him,
and cuckold him too.

SONG

SONG 19.

ATTEND ye nymphs, whilst I impart
The secret wishes of my heart ;
And tell what swain, if one there be,
Whom fate designs for love and me.

Let reason o'er his thoughts preside ;
Let honour all his actions guide :
Stedfast in virtue let him be,
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let solid sense inform his mind,
With pure good-nature sweetly join'd,
Sure friend to modest merit be
The swain design'd for love and me.

Where sorrow prompts the pensive sigh ;
Where grief bedews the drooping eye ;
Melting in sympathy I see
The swain design'd for love and me.

Let sordid avarice claim no part
Within his tender generous heart ;
Oh ! be that heart from falshood free,
Devoted all to love and me.

SONG 20.

THE bird that from the lime-
twig flies,
With caution, shuns the school-
boy's tricks ;
But we, who would be thought
more wise,
Can't shun the lime-twigs of our
sex.

The female kind our hearts ensnare,
'Tis grown a science to trapan ;
The study'd look, the fashion'd air,
Oh, shame ! can conquer god-like
man.

To sooth the feeling social breast,
And calm the noisy world's al-
larms ;

To welcome rapture, peace and rest,
With beauty's soft, endearing
charms ;

By native pow'r of face and mind,
To be at once both blest'd and
blest ;

For this the gods the fair design'd !
And not to patch, to paint and
dress.

When nature, kind, exerts her skill,
And frames a heav'nly face and
mein,

How vain to contradict her will !
Ah, let the angel still be seen !
Such beauty needs no mortal aid,
But ever brightens in the good ;
Believe me, nature never made
A gay coquette or formal prude.

The glare of tinsel vanity,
The mental eye may chance ap-
prove ;

But sense, and heav'n-born modesty
Must win the soul, the seat of
love :

The blooming maid whom these
adorn,

With pity views her sex's folly ;
And radiant as the rays of morn,
'These virtues shine in thee, O
Molly !

SONG 21.

AYouth adorn'd with every art,
To warm and win the coldest
heart,

In secret mine possess'd :
The morning bud that fairest blows,
The vernal oak that straitest grows,
His face and shape express'd.

In moving sounds he told his tale,
Soft as the sighings of the gale

That wakes the flowery year :
What wonder he could charm with
ease !

Whom happy nature form'd to
please,
Whom love had made sincere.

At morn he left me—fought, and
fell ;

The fatal evening heard his knell,
And saw the tears I shed :

Tears that must ever, ever fall ;
For ah ! no sighs the past recall,
No cries awake the dead !

SONG 22.

THE shepherd's plain life,
Without guilt, without strife,
Can only true blessings impart.

As nature directs,
That bliss he expects
From health, and from quiet of
heart.

Vain grandeur and power,
Those toys of an hour,
Tho' mortals are toiling to find ;
Can titles or show
Contentment bestow ?
All happiness dwells in the mind.

Behold the gay rose !
How lovely it grows,
Secure in the depth of the vale.

Yon oak, that on high
Aspires to the sky,
Both lightning and tempest assail.

Then let us the snare
Of ambition beware,
That source of vexation and smart :
And sport on the glade,
Or repose in the shade,
With health and with quiet of heart.

SONG 23.

YE woods and ye mountains un-
known,
Beneath whose pale shadows I
stray,

To the breast of my charmer alone
These sighs bid sweet echo con-
vey.

Wherever he pensively leads,
By fountains, on hill, or in grove,
His heart will explain what she
means,

Who sings both from sorrow and
love.

More soft than the nightingale's
song,

O waft the sad sound to his ear :
And say, tho' divided so long,

The friend of his bosom is near.
'Then tell him what years of delight,
Then tell him what ages of pain,
I felt while I liv'd in his sight !

I feel till I see him again !

SONG 24.

IN cooling stream, O sweet repose,
Those balmy dews distill,
That steal the mourner from his
woes,

And bid despair be still.

Prolong the smiling infant's rest,
Who yet no sorrows knows :
But O the mother's bleeding breast
To softest peace compose !

For her the fairest dreams adorn,
That wave on fancy's wing ;
The purple of ascending morn,
The bloom of opening spring.

Let all that sooths the soul or charms,
Her midnight hour employ ;
Till blest again in *Alfred's* arms,
She wakes to real joy.

SONG 25.

WHEN Britain first, at
heav'n's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian Angels sung this
strain :

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

The nations not so blest as thee,
Must in their turns to tyrants fall ;
While thou shalt flourish great and
free,

The dead and envy of them all
*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

Should war, should faction shake
thy isle,

And sink to poverty and shame ;
Heav'n still shall on *Britannia*
smile,

Restore her wealth, and raise her
name.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

As the loud blast, that tears thy
skies,

Serves but to root thy native
oak ;

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
From foreign, from domestic
stroke.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves ;
Britons never will be slaves.*

How blest the Prince, reserv'd by
fate,

In adverse days to mount the
throne !

Renew thy once triumphant state,
And on thy grandeur build his
own!

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

His race shall long, in times to come,
So heav'n ordains, thy sceptre
wield,

Rever'd abroad, belov'd at home,
And be at once thy sword and
shield.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves,
Britons never will be slaves.*

The Muses, still of freedom fond,
Shall to thy happy coast repair:
Blest isle, with matchless beauties
crown'd,

And manly hearts to guard the
fair.

*Rule, Britannia, rule the waves;
Britons never will be slaves.*

SONG 26.

WHEN charming *Chloe* gently
walks,

Or sweetly smiles, or gaily talks,
No goddess can with her compare,
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.
So sweet her looks, so soft her air.

In whom so many charms are plac'd,
Is with a mind so nobly grac'd,
With sparkling wit and solid sense,
And soft persuasive eloquence.

In framing her divinely fair,
Nature employ'd her utmost care,
That we in *Chloe's* form should find
A *Venus*, with *Minerva's* mind.

SONG 27.

WHEN the buds first appear,
to hail in the year,
And all nature looks youthful and
gay,

And all nature looks youthful and
gay;

When the birds on each bough by
their mates sit and coo,
And are chanting their loves on
each spray.

And are chanting their loves on
each spray.

In a cottage at night may I take
great delight,

In the fields and the meadows
all day,

With my sweet *Florimel*, whose
charms do excell

All the beautiful flowers in may.

When the lark, with shrill tone,
sings aloft in the morn,

Let my fairest and I then awake;

View the far distant hills 'mongst
the sweet purling rills,

Then arise, and our cottage for-
sake.

When the sun shines on high, that
my charmer and I

To some neighbouring plain may
repair;

There sweet pleasure enjoy, and
ambition defy,
While we breathe the fresh
sweets of the air.

And, when we return to our cot-
tage at night,

Hand in hand as we saunter and
stray;

Let the moon's silver beams thro'
the trees dart their gleams,

Shew the path, and conduct us our
way.

Let the nightingale's song pass the
thickets along,

As thus gently and slowly we
move;

And let no other talk be express'd
in our walk,

But of tender caressing and love.

At the time of sweet rest, with my
charmer thus blest'd,

E're our eyes are clos'd up in
their lids,

Let us hug, ay and kiss, and taste
of that bliss,

Which the sun-shine and day-
light forbids.

SONG 28.

WHEN in unbounded glory
bright,

The sun shines out with all his
rays,

Pain'd with excess of pleasing light,
No eye can bear the mighty blaze:

But when surrounding clouds the
stream

Of light contract, too great before,
The eye dwells on the soften'd
beam,

Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure
more,

Tho' less the blaze, the pleasure
more.

E'er grief its fables round you drew
(Believe, dear fair, I do not feign)

What with soft pleasure now I view,
Has often charm'd me quite to
pain.

How chang'd thy method, God of
love!

To thy despisers new alarm:
For now whose heart secure can
prove,

When grief and fable help to
charm?

SONG 29.

PRITHEE, *Billy*,
Ben't so silly,

Thus to waste thy time in grief;
You say *Betty*

Will not let ye;

But can sorrow give relief?

Leave repining,

Cease your whining,

Pox on torment, grief, and woe;

If she's tender,

She'll surrender;

If she's tough, e'en let her go.

SONG 30.

WOULD you taste the noon-
tide air?

To yon fragrant bow'r repair,
Where woven with the poplar-
bough

The mantling vine will shelter you.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murm'ring, as it goes

Lightly o'er the mossy ground,
Sultry *Phæbus* scorching round.

Round the languid herds and sheep
Stretch'd o'er sunny hillocks sleep,

While on the hyacinth and rose
The fair does all alone repose.

All alone——and in her arms
Your breast may beat to love's al-
arms;

Till blest'd, and blessing, you shall
own

The joys of love are joys alone.

SONG 31.

DEAR *Chloe* attend
To th' advice of a friend,

And for once be admonish'd by me:
Before you engage

To wed with old age
Think how summer and winter
agree.

So ancient a fruit,
For want of a root,

Is doom'd to a speedy decay:
Youth might ripen your charms,

But old age in young arms
Is like frosty weather in *May*.

Believe me, dear maid,
When the best cards are play'd,

You seldom can meet with a trump;
And to help the jest on,

When the sucker is gone,
What a plague would you do with
a pump?

Let men of threescore
Think of marriage no more;

They need not be fond of that noose
The cripple that begs,

Without any legs,
Can have no occasion for shoes.

A clock out of repair
Doth but badly declare

The hour of the day or the night;
For unless my dear love,

The pendulum move,
'Twould be strange if the clock
should go right.

SONG 32.

PREACH not to me your musty
rules,

Ye drones that mould in idle cell;
The heart is wiser than the schools,

The senses always reason well.

If short my span, I less can spare
To pass a single pleasure by:

An hour is long if lost in care;
They only live who life enjoy.

SONG

SONG 33.

GOddeſs of eaſe, leave *Lethe's* brink,
 Obſequious to the muſe and me ;
 For once endure the pain to think,
 O ſweet inſenſibility !
 Siſter of peace and indolence,
 Bring, muſe, bring numbers ſoft
 and flow,
 Elaborately void of ſenſe,
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs let them
 flow.
 And ſweetly thoughtleſs, &c.
 Near to ſome cowſlip-painted mead,
 There let me doze away dull hours ;
 And under me let *Flora* ſpread
 A ſoſa of her ſoſteſt flowers ;
 Where, *Philomel*, your notes you
 breathe
 Forth from behind the neigh-
 b'ring pine,
 While murmurs of the ſtream be-
 neath
 Still flow in uniſon with thine.
 For thee, O Idleneſs, the woes
 Of life we patiently endure ;
 Thou art the ſource whence labour
 flows,
 We ſhun thee but to make thee
 ſure ;
 For who would bear war's toil and
 waſte,
 Or who the thund'ring of the ſea,
 But to be idle at the laſt,
 And find a pleaſing end in thee ?

SONG 34.

HAſte, haſte, *Phyllis*, haſte
 'tis the firſt of the may ;
 Hark, the goldfinches ſing, to the
 wood let's away :
 We'll pluck the pale primroſe, and,
 ſtart not my dear,
 I've ſomething to whiſper alone in
 your ear.
 I've ſomething to whiſper, &c.
SHE. Excuse me, fond ſwain ; it
 has often been ſaid,
 The wood is unſafe for a maiden to
 tread ;
 And a wither'd old gipſy one day
 I eſpy'd,
 Bid me ſhun the thick wood, and
 ſaid ſomething beſide.
HE. 'Tis all a meer fable, there's
 nothing to fright ;
 There's muſic all day and no ſpec-
 tres at night ;
 No creature but *Cupid* believe me is
 there ;
 And *Cupid's* an urchin you ſurely
 can't fear.
SHE. For all I could ſay, when ar-
 riv'd at the wood,
 Who knows your deſigns ? You
 might dare to be rude ;
 So I bid you farewell, and confeſs
 I'm afraid,
 Leſt *Cupid* and you are too hard
 for a maid.

HE. His dictates you wiſely at once
 ſhould approve ;
 For pray what is life ? 'tis a pain
 without love :
 Think how youth, like the roſe,
 tho' ungather'd, will fade ;
 Then quickly comply, leſt you die
 an old maid.

SHE. By language as artful poor
Daphne was won ;
 Thus courted, ſhe yielded, was
 trick'd and undone :
 And rather than truſt the fine
 things you have ſaid,
 Let my beauty decay, and I die an
 old maid.

HE. Believe not I'm faithleſs and
 falſe as the wind,
 I'll be true as the turtle, as fond
 and as kind ;
 Will lead you to pleaſures untaſted
 before.

And make you a bride ; can a mor-
 tal do more ?

SHE. Then at once I comply, for
 I cannot ſay no ;
 To-morrow to church with my ſtep-
 herd I'll go,
 To the wood next, tho' *Cupid* ſo
 talk'd of be there,
 With joy I'll away, and adieu to all
 fear.

SHE. Ye nymphs to the wood ne-
 ver venture to go ;
 'Till the prieſt joins your hand, you
 muſt answer, No, no.

HE. Ye ſwains, ſhou'd your fair
 ones be deaf to you ſtill,
 You muſt wear the ſoft chain, then
 they'll go where you will.

SONG 35.

FOR ever, fortune wilt thou
 prove
 An unrelenting foe to love ?
 And when we meet a mutual heart,
 Come in between and bid us part ;
 Bid us ſigh on from day to day,
 And wiſh, and wiſh the ſoul away,
 Till youth and genial years are flown
 And all the life of life is gone ?
 But buſy, buſy, ſtill art thou,
 To bind the loveleſs, joyleſs vow ;
 The heart from pleaſure to delude,
 To join the gentle to the rude.
 For once, O fortune, hear my pray'r,
 And I abſolve thy future care ;
 All other bleſſings I reſign,
 Make but the dear *Amanda* mine.

SONG 36.

SAW ye the nymph whom I
 adore ?
 Saw ye the goddeſs of my heart ?
 And can you bid me love no more ?
 And can you think I feel no ſmart ?
 So many charms around her ſhine,
 Who can the ſweet temptation fly ?
 In ſpite of her ſcorn, ſhe's ſo divine,
 That I muſt love her, tho' I die.

SONG 37.

AS *Sylvia* in a foreſt lay
 To vent her woe alone ;
 Her ſwain *Sylvanſer* came that way,
 And heard her dying moan,
 Ah ! is my love (ſhe ſaid) to you
 So worthleſs and ſo vain :
 Why is your wonted fondneſs now
 Converted to diſdain ?
 You vow'd the light ſhou'd darkneſs
 turn,
 E'er you'd exchange your love ;
 In ſhades now may creation mourn,
 Since you unfaithful prove.
 Was it for this I credit gave
 To ev'ry oath you ſwore ?
 But ah ! it ſeems they moſt deceive,
 Who moſt our charms adore.
 'Tis plain your drift was all deceit,
 The practice of mankind :
 Alas ! I ſee it, but too late,
 My love had made me blind.
 For you, delighted I could die :
 But oh ! with grief I'm fill'd,
 To think that credulous conſtant I
 Shou'd by yourſelf be kill'd.
 This ſaid——all breathleſs, ſick and
 pale,
 Her head upon her hand,
 She found her vital ſpirits fail,
 And ſenſes at a ſtand.
Sylvander then began to melt ;
 But e'er the word was given,
 The heavy hand of death ſhe felt,
 And ſigh'd her ſoul to heaven.

SONG 38.

AS from a rock paſt all relief,
 The ſhipwreckt *Collin* ſpying
 His native ſoil, o'ercome with grief,
 Half funk in waves and dying :
 With the next morning ſun he ſpies
 A ſhip, which gives unhop'd ſurpriſe,
 New life ſprings up, he liſts his
 eyes
 With joy, and waits her motion.
 So when by her whom long I lov'd,
 I ſcorn'd was, and deſerted,
 Low with deſpair my ſpirits mov'd,
 'To be for ever parted :
 Thus droopt I, till diviner grace
 I found in *Peggy's* mind and face :
 Ingratitude appeared then baſe,
 But virtue more engaging.
 Then now ſince happily I've hit,
 I'll have no more delaying ;
 Let beauty yield to manly wit,
 We loſe ourſelves in ſtaying :
 I'll haſte dull courtſhip to a cloſe,
 Since marriage can my fears oppoſe :
 Why ſhould we happy minutes loſe,
 Since, *Peggy*, I muſt love thee.
 Men may be fooliſh, if they pleaſe,
 And deem't a lover's duty,
 To ſigh, and ſacrifice their eaſe,
 Doating on a proud beauty :
 Such was my eaſe for many a year,
 Still hope ſucceeding to my fear,
 Falſe *Betty's* charms now diſappear,
 Since *Peggy's* far outſhine them.

SONG 39.

AH! *Cloris*, cou'd I now but sit
As unconcern'd, as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No happiness nor pain.
When I this dawning did admire,
And prais'd the coming day,
I little thought that rising fire,
Would take my rest away.
Your charms in harmless childhood
lay,
As metals in a mine.
Age from no face takes more away,
Than youth conceal'd in thine:
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest;
So love as unperceiv'd did fly,
And enter'd in my breast.
My passion with your beauty grew,
While *Cupid* at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart.
Each gloried in their wanton part;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art;—
To make a beauty, she.

SONG 40.

HAPPY's the love which
meets return,
When in soft flames souls equal
burn:
But words are wanting to discover
The torments of a hopeless lover.
Ye registers of heav'n, relate,
If looking o'er the rolls of fate,
Did you there see me mark'd to
marrow
Mary Scot, the flower of *Yarrow*?
Ah no! her form's too heavenly fair,
Her love the gods above must share;
While mortals with despair explore
her,
And at a distance due adore her.
O lovely maid! my doubts beguile,
Revive and bless me with a smile:
Alas! if not, you'll soon debar a
Sighing swain the banks of *Yarrow*.
Be hush, ye fears, I'll not despair,
My *Mary's* tender as she's fair;
Then I'll go tell her all mine an-
guish,
She is too good to let me languish:
With success crown'd, I'll not envy
The folks who dwell above the sky;
When *Mary Scot's* become my
marrow,
We'll make a paradise on *Yarrow*.

SONG 41.

Beneath a beech's grateful shade,
Young *Collin* lay complaining;
He sigh'd, and seem'd to love a
maid,
Without hopes of obtaining:
For thus the swain indulg'd his grief;
Tho' pity cannot move thee,
Tho' thy hard heart gives no relief,
Yet, *Peggy*, I must love thee.

Say, *Peggy*, what has *Collin* done,
'That thus you cruelly use him?
If lov's a fault, 'tis that alone,
For which you should excuse him.
'Twas thy dear self first rais'd this
flame,
This fire by which I languish;
'Tis thou alone can quench the flame,
And cool its scorching anguish.
For thee I leave the sportive plain,
Where ev'ry maid invites me;
For thee, sole cause of all my pain,
For thee that only slights me:
This love that fires my faithful
heart,
By all but thee's commended:
Oh! would thou act so good a part,
My grief might soon be ended.
That beautiful breast, so soft to
feel,
Seem'd tenderness all over,
Yet it defends thy heart like steel,
'Gainst thy despairing lover.
Alas! tho' it should ne'er relent,
Nor *Collin's* care e'er move thee,
Yet till life's latest breath is spent,
My *Peggy*, I must love thee.

SONG 42.

AT *Polwart* on the green
If you'll meet me the morn,
Where lasses do convene
To dance about the thorn.
A kindly welcome you shall meet
Frae her who likes to view
A lover and a lad compleat,
The lad and lover you.
Let darty dames say Na
As lang as e'er they please,
Seem cauldier than the sna'
While inwardly they bleez;
But I will frankly shaw my mind,
And yield my heart to thee;
Be ever to the captive kind,
That langs na to be free.
At *Polwart* on the green,
Among the new mawn hay,
With sangs and dancing keen
We'll pass the heartsome day.
At night, if beds be o'er thrang
laid,
And thou be twin'd of thine,
Thou shalt be welcome, my dear
lad,
To take a part of mine.

SONG 43.

BLYTH *Jockey* young and gay,
Is all my heart's delight;
He's all my talk by day,
And all my dreams by night.
If from the lad I be,
'Tis winter then with me;
But when he tarries here,
'Tis summer all the year.

When I and *Jockey* met
First on the flow'ry dale,
Right sweetly he me tret,
And love was all his tale.

You are the lass, said he,
That staw my heart frae me;
O ease me of my pain,
And never shaw disdain.

Well can my *Jockey* kyth
His love and courtesie,
He made my heart full blyth
When he first spake to me.
His suit I ill deny'd,
He kiss'd, and I comply'd:
Sae *Jockey* pronis'd me,
That he wad faithful be.

I'm glad when *Jockey* comes,
Sad when he gangs away;
'Tis night when *Jockey* glooms,
But when he smiles 'tis day.
When our eyes meet, I pant,
I colour, sigh and faint;
What lass that wad be kind,
Can better tell her mind?

SONG 44.

TEN years, like *Troy*, my stub-
born heart
Withstood th' assault of fond de-
sire:
But now, alas! I feel a smart;
Poor I, like *Troy*, am set on fire.
With care we may a pile secure,
And from all common sparks de-
fend:
But oh! who can a house secure,
When the celestial flames de-
scend.
Thus was I safe, 'till from your eyes
Destructive fires are brightly given;
Ah! who can shun the warm sur-
prize,
When lo! the light'ning comes
from heaven.

SONG 45.

ALEXIS shun'd his fellow
swains,
Their rural sports and jocund strains;
Heav'n guard us all from *Cupid's*
bow!
He lost his crook, he left his flocks,
And, wand'ring thro' the lonely
rocks,
He nourish'd endless woe.
The nymphs and shepherds round
him came,
His grief some pity others blame;
The fatal cause all kindly seek:
He mingled his concern with theirs,
He gave them back their friendly
tears;
He, sigh'd, but could not speak.
Clorinda came among the rest,
And she too kind concern express'd,
And ask'd the reason of his woe:
She ask'd, but with an air and mein
That made it easily forseen,
She fear'd too much to know.

The shepherd rais'd his mournful
head,
And will you pardon me, he said,
While I the cruel truth reveal?
Which

Which nothing from my breast
should tear,
Which never should offend your
ear,
But that you bid me tell.

'Tis thus I rove, 'tis thus complain,
Since you appear'd upon the plain;
You are the cause of all my care:
Your eyes ten thousand dangers dart,
Ten thousand torments vex my
heart;
I love, and I despair.

Too much *Alexis* I have heard;
'Tis what I thought, 'tis what I
fear'd;
And yet I pardon you, she cry'd:
But you shall promise ne'er again
To breathe your vows, or speak your
pain.
He bow'd, obey'd, and dy'd.

SONG 46.

Wherever I'm going, and all
the day long,
Abroad or at home, or alone in the
throng,
I find that my passion's so lively
and strong,

That your name, when I'm silent,
runs still in my song.
*Sing Balinamone Ora, Balina-
mone Ora, Balinamone Ora,
A kiss of your sweet lips for me.*

Since the first time I saw you, I
take no repose,
I sleep all the day to forget half
my woes;

So hot is the flame in my bosom
which glows,
By *St. Patrick* I fear it will burn
thro' my cloaths

*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your pretty black hair for me.*

In my conscience I fear I shall die
in my grave,
Unless you comply, and poor *Phe-
lin* will shave,
And grant the petition your lover
does crave,

Who never was free 'till you made
him your slave.
*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your pretty black eyes for me,*

On that happy day, when I make
you my bride,
With a swinging long sword how I'll
strut and I'll stride!

In a coach and six horses with ho-
ney I'll ride,
As before you I walk to the church
by your side.

*Sing Balinamone, &c.
Your little white fist for me.*

SONG 47.

SOME sing *Molly Mog* of the
Rose,
And call her the *Oakingham* pelle;
While others do ferfes compose
On beautiful *Molly Lapelle*.

But of all the young firlins so fair,
Which *Pritain's* great monarchy
owns,
In beauty there's none can compare
With hur charming dear *Gwinif-
frid Shones*.

Unenviet the splendit contition
Of princes that shit upon thrones,
The highest of all hur ambition
Is the lose of fair *Gwinifrid Shones*
Proud mortals the clobe will search
ofer

For cold and for tiamont stones,
Put hur can more treasure tilcover
In peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

From the piggest great mountain in
Pritain

Hur would fenture the preaking
hur pones,
So that the soft lap hur might sit on
Of peautiful *Gwinifrid Shones*.

Not the nightingale's pitiful nose
Can exprefs how poor *Shenkin*
pemoans

His fate, when in places remote
Hur is absent from *Gwinifrid
Shones*.

Her lose is than honey far sweeter,
And hur is no *Shenkin ap Drones*;
Hur wou'd lapour in prose ant in
metre

To praise hur tear *Gwin. Shones*.
As the harp of *St. Tavit* surpasses
The pagpipe's poor tweeles ant
crones,

So *Lapelle, Molly Mogg*, and all
laffes,
Are excelled by *Gwinifrid Shones*.

SONG 48.

Mistaken fair, lay *Sherlock* by,
His doctrine is deceiving;
For while he teaches us to die,
He cheats us of our living.

To die's a lesson we shall know
Too soon, without a master;
Then let us only study now,
How we may live the faster.

To live's to love, to blefs, be blest
With mutual inclination;
Share then my ardour in your breast,
And kindly meet my passion.

But if thus blefs'd I may not live,
And pity you deny,
To me, at least, your *Sherlock* give,
'Tis I must learn to die.

SONG 49.

SICK of the town at once I flew
To contem-plate's rural seat;
Adieu, said I, vain world adieu!
Fools only study to be great:

The book, the lamp, the hermit's
cell,
The moss-grown roof and mat-
ted floor;

All these I had—'twas mighty
well,
But yet I wanted something more.

Back to the busy world again
I soon return'd, in hopes to find
Ease for imaginary pain,
Quiet of heart and peace of mind:
Gay scenes of grandeur every hour
By turns my fickle fancy fill;
The world seem'd all within my
pow'r,

But yet I wanted something still.
Cities and groves by turns were try'd,
'Twas all, ye fair, an idle tale;
Celia at length became a bride,
A bride to *Damon* of the vale:

All nature smil'd, the gloom was
chear'd,
Damon was kind, I can't tell how,
Each place a paradise appear'd,
And *Celia* wanted nothing now.

SONG 50.

OF all my experience how vast
the amount,
Since fifteen long winters I fairly
can count!

Was ever poor damsel so sadly be-
tray'd,
For to live to these years, and yet
still be a maid!

Ye heroes, triumphant by land and
by sea,
Sworn vot'ries to love, yet unmin-
dful of me;

You can storm a strong fort, or can
form a blockade,
Yet ye stand by, like dastards, and
see me a maid!

Ye Lawyers so just, who with slip-
pery tongue
Can do what you please, or with
right or with wrong,

Can it be or by law or by equity said,
That a buxom young girl ought to
die an old maid?

Ye learned Physicians, whose ex-
cellent skill
Can save or demolish, can cure or
can kill,

To a poor forlorn damsel contribute
your aid,
Who is sick—very sick—of re-
maining a maid.

You, Fops, I invoke not to list to
my song,
Who answer no end, and to no sex
belong;

Ye echo of echos, and shadows of
shade—
For if I had you—I might still be
a maid.

SONG 51.

OH! pity all a maiden,
Condemn'd hard fates to
prove!

I rather would have laid-in,
Than thus have dy'd for love!
'Twas hard t'encounter death-a
Before the bridal bed:

Ah! wou'd I had kept my breath-a,
And lost my maidenhead!

SONG 52.

THE night her silent sable wore,
And gloomy were the skies;
Of glitt'ring stars appear'd no more
Than those in *Nelly's* eyes.
When at her father's yate I knock'd,
Where I had often been,
She shrouded only with her smock,
Arose and loot me in.
Fast lock'd within her close embrace,
She trembling stood asham'd;
Her swelling breast and glowing face
And ev'ry touch inflam'd.
My eager passion I obey'd,
Resolv'd the fort to win;
And her fond heart was soon betray'd
To yield and let me in.

Then, then, beyond expressing,
Transporting was the joy;
I knew no greater blessing,
So blest a man was I.
And she, all ravish'd with delight,
Bid me oft come again;
And kindly vow'd that ev'ry night
She'd rise and let me in.
But ah! at last she prov'd with bairn,
And sighing sat and dull,
And I that was as much concern'd,
Look'd e'en just like a fool.
Her lovely eyes with tears ran o'er,
Repenting her rash sin:
She sigh'd, and curs'd the fatal hour
That e'er she loot me in.

But who cou'd cruelly deceive,
Or from such beauty part:
I lov'd her so, I could not leave
'The charmer of my heart:
But wedded, and conceal'd our crime:
Thus all was well again,
And now she thanks the happy time
That e'er she loot me in.

SONG 53.

M*y Patie* is a lover gay,
His mind is never muddy,
His breath is sweeter than new hay,
His face is fair and ruddy.
His shape is handsome, middle size;
He's stately in his wawking;
'The shining of his een surpris'd;
'Tis heaven to hear him tawking.
Last night I met him on a baw,
Where yellow corn was growing,
There morn'd a kindly word he spak,
That set my heart a glowing.
He kiss'd, and vow'd he wad be mine,
And lood me best of ony;
'That gars me like to sing finfyne,
O corn rigs are bonny.

Let maidens of a silly mind
Refuse what maist they're want-
ing,
Since we for yielding are design'd
We chastly should be granting;

Then I'll comply and marry *Pate*,
And fine my cockernony,
He's free to touzle air or late,
Where corn rigs are bonny.

SONG 54.

THIS is not mine ain house,
I ken by the rigging o't;
Since with my Love I've changed
vows,
I dinna like the bigging o't,
For now that I'm young *Robie's*
bride,
And mistris of his fire-side,
Mine ain house I'll like to guide,
And please me with the trig-
ging o't.

Then farewell to my father's house,
I gang where love invites me;
The strictest duty this allows,
When love with honour meets
me.

When *Hymen* moulds us into ane,
My *Robie's* nearer than my kin,
And to refuse him were a sin,
Sae lang's he kindly treats me.

When I'm in mine ain house,
True love shall be at hand ay,
To make me still a prudent spouse,
And let my man command ay;
Avoiding ilka cause of strife,
The common pest of married life
That makes ane wearied of his
wife,
And breaks the kindly band ay.

SONG 55.

THE sun was sunk beneath
the hill,
The western cloud was lin'd with
gold:
Clear was the sky, the wind was
still,
The flocks were pen'd within the
fold;
When in the silence of the grove,
Poor *Damon* thus despair'd of love.

Who seeks to pluck the fragrant
rose,
From the hard rock or oozy beech;
Who from each weed that barren
grows,
Expects the grape or downy
peach,

With equal faith may hope to find
'The truth of love in womankind.
No flocks have I, or fleecy care,
No fields that wave with golden
grain,
No pastures green, or gardens fair,
A woman's venal heart to gain.
Then all in vain my sighs must prove,
Whose whole estate, alas! is love.

How wretched is the faithful youth,
Since women's hearts are bought
and sold?
They ask no vows of sacred truth;
Whene'er they sigh, they sigh
to gold.

Gold can the frowns of scorn re-
move:—
Thus I am scorn'd—who have
but love.

To buy the gems of *India's* coast,
What wealth, what riches would
suffice?
Yet *India's* shore should never boast,
The lustre of thy rival eyes:
For there the world too cheap must
prove;
Can I then buy—who have but love?
Then, *Mary*, since nor gems nor ore
Can with thy brighter self compare,
Be just, as fair, and value more,
Than gems or ore, a heart sincere:
Let treasure meaner beauties prove;
Who pays thy worth, must pay in
love.

SONG 56.

OF all the birds, whose tuneful
throats
Do welcome in the verdant spring,
I far prefer the *Stirling's* notes,
And think she does most sweetly
sing.

Nor thrush, nor linnet, nor the bird
Brought from the far *Canary* coast,
Nor can the nightingale afford
Such melody as she can boast.

When *Phœbus* southward darts his
fires,
And on our plains he looks a-
scance,
The nightingale with him retires,
My *Stirling* makes my blood to
dance.

In spite of *Hyem's* nipping frost,
Whether the day be dark or clear,
Shall I not her health entoast,
Who makes it summer all the year?

Then by thyself, my lovely bird,
I'll stroke thy back, and kiss thy
breast;

And if you'll take my honest word,
As sacred as before the priest;
I'll bring thee where I will devise
Such various ways to pleasure
thee,

The velvet fog thou wilt despise,
When on the downy hills with
me.

SONG 57.

COME, fill me a bumper, my
jolly brave boys,
Let's have no more female im-
pertinence and noise;

For I've try'd the endearments and
pleasures of love,
And I find they're but nonsense
and whimsies, by *Jove*.

When first of all *Betty* and I were
acquaint,
I whin'd like a fool, and she sigh'd
like a saint:
But I found her *religion*, her *face*,
and her *love*,

Were *hypocrisy*, *paint*, and *self-in-
terest*, by *Jove*.

Sweet *Cecil* came next with her languishing air,
Her *outside* was orderly, modest and fair;
But her *soul* was *sophisticate*, so was her *love*,
For I found she was only a *strumpet*, by *Jove*.

Little *double-gilt* Jenny's gold charm'd me at last:
(You know *marriage and money together* does best.)
But the *baggage* forgetting her *vows* and her *love*,
Gave her gold to a *sniv'ling dull* *coxcomb*, by *Jove*.

Come fill me a bumper then, jolly brave boys;
Here's a farewell to female impertinence and noise:
I know few of the sex that are worthy my love;
And for *strumpets* and *jilts*, I abhor them, by *Jove*.

SONG 58.

WHAT means this niceness now of late,
Since time that truth does prove?
Such distance may consist with state,
But never will with love.
'Tis either cunning or disdain
That does such ways allow;
The first is base, the last is vain:
May neither happen you.

For if it be to draw me on,
You over act your part;
And if it be to have me gone,
You need not half that art:
For if you chance a look to cast,
That seems to be a frown,
I'll give you all the love that's past,
The rest shall be my own.

SONG 59.

MY sweetest *May*, let love incline thee,
'T' accept a heart which he designs thee;
And, as your constant slave, regard it,
Synce for its faithfulness reward it.
'Tis proof a shot to birth or money,
But yields to what is sweet and bonny;
Receive it then with a kiss and a smile,
There's my thumb it will ne'er beguile ye.

How tempting sweet these lips of thine are,
Thy bosom white, and legs sae fine are,
That when in pools I see thee clean 'em;
They carry away my heart between 'em.
I wish, and I wish, while it gaes duntin,
O gin I had thee on a mountain,

Tho' kith and kin and a' shou'd revile thee,
There's my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.

Alane thro' flow'ry hows I dander,
Tenting my flocks lest they shou'd wander,
Gin thou'll gae along, I'll dawt thee gaylie,
And gi'e my thumb I'll ne'er beguile thee.
O my dear lassie, it is but daffin,
To had thy wooer up ay niff naffin.
That na, na, na, I hate it most vilely,
O say, yes, and I'll ne'er beguile thee.

SONG 60.

TRANSPORTED with pleasure,
I gaze on my treasure,
And ravish my sight:
While she gayly smiling,
My Anguish beguiling,
Augments my delight.

How blest is a lover,
Whose torments are over,
His fears and his pain;
When beauty relenting,
Repays with consenting,
Her scorn and disdain.

SONG 61.

TEACH me, *Cloe*, how to prove
My boasted flame sincere:
'Tis hard to tell how dear I love,
And hard to hide my care.
Sleep in vain displays her charms,
To bribe my soul to rest,
Vainly spreads her silken arms,
And courts me to her breast.
Where can *Strepson* find repose,
If *Cloe* is not there?
For ah! no peace his bosom knows,
When absent from the fair.
What tho' *Phabus* from on high
Withholds his chearful ray,
Thine eyes can well his light supply,
And give me more than day.

SONG 62.

GAFFER and gammer were fast in their nest,
And all the young fry of their eribs were posselt;
Spot, Whitefoot and Pufs in the ashes were laid,
And a blinking rush candle just o-ver their head.
Ursla was scouring her dishes and platter,
Preparing to make her good friend the hog fatter;
Greas'd up to the elbow, as much to the eye,
'Till her embroider'd cloaths were e'en ready to fry.

Roger the plowman i'th' chimney lay fnoaring,
'Till Cupid, fore vext at his clownish adoring,
Did straitway convey to the great logger-head,
The whispering muse, that they all were a-bed.

Up started Roger, and rubbing his eyes,
Strait to his dear *Ursla* in passion he hies;
Then leaning his elbow on *Ursla's* broad back,
Complain'd that his heart was e'en ready to crack.

Ursla b'ing vext at the weight of her love,
Cry'd, Cupid, why dost thou thus treacherous prove?
In an angry mood then she turn'd her about,
And the dish-clout lapt over the face of the Lout.

Roger being angry at such an affront,
And not at all minding of what might come on't;
He gave her a kick wth such wondrous mettle,
As tumbld poor *Ursla* quite over the kettle.

This noise and rumbling set *Gaffer* awaking,
And fearing lest thieves had been stealing his beakon;
With a pur down the stairs in a trice he came stumbling,
Where he found Roger gaping, while *Ursla* lay tumbling.

Pox take you, quoth he, for a rogue and a whore;
So turn'd the poor lovers quite out of the door;
Nor minding the rain, nor the cold windy Weather,
To finish their loves in a hogstye together.

SONG 63.

WHEN *Delia* on the plain appears,
Aw'd by a thousand tender fears,
I wou'd approach, but dare not move;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
Whene'er she speaks, my ravish'd car
No other voice but hers can bear,
No other's wit but hers approve;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
If she some other swain commend,
Tho' I was once his fondest friend,
That instant enemy I prove;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.
When she is absent, I no more
Delight in all that pleas'd before,
The clearest spring or shady grove;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

When

When arm'd with insolent disdain
She seem'd to triumph o'er my pain,
I strove to hate, but vainly strove ;
Tell me, my heart, if this is love.

SONG 64.

I Gently touch'd her hand, she
gave
A look that did my heart enslave ;
I press'd her rebel lips in vain,
They rose up to be press'd again :
Thus happy, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.
On her soft breast my hand I laid,
And a quick light impression made ;
They with a kindly warmth did
glow,
And swell'd, and seem'd to overflow ;
Yet, trust me, I no farther meant,
Than to be pleas'd and innocent.

On her bright eyes my eyes did play,
O'er her smooth limbs my heart did
stray ;
Each sense was ravish'd with delight
And my soul stood prepar'd for
flight.
Blame me not, if at last I meant
More to be pleas'd than innocent.

SONG 65.

I N vain *Philaender* at my feet,
You urge your guilty flame ;
With well dissembled tears intreat,
New oaths and impious vows repeat,
And wrong love's sacred name.
Ah ! cease to call that passion love,
Whose end is to betray :
Too soon should I comply, you'd
prove
What sensual vows your ardor move
And your affection sway.
And when, to all my fondness blind,
You'd chace me from your breast ;
Deluded wretch ! when could I find,
'That calm content, that peace of
mind,
Which I before possess'd.

SONG 66.

Y E S, all the world will sure
agree,
He who's secure of having thee
Will be entirely blest ;
But 'ware in me too great a wrong,
'To make one, who has been so long
My queen, my slave at last.
Nor ought those things to be confin'd
'That were for public good design'd :
Could we, in foolish pride,
Make the sun always with us stay,
'Twould burn our corn and grass
away,
And starve the world beside.
Let not the thoughts of parting
fright
'Two souls which passion does unite ;
For while our love does last,
Neither will strive to go away ;
And why the devil should we stay,
When once that love is past ?

SONG 67.

O Lovely *Celia*, heav'nly maid,
Kind gentle, fair and free ;
In all thy sex's charms array'd ;
How few are form'd like thee ?
Thy image always fills my mind,
The theme of ev'ry song ;
I'm fix'd to thee alone I find,
But ask not for how long.

The fair in gen'ral I've admir'd,
Have long been false and true ;
And when the last my fancy tir'd,
I wand'ring round to you.
Then, while I can, I'll be sincere,
As turtles to their mates ;
This moment's yours and mine my
dear,
The next you know is fate's.

SONG 68.

H A D *Neptune*, when first he
took charge of the sea,
Been as wise, or at least been as
merry as we,
He'd have thought better on't,
and, instead of his brine,
Wou'd have fill'd the vast ocean
with generous wine.

What trafic then would have been
on the main,
For the sake of good liquor, as well
as for gain !
No fear then of tempest, or danger
of sinking ;
The fishes ne'er drown that are
always a drinking.

The hot thirsty sun then would
drive with more haste,
Secure in the ev'ning of such a repast ;
And when he'd got tipsy would
have taken his nap
With double the pleasure in *Thetis's*
lap.

By the force of his rays, and thus
heated with wine,
Consider how gloriously *Phœbus*
would shine ;
What vast exhalations he'd draw
up on high,
To relieve the poor earth as it
wanted supply.

How happy us mortals, when blest
with such rain,
To fill all our vessels, and fill them
again !
Nay, even the beggar that has ne'er
a dish
Might jump in the river, and drink
like a fish.

What mirth and contentment in
every brow,
Hob, as great as a prince, dancing
after the plow !
The birds in the air, as they play
on the wing,
Altho' they but sip, would eternally
sing.

The stars, who I think don't to
drinking incline ;

Would frisk and rejoice at the
fume of the wine ;
And, merrily twinkling, would soon
let us know
That they were as happy as mor-
tals below.

Had this been the case, what had
we then enjoy'd,
Our spirits still rising, our fancy
ne'er cloy'd !
A pox then on *Neptune*, when 'twas
in his power,
To slip, like a fool, such a fortu-
nate hour.

SONG 69.

N A ture for thee has cull'd her
store,
Then why shouldst thou, fond
maid,
Pretend to make thy beauty more,
In borrow'd charms array'd ?
In borow'd charms, &c.

The radiant plumes no more delight,
Nor once our thoughts employ,
Whilst thy own native charms
excite
Our wonder and our joy, &c.
Believe me, nymph, their glories
fade,
Plac'd near thy brighter eyes ;
Brilliant on you appear decay'd,
On others they'd surprise, &c.

Since then, heav'n-deck'd, you
win all hearts,
Make dress no more your care ;
To meaner beauties leave those arts,
Which you so well can spare,
Which you, &c.

SONG 70.

Y E nymphs of the plain, who
once saw me so gay,
You ask why in sorrow I spend the
whole day :
'Tis love, cruel love, that my
peace did betray :
Then crown your poor *Phyllis*
with willow

The bloom which once grac'd, has
deserted this cheek ;
My eyes no more sparkle, my
tongue can scarce speak ;
My heart too flutters, I fear it will
break :
Then crown your poor *Phyllis*
with willow.

Ye lovers so true, that attend on
my bier,
And think that my fortune has
prov'd too severe ;
Ah ! curb not the sigh, nor refuse
the kind tear ;
Then strew all the place round
with willow.

Erect me a tomb, and engrave on
its side,
" Here lies a poor maiden, whose
" love was deny'd ;

“ She strove to endure it, but could
 “ not, and dy'd :”
 Then shade it with cypress and
 willow.

SONG 71.

AS naked almost, and more fair
 you appear
 Than *Diana*, when spy'd by
Acteon ;
 Yet the stag-hunter's fate your
 votaries here
 We hope you're too gentle to
 lay on.
 For he, like a fool, took a peep
 and no more,
 So she gave him a large pair of
 horns, Sir :
 What Goddess undress'd such ne-
 glect ever bore,
 Or what woman e'er pardon'd
 such scorn, Sir ?
 The man who with beauty feasts
 only his eyes,
 With the fair always works his own
 ruin :
 You shall find by our actions, our
 looks and our sighs,
 We're not barely contented with
 viewing.

SONG 72.

DEjected as true converts die,
 But yet with fervent thoughts
 inflam'd ;
 So, fairest, at your feet I lie,
 Of all my sex's faults ashamed.
 Too long, alas ! have I defy'd
 The force of love's almighty
 flame,
 And often did aloud deride
 His Godhead as an empty name.
 But since so freely I confess
 A crime which may your scorn
 produce,
 Allow me now to make it less
 By any just and fair excuse.
 I then did vulgar joys pursue,
 Variety was all my bliss ;
 But, ignorant of love and you,
 How could I chuse but do amiss ?
 If ever now my wandring eyes
 Search out temptation as before ;
 If once I look, but to despise
 Their charms, and value yours
 the more ;
 May sad remorse, and guilty shame,
 Revenge your wrongs on faith-
 less me ;
 And, what I tremble ev'n to name,
 May I lose all in losing thee.

SONG 73.

OF an ailment so killingly sweet
 I could die ;
 For your sight it so charms me,
 Chills, changes and warms me,
 That I wish, and I wish, nor know
 wherefore, nor why,

And my soul I could waft away in
 a sigh.

When absent, nor rest, nor refresh-
 ment I find ;
 Tho' alone you can cheer me,
 I tremble when near me,
 My senses grow all as bewitch'd as
 my mind,
 And my eyes on your eyes they
 could look themselves blind.

SONG 74.

TELL me, *Dorinda*, why fo
 gay
 With such embroid'ry, fringe,
 and lace ?
 Can gaudy dresses find a way
 To stop th' approaches of decay,
 And mend a ruin'd face ?
 Wilt thou still sparkle in the box,
 And ogle in the ring ?
 Canst thou forget thy age and pox ?
 Can all that shines on shells and
 rocks
 Make thee a fine young thing ?
 So have I seen in larder dark,
 Of veal a luscious loin,
 Replete with many a brilliant spark,
 As wise philosophers remark,
 At once both stink and shine.

SONG 75.

HE.

LOVE's an idle childish passion
 Only fit for girls and boys ;
 Marriage is a cursed fashion,
 Women are but foolish toys.
 Women are but foolish toys.
 Spite of all the tempting evils,
 Still they liberty maintain ;
 Tell 'em, tell the pretty devils,
 Man alone was made torcign, &c.

SHE.

Empty boaster ! know thy duty,
 Thou who dar'st my pow'r defy,
 Feel the force of love and beauty,
 Tremble at my feet and die.
 Tremble at my feet and die.
 Wherefore does thy colour leave
 thee ?
 Why those cares upon thy brow ?
 Did the rebel Pride deceive thee ?
 Ask him who's the monarch
 now, &c.

SONG 76.

FROM morn to night, from day
 to day,
 At all times and at ev'ry place,
 You scold, repeat, and sing and say ;
 Nor are there hopes you'll ever
 cease.

Forbear my *Calia*, oh ! forbear,
 If your own health or ours you
 prize ;
 For all mankind that hear you,
 swear
 Your tongue's more killing than
 your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise
 obscur'd ;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But if they listen, all are cur'd.

Your silence would acquire more
 praise
 Than all you say, or all I write ;
 One look ten thousand charms dis-
 plays ;
 Then hush——and be an angel
 quite.

SONG 77.

THE stone, that all things
 turns at will
 To gold, the chymist craves ;
 But gold, without the chymist's
 skill,
 Turns all men into knaves :
For a cheating we will go, &c.
 The merchant would the courtier
 cheat,
 When on his goods he lays
 Too high a price——but, faith he's
 bit,
 For a courtier never pays :
For a cheating, &c.

The lawyer, with a face demure,
 Hangs him who steals your pelf ;
 Because the good man can endure
 No robber but himself :
For a cheating, &c.

Betwixt the quack and highway-
 man
 What difference can there be ?
 Tho' this with pistol, that with pen
 Doth kill you for a fee :
For a cheating, &c.

The husband cheats his loving wife
 And to a mistress goes ;
 While she at home, to ease her life,
 Carouses with the beaux :
For a cheating, &c.

The tenant doth the steward nick,
 So low this art we find ;
 The steward doth his lordship trick ;
 My lord tricks all mankind :
For a cheating, &c.

SONG 78.

HOWEVER some in coaches,
 In barrows some may beg,
 'Tis want that makes the mendicant,
 And not the wooden leg,
When a begging they do go, &c.

'Tis thus by greater poverty
 That nobles grow renown'd ;
 For where we want a penny,
 State-beggars want a pound :
And a begging they will go, &c.

Your courtiers beg for honour——
 And that's a want indeed ;
 As many should for honesty——
 But will not own their need :
Tho' a begging, &c.

Your vizier begs for subsidies,
 Your party-men for place ;

Your churchmen for a benefice—
But not a man for grace :
When a begging, &c.

Thus all from *Rome* to *London*
Are of the begging train :
But we who beg for charity
Are those who beg in vain :
Yet a begging, &c.

SONG 79.

STREPHON, when you see me
fly,
Why should that your fears
create ?

Maids may be as often shy
Out of love, as out of hate.
When from you I fly away,
'Tis because I fear to stay.

Did I out of hatred run,
Lefs would be my pain and care ;
But the youth I love, to shun !
Who could such a trial bear ?

Who, that such a swain did see,
Who would love and fly like me ?
Cruel duty bids me go,
Gentle love commands my stay ;

Duty's still to love a foe :
Shall I this or that obey ?
Duty frowns, and *Cupid* smiles ;
'That befriends, and this beguiles.

Ever by this crystal stream
I could sit and see thee sigh ;
Ravish'd with this pleasing dream,
Oh ! 'tis worse than death to fly :

But the danger is so great,
Fear gives wings, instead of hate.
If you love me, *Strephon*, leave me ;
If you stay, I am undone :

Oh ! you may with ease deceive me ;
Prithee, charming boy, be gone :
The gods decree that we must part ;
They have my vow, and you my heart.

SONG 80.

FROM tyrant laws and customs
free,

We follow sweet variety ;
By turns we drink and dance and
sing,

Love for ever on the wing.
Why should niggard rules controul
Transports of the jovial soul ?

No dull stinting hours we own,
Pleasure counts or time alone.

SONG 81.

FAME's an echo, prattling dou-
ble,

An empty, airy, glitt'ring bubble ;
A breath can swell, a breath can
sink it,

'The wise not worth their keeping
think it.

Why then, why such toil and pain,
Fame's uncertain smiles to gain ?

Like her sister *Fortune*, blind,
'To the best she's oft unkind,
And the worst her favour find.

SONG 82.

THE wanton god, that pierces
hearts,

Dips in gall the pointed darts ;
But the nymph disdains to pine,
Who bathes the wound in rosy wine.

Farewel lovers when they're cloy'd ;
If I am scorn'd because enjoy'd,
Sure the squeamish fops are free
To rid me of dull company.

They have charms whilst mine can
please,

I love them much, but more my ease ;
No jealous fears my love molest,
Nor faithless vows shall break my
rest.

Why should they e'er give me pain,
Who to give me joy disdain ?

All I hope of mortal man
Is to love me whilst he can.

SONG 83.

WHEN *Orpheus* went down to
the regions below,

To bring back the wife that he
lov'd,

Old *Pluto* confounded, as histories
shew,

To find that his music so mov'd.
To find, &c.

That a woman so good, so virtuous
and fair,

Shou'd be by a man thus trepann'd
To give up her freedom for sorrow
and care ;

He own'd she deserv'd to be
damn'd,

He own'd, &c.

For punishment he never studied a
whit ;

The torments of hell had not pain
Sufficient to curse her—so *Pluto*
thought fit

Her husband should have her
again,

Her husband, &c.

But soon he compassion'd the wo-
man's hard fate,

And knowing of mankind so well,
He recall'd her again, before 'twas
too late,

And said she'd be happier in hell,
And said, &c.

SONG 84.

YE Nymphs and Sylvan Gods,
That love green fields and
woods,

When spring newly born
Herself does adorn

With flow'rs and blooming buds ;
Come sing in the praise,
Whilst flocks do graze

In yonder pleasant vale,
Of those that chuse,
Their sleep to lose,

And in cold dews,
With clouted shoes,

Do carry the milking-pail.

The Goddess of the morn

With blushes they adorn,
And take the fresh air,

Whilst linnets prepare
A concert on each green thorn ;

The blackbird and thrush
On every bush,

And the charming nightingale,
In merry vein

Their throats do strain,
To entertain

The jolly train
That carry the milking-pail.

When cold bleak winds do roar,
And flow'rs can spring no more,

The fields that were seen
So pleasant and green,

By winter are candy'd o'er ;
Oh ! how the town lass

Looks with her white face,
And her lips of deadly pale !

But it's not so
With those that go

Thro' frost and snow,
With cheeks that glow,

To carry the milking-pail.

The miss of comely mould,
Adorn'd with pearl and gold,

With washes and paint
Her skin does taint,

She's wither'd before she's old :
Whilst she, in commode,

Puts on a cart-load,
And with cushions plumps her tail ;

What joys are found
In russet gown,
Young, plump and round,

And sweet and sound,
To carry the milking-pail !

The girls of *Venus*' game,
That venture life and fame

In practising feats,
With cold and with heats,

Make lovers grow blind and lame :
If men were so wise

To value the price
Of the wares most fit for sale,

What store of beaux
Wou'd dawb their cloaths,

To save a nose,
By following those

That carry the milking-pail !

The country lad is free
From fears and jealousy,

When on the green
He's often seen

With his lass upon his knee ;
With kisses most sweet

He does her greet,
And swears she'll ne'er grow stale ;

Whilst the *London* lass
In every place

With her brazen face,
Despises the grace

Of those with the milking-pail.

SONG 85.

HOW sweet the gossiping birds
that sing !

How sweet the treasure that *Zephyrs*
bring,

Light-wafted

Light-wafred on each odoriferous
wing,
That winnows the breast of flow'ry
Spring !
How sweet the flowers with balm
replete,
The fawns that frolick, and lambs
that bleat !
But oh ! above all, tho' all should
meet,
My *Gracey*, my sweetest of sweets,
is sweet !

SONG 86.

CLEOPATRA the gay, as
old stories declare,
Put *Markanthony* oft to the rout
fir ;
That the lover was fond and the
lady was fair,
No modern among us will doubt
fir :
But yet I insist
Our times are the best,
And mufty antiquity scorn fir ;
Pray tell me, could *Thais*,
Or golden-lock'd *Lais*,
Compare to our *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?
Away with restraint, let us wan-
tonly rove,
And be what our wishes could
make us ;
We'll freely pour forth a libation
to love,
And recruit by the bounties of
Bacchus :
Dull cynical fools,
By their joy-cramping rules,
Poor logical lunatics turn fir ;
They would wisdom forget,
Were they once tete-a-tete
Over claret with *Barbara Byrne*, fir.
Pedantical schoolmen have matter
defin'd,
And commented on queer *Aristotle* ;
The only philosophy fit for man-
kind,
Is a beauty, well arm'd by a
bottle :
Keep classical knowledge
Immers'd in the college,
'Midst gownmen and pedagogues
stern fir :
What's physie or statics,
Or dull mathematics,
To claret and *Barbara Byrne*, fir ?
Let Placemen receive, and let Pa-
triot's oppose,
And raise unforgiving dissentions ;
A mistress's arms is the place I
would chuse,
And a bottle and friend are my
pensions :
Let state tools, full of doubt,
Be pull'd in or thrust out,
As their masters to either side turn
fir ;
Be this maxim my plan,
May I stand while I can
To my bumper, my friend and *Bab*
Byrne fir.

Ye sensible socials, ye knights of
the vine,
Who wit, women and wine can
taste fir ;
Would you know where true humour
and harmony reign,
With gay *Barbara Byrne* make
your feast, fir ;
Poor lovers that prize
Lips, legs, arms or eyes,
Such piece-meal pretensions I scorn
fir ;
No limb shall be lost
When I mention my toast ;
Here's a health to the whole of *Bab*
Byrne fir.

SONG 87.

OF a noble race was *Shinkin*,
Of the line of *Owen Tudor* ;
But hur renown is fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued hur.
Fair *Winney's* eyes bright-shining,
And lily breasts alluring,
Poor *Shinkin's* heart with fatal dart
Have wounded past all curing.
Hur was the prettiest fellow
At stool-ball or at cricket ;
At hunting-race, or foot-ball chace,
Cot's plut' how hur could kick it !
But now all joys are flying,
All pale and wan her cheeks too ;
Hur heart so akes, hur quite for-
fakes
Hur herrings and hur leeks too.
No more shall sweet metheglin
Be drank at good *Montgom'ry* ;
And if love's fore lasts six days
more,
Adieu cream-cheese and flumm'ry !

SONG 88.

DO not ask me, charming
Phyllis,
Why I lead you here alone,
By this bank of pinks and lilies,
And of roses newly blown.
'Tis not to behold the beauty
Of those flow'rs that crown the
spring ;
'Tis to—but I know my duty,
And dare not name the thing.
'Tis, at worst, but her denying,
Why should I thus fearful be ?
Ev'ry minute, gently flying,
Smiles and says, make use of me.
What the sun does to these roses,
While the beams play sweetly in,
I would—but my fear opposes,
And I dare not name the thing.
Yet I die, if I conceal it :
Ask my eyes, or ask your own ;
And if neither can reveal it,
'Think what lovers think alone.
On this bank of pinks and lilies,
Might I speak what I would do ;
I would, with my lovely *Phyllis*,
I would—but ah ! would not you ?

SONG 89.

WHAT beauteous scenes en-
chant my sight !
How closely yonder vine
Does round that elm's supporting
height
Her wanton ringlets twine !
That elm, no more a barren shade,
Is with her clusters crown'd ;
And that fair vine, without its aid,
Had crept along the ground.
Let this, my fair one, move thy
heart,
Connubial joys to prove :
But mark what age and care impart ;
Nor thoughtless rush on love.
Know thy own bliss, and joy to hear
Vertumnus loves thy charms,
The youthful God that rules the year
And keeps the groves from harms.
While some with short-liv'd passion
glow,
His love remains the same ;
On him alone thy heart bestow,
And crown his constant flame :
So shall no frosts untimely pow'r
Deform the blooming spring :
So shall thy trees, from blasts secure,
Their wonted tribute bring.

SONG 90.

FROM all her fair loquacious
kind
So different is my *Rosalind*,
That not one accent can I gain,
To crown my hopes, or sooth my
pain.
Ye lovers, who can construe sighs,
And are th'interpreters of eyes,
To language all her looks translate,
And in her gestures read my fate.
And if in them you chance to find
Ought that is gentle, ought that's
kind ;
Adieu mean hopes of being great,
And all the littleness of state.
All thoughts of grandeur I'll despise,
That from dependance take their
ife ;
To serve her shall be my employ,
And love's sweet agony my joy.

SONG 91.

GAY *Florizel* of noble birth.
The most engaging fair on
earth
To please a blythe gallant,
Has much of wit, and much of
worth,
And much of tongue to set it forth,
But then she has an aunt.
How oft, alas ! in vain I've try'd
To tempt her from her guardian's
side,
And trap her on love's hook !
She's like a little wanton lamb,
That frisks about the careful dam,
And thuns the shepherd's crook.
Like

Like wretched *Dives* I am plac'd,
To see the joys I cannot taste,
Of all my hopes bereav'd;
Heraunt's the dismal gulph betwixt,
By all the pow'rs of malice met,
To cheat me of my heav'n.

SONG 92.

PRIThee send me back my heart,
Since I cannot have thine;
For if from yours you will not part,
Why then should you keep mine?

Yet now I think on't, let it lie,
To send it me were vain;
For thou'lt a thief in either eye
Will steal it back again.

SONG 93.

DEAR *Colin*, prevent my warm
blushes,
Since how can I speak without
pain?

My eyes have oft told you my
wishes;
Oh! can't you their meaning
explain?

My passion would lose by expression,
And you too might cruelly blame;
Then don't you expect a confession
Of what is too tender to name.

Since yours is the province of speak-
ing,
Why should you expect it from
me?

Our wishes should be in our keeping,
Till you tell us what they should
be.

Then quickly why don't you dis-
cover?

Did your heart feel such tortures
as mine,

Eyes need not tell over and over
What I in my bosom confine.

SONG 94.

DEAR Madam, when ladies
are willing,

A man must needs look like a
fool;

For me, I would not give a shilling
For one that can love out of rule:

At least, you should wait for our
offers,

Nor snatch like old maids in
despair;

If you've liv'd till these years with-
out proffers,

Your sighs are now lost in the air.

You should leave us to guess at
your blushing,

And not speak the matter too
plain;

'Tis ours to be forward and pushing,
And yours to affect a disdain.

That you're in a terrible taking,
By all your fond ogling I see;

But the fruit that will fall without
shaking,

Indeed is too mellow for me.

SONG 95.

AT dead of night, when wrapt
in sleep

The peaceful cottage lay,
Pastora left her folded sheep,
Her garland, crook, and useless
scip,

Love led the nymph astray.

Loose, and undress'd, she takes
her flight

To a near myrtle shade:

The conscious moon gave all her
light,

To bless the ravish'd lover's sight,
And guide the charming maid.

His eager arms the nymph embrace,
And to assuage his pain,

His restless passion he obeys:

At such an hour, in such a place,
What lover could contain?

In vain she call'd the conscious
moon,

The moon no succour gave;

The cruel stars unmov'd look'd on,
And seem'd to smile at what was
done,

Nor would her honour save.

Vanquish'd at last by powerful love
The nymph exiring lay;

No more she sigh'd, no more she
strove,

Since no kind stars were found above,
She blush'd and dy'd away:

Yet prais'd the grove, her secret
flight,

And youth that did betray;

And panting, dying with delight,
She bless'd the kind transporting
night,

And curs'd approaching day.

SONG 96.

MY Goddess *Lydia*, heavenly
fair,

As lily sweet, as soft as air,

Let loose thy tresses, spread thy
charms,

And to my love give fresh alarms.

O! let me gaze on those bright eyes,
Tho' sacred lightning from them
flies;

Shew me that soft that modest grace,
Which paints with charming red
thy face.

Give me *ambrosia* in a kiss,
That I may rival *Jove* in blifs,

That I may mix my soul with thine,
And make the pleasure all divine.

O hide! thy bosom's killing white,
(The milky way is not so bright)

Lest you my ravish'd soul oppress,
With beauty's pomp, and sweet
excess.

Why draw'st thou from the purple
flood

Of my kind heart the vital blood?
Thou art all over endless charms;

O! take me dying to thy arms.

SONG 97.

A Trifling song ye shall hear,
Begun with a trifle and ended;
All trifling people draw near,
And I shall be nobly attended.

Were it not for trifles a few,
That lately came into the play,
The men would want something to
do,

The women want something to
say.

What makes men trifle in dressing?
Because the ladies, they know,
Admire, by often caressing
That eminent trifle, a beau.

When the lover his moments has
trifled,

The trifle of trifles to gain,
No sooner the virgin is trifled,
But a trifle shall part them again.

What mortal would ever be able,
At *Wye*'s half a moment to sit?
Or who is't could bear a tea table,
Without talking trifles for wit?

The court is from trifles secure,
Gold keys are no trifles we see;
White rods are no trifles I'm sure,
Whatever their bearers may be.

But if you will go to the place,
Where trifles abundantly breed;
The lover will shew you, his Grace
Makes promises trifles indeed!

A coach with six footmen behind,
I count neither trifle nor sin;
But, ye Gods! how oft do we find
A scandalous trifle within?

A flask of *Champaign* people think
it

A trifle, or something as bad;
But if you'll contrive how to drink it,
You'll find it no trifle egad.

A parson's a trifle at sea,
A widow's a trifle in sorrow,
A peace is a trifle to day,
To break it a trifle to morrow.

A black coat a trifle may cloke,
Or to hide it the red may en-
deavour;

But if once the army is broke,
We shall have more trifles than
ever.

The stage is a trifle, they say,
The reason pray carry along;
Because that at every new play,
The house they with trifles so
throng.

But with people's malice to trifle,
And to set us all on a foot;

The author of this is a trifle,
And his song is a trifle to boot.

SONG 98.

OH, let me, unreserv'd, declare
The dictates of my breast;
My *Thyrsis* reigns unrivall'd there,
An ever welcome guest.

No more our sprightly nymphs I meet,
But seek the lonely grove ;
There, sighing, to myself repeat
Some tender tale of love.

When absent from my longing sight
He is my constant theme ;
His shadowy form appears by night,
And shapes the morning dream.

Ye spotless virgins of the plain,
Deem not my words too free ;
For e'er my passion you arraign,
You must have lov'd like me.

S O N G 99.

WILLY ne'er enquire what end

The Gods for thee or me intend ;
How vain the search, that but bestows

The knowledge of our future woes :
Happier the man that ne'er repines,
Whatever lot his fate assigns,
Than they that idly vex their lives
With wizards and enchanting wives.

Thy present years in mirth employ,
And consecrate thy youth to joy ;
Whether the fates to thy old score
Shall bounteous add a winter more,
Or this shall lay thee cold in earth
That rages o'er the *Pentland* firth,
No more with *Home* the dance to lead ;

Take my advice, ne'er vex thy head.

With blyth intent the goblet pour,
That's sacred to the genial hour ;
In flowing wine still warm thy soul,
And have no thoughts beyond the bowl.

Behold the flying hour is lost,
For time rides ever on the post,
Even while we speak, even while
we think,
And waits not for the standing drink.

Collect thy joys each present day,
And live in youth, while best you may ;

Have all your pleasures at command,

Nor trust one day in fortune's hand.

Then *Willy* be a wanton wag,
If ye wad please the lassies braw,
At bridals then ye'll bear the brag,
And carry ay the gree awa'.

S O N G 100.

FIE! *Liza*, scorn the little arts,

Which meaner beauties use,
Who think they ne'er secure our hearts,

Unless they still refuse ;
Are coy and shy ; will seem to frown,

To raise our passion higher ;
But when the poor delight is known,

It quickly palls desire.

Come, let's not trifle time away,
Or stop you know not why ;
Your blushes and your eyes betray
What death you mean to die !
Let all your maiden fears be gone,
And love no more be crost :
Ah! *Liza*, when the joys are known,
You'll curse the minutes past.

S O N G 101.

THERE lived a young mouse
in *Balleno* crasy,

Who had nought but a cat to make
her uneasy ;

Long had he sigh'd for dear *Pitty*
Patty,

And said to the cheese-cake I would
I could be at ye,

But that he fear'd the *Puffy* *Catty*.
But that he fear'd the *Puffy* *Catty*.

This artless young mouse was a no-
vice at thievery,

Which caus'd his mother a great
deal of grievery ;

Thus long have I given you suck,
I—d rat ye,

And now you must fear the claws
of *Puffy* *Catty*.

O! the claws of *Puffy* *Catty*,
Oh! the claws, &c.

He peep'd in the cream-pot, he
needs must the cheese try,

He mumbled the bacon, and tra-
vell'd o'er the pastry,

He look'd o'er the pantry, and
thought it a fine landscape,

But little did he think how he was
in a d—n'd scrape.

Oh! the vigilant *Puffy* *Catty*,
Oh! the vigilant, &c.

One night in the chimney as she
lay a sleeping,

To nibble the cheese-parings he
found means to creep in ;

Up she started, and gave him such
a gripe, sir,

As caus'd the young mouse to set
up his pipe, sir.

Oh! the cruel *Puffy* *Catty*, &c.

To all ye young ladies who are
fond of kittens,

I beg you'll handle 'em without
gloves or mittens ;

Grimalkin's a hell cat, the de'l may
stroak her,

And so you've a song worse than
dear *Ally Croaker*.

Oh! the stupid *Ally Croaker*,
Oh! the stupid, &c.

S O N G 102.

ONE evening as I lay
A-musing in a grove,

A nymph exceeding gay
Came there to seek her love ;

But finding not her swain,
She sat her down to grieve,

And thus she did complain,
How men her sex deceive.

M m

Believing maids, take care
Of false deluding men,
Whose pride is to ensnare
Each female that they can :
My perjur'd swain he swore
A thousand oaths, to prove
(As many have done before)
How true he'd be to love.

Then, virgins, for my sake,
Ne'er trust false man again,
The pleasure we partake,
Ne'er answers half the pain ;
Uncertain as the seas,
Is their unconstant mind,
At once they burn and freeze,
Still changing like the wind.

When she had told her tale,
Compassion seiz'd my heart,
And *Cupid* did prevail
With me, to take her part :
Then bowing to the fair,
I made my kind address,
And vow'd to bear a share
In her unhappiness.

Surpriz'd at first she rose,
And strove from me to fly :
I told her I'd disclose
For grief a remedy.
Then, with a smiling look,
Said she, to assuage the storm,
I doubt you've undertook
A task you can't perform.

Since proof convinces best,
Fair maid, believe it true,
That rage is but a jest,
To what revenge can do :
Then serve him in his kind,
And fit the fool again,
Such charms were ne'er design'd
For such a faithless swain.

I courted her with care,
Till her soft soul gave way,
And from her breast so fair,
Stole the sweet heart away :
Then she with smiles confess'd,
Her mind felt no more pain,
While she was thus caref'd,
By such a lovely swain.

S O N G 103.

MY dear mistress has a heart,
Soft as these kind looks she
gave me,

When with love's resistless art,
And her eyes she did enslave me ;
But her constancy's so weak,
She's so wild and apt to wander,
That my jealous heart would break,
Shou'd we live one day asunder.

Melting joys about her move,
Killing pleasures, wounding blis-
ses ;
She can dress her eyes in love,
And her lips can arm with kisses :
Angels listen when she speaks ;
She's my delight, all mankind's
wonder ;
But my jealous heart would break.
Should we live one day asunder.

S O N G

SONG 104.

AH! how sweet it is to love;
Ah! how gay is our desire!
And what pleasing pains we prove,
When first we feel a lover's fire!
Pains of love are sweeter far,
Than all other pleasures are.

Sighs, which are from lovers blown,
Do but gently move the heart;
Ev'n the tears they shed alone
Cure, like trickling balm, the
smart.

Lovers, when they lose their breath,
Bleed away an easy death.

Love and time with rev'rence use,
Treat 'em like a parting friend;
Nor the golden gifts refuse,

Which in youth sincere they lend:
For each year their price is more.
And they less simple than before.

Love, like spring-tides, full and
high,

Swells in ev'ry youthful vein;
But each tide does less supply,

Till they quite shrink in again.
If a flow in age appear,
'Tis but rain, and runs not clear.

SONG 105.

UPON *Clarinda's* panting breast
The happy *Strephon* lay,
With love and beauty jointly press'd
To pass the time away:
Fresh raptures of transporting love
Struck all his senses dumb;
He envy'd not the Pow'rs above,
Nor all the joys to come.

As bees around the garden rove,
To fetch their treasure home;
So *Strephon* trac'd the fields of love,
To fill her honey-comb:
Her ruby lips he kiss'd and press'd,
From whence all joys derive;
Then humming round her snowy
breast,
Strait crept into her hive.

SONG 106.

THE blooming damsel, whose
defence

Is adamantine Innocence,
Requires no guardian to attend
Her steps, for Modesty's her friend.
Tho' her fair arms are weak to
wield

The glittering spear, and massy
shield;

Yet safe from force and fraud combin'd,
She is an *Amazon* in mind.

With this artillery she goes
Not only 'mongst the harmless
beaux,

But ev'n unhurt and undismay'd,
Views the long sword and tierce
cockade.

Tho' all a Syren as she talks,
And all a Goddess as she walks,

Yet decency each motion guides,
And wisdom o'er her tongue presides:

Place her in *Russia's* show'ry plains,
Where a perpetual winter reigns;

The elements may rave and range,
Yet her fix'd mind will never change.

Place her, ambition, in thy tow'rs,
'Mongst the more dangerous golden
show'rs;

Ev'n there she'd spurn the venal
tribe,

And fold her arms against the bribe.
Leave her defenceless and alone,

A pris'ner in the torrid Zone,
The sunshine there might vainly
vie

With the bright lustre of her eye;
But *Phœbus'* self, with all his fire,
Could ne'er one unchaste thought
inspire;

But Virtue's path she'd still pursue,
And still, ye Fair, would copy you.

SONG 107.

THE brightest bloom the rose
displays,

When gilded by *Aurora's* rays,
The fairest lily of the fields,

Or cultivated garden yields,
Are like the sun by clouds in-
clos'd,

When to *Clarinda's* charms op-
pos'd.

The *Cyprian* Goddess far less fair
Did rising from the waves appear,
When ev'ry gazing eye admir'd,
And ev'ry throbbing heart desir'd:
She's but a foil, nor can compare
For comely presence to the fair.

The rural nymph, that rules the
shade,

In robes of chastity array'd,
Is, for a type of her bright mind,
The nearest emblem I can find;
As fair a form, as fair a frame,
What was *Diana* is the dame.

As *Venus* fair, *Lucretia's* truth,
Minerva's wit, *Love's* blooming
youth,

Great *Juno's* majesty divine,
In her unparallel'd combine;

The flow'rs, by gentle Zephyrs
prest,
Are emblems of her fragrant
breast.

If such a one can bless mankind,
In woman if content we find,
Judge, lovers, judge what I enjoy;
How great the bliss which ne'er
can cloy!

Since, with a smile, the nymph
will own

Her heart's affections are my own.

SONG 108.

A Courting I went to my love,
Who is sweeter than roses in
May;

And when I came to her, by *Jove*,
The devil a word could I say.

I walk'd with her into the garden,
There fully intending to woo her;
But may I be ne'er worth a farthing,
If of love I said any thing to her.

I clasp'd her hand close to my
breast,

While my heart was as light as
a feather;

Yet nothing I said, I protest,
But—Madam, 'tis very fine wea-
ther.

To an arbor I did her attend,
She ask'd me to come and sit by
her;

I crept to the furthest end,
For I was afraid to come nigh her.

I ask'd her which way was the
wind,

For I thought in some talk we
must enter;

Why, Sir! she answer'd, and grin'd,
Have you just sent your wits for
a venture?

Then into the parlour we went,
There I vow'd I my passion
wou'd try;

But there I was still as a mouse:
Oh! what a dull booby was I!

SONG 109.

MOURN, hapless *Caledonia*,
mourn

Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel
torn!

Thy sons, for valour long renown'd,
Lie slaughter'd on their native
ground:

Thy hospitable roofs no more
Invite the stranger to the door;
In smoaky ruins sunk they lie,
The monuments of cruelty,
The monuments of cruelty.

The wretched owner fees afar
His all become the prey of war,
Bethinks him of his babes and wife,
Then smites his breast, and curses
life!

Thy swains are famish'd on the
rocks,

Where late they fed their wanton
flocks;

Thy ravish'd virgins shriek in vain,
Thine infants perish on the plain,
Thine infants, &c.

What boots it, that in every clime,
Thro' the wide-spreading waste of
time,

Thy martial glory, crown'd with
praise,

Still shone with undiminish'd blaze?
Thy tow'ring spirit now is broke,
Thy neck is bended to the yoke!

What foreign arms could never
quell,

By civil rage and rancour fell!
By civil rage, &c.

The rural pipe and merry lay
No more shall cheer the happy days;
No social scenes of gay delight
Beguile the dreary winter's night:
No

No strains but those of sorrow flow,
And nought be heard but sounds of
woe ;

Whilst the pale phantoms of the
flain

Glide nightly o'er the silent plain,
Glide nightly, &c.

O baleful cause ! O fatal morn,
Accurs'd to ages yet unborn :
The sons against their fathers stood,
The parent shed his childrens
blood :

Yet when the rage of battle ceas'd,
The victor's soul was not appeas'd ;
The naked and forlorn must feel
Devouring flames and conqu'ring
feel !

Devouring flames, &c.

The pious mother, doom'd to death,
Forsaken wanders o'er the heath ;
The bleak wind whistles round her
head,

Her helpless orphans cry for bread ;
Bereft of shelter, food, and friend,
She views the shades of night de-
scend ;

And, stretch'd beneath inclement
skies,

Weeps o'er her tender babes and
dies !

Weeps o'er, &c.

While the warm blood bedews my
veins,

And unimpair'd remembrance reigns,
Resentment of my country's fate,
Within my filial breast shall beat ;

And, spite of her intulging foe,
My sympathizing verse shall flow :

Mourn, hapless *Caledonia*, mourn
Thy banish'd peace, thy laurel torn !

Thy banish'd peace, &c.

SONG 110.

VAIN is ev'ry fond endeavour
To resist the fatal dart,

For examples move us never ;
We must feel to know the smart.

When the shepherd swears, he's
dying,

And our beauties sets to view ;
Vanity, her aid supplying,

Bids us think it all our due.

Softer than the vernal breezes
Is the mild deceitful strain ;

Frowning truth our sex displeases,
Flatt'ry never sues in vain.

But too soon the happy lover
Does our tend'rest hopes deceive ;

Man was form'd to be a rover,
Foolish woman to believe.

SONG 111.

SEE, *Stella*, as your health re-
turns,

All nature does her charms re-
new ;

Rhabus with greater lustre burns,
Who veil'd his face in grief for
you.

No longer *Iris* sheds her tears,
The *Zephyrs* soft breezes blow ;
Flora in all her pride appears,
The streams in dimpling gladness
flow.

Wonder not then, too charming
maid,

To see your *Thyrsis* sympathize ;
Excess of joy has love betray'd,
And I no longer can disguise.

Not *Adam*, when in *Eden* blest'd,
Did a more rapt'rous transport
prove,

When the fair partner of his breast
First rack'd his eyes, and taught
him love.

SONG 112.

Welcome, welcome, brother
debtor,

To this poor but merry place,
Where no bailiff, dun, nor letter,
Dares to shew his frightful face :

But, kind Sir, as you're a stranger,
Down your garnish you must lay,
Or your coat will be in danger ;
You must either strip or pay.

Ne'er repine at your confinement
From your children or your wife ;

Wisdom lies in true resignation
Thro' the various scenes of life.

Scorn to shew the least resentment,
Tho' beneath the frowns of fate ;

Knives and beggars find content-
ment,

Fears and care attend the great.

Tho' our creditors are spiteful,
And restrain our bodies here,

Use will make a goal delightful,
Since there's nothing else to fear.

Ev'ry island's but a prison,
Strongly guarded by the sea ;

Kings and Princes, for that reason,
Pris'ners are as well as we.

What was it made great *Alexander*
Weep at his unfriendly fate ?

'Twas because he could not wander
Beyond this world's strong pri-
son-gate :

For the world is also bounded
By the heav'ns and stars above ;

Why shou'd we then be confounded,
Since there's nothing free but

Love ?

SONG 113.

Beneath the weight of hapless
love,

How weak does ev'ry effort prove,
When struggling to get free !

In vain against the fatal darts
The tender soul its force exerts,

And pants for liberty.

Within the maze abstruse we range,
And seek to find the blissful change,

But still within the ring ;
At length the toilsome task resign,
And wait till beauty's charms divine

Their pleasing solace bring.

Ah me ! from whence arose that pow'r
Which blights the sweetly-bloomin-
ing flow'r,

The violet of peace ?
Oh ! gentle maid, why stings the
smart ?

Why throbs my once so blithsome
heart,

With pains that still increase ?
Oh ! why did heav'n to *Delia* give,

On whom my soul must ever live,
Such beauty to destroy ?

Why rather gave it not the maid
Those beauties which can never fade,

The smile diffusing joy ?
How long, O cruel maid, must I

Emit the heart-depressing sigh,
How long in grief decline ?

Shall those dear eyes no pity show
To him whose sad increasing woe

Would pierce each heart but thine ?
Oh ! lovely *Delia*, learn to prize

The heart, whose happiness relies
And lives alone on thee :

Indulge one tender thought, my fair,
Oh ! think on sorrow, grief, and care,

And then you'll pity me.
But should no feeling sense of pain

Upon thy softer minutes gain,
Nor touch thy cruel breast ;

To calmer peace my soul resign'd
Shall bless thee, *Delia*, tho' unkind,

And die, and be at rest.

SONG 114.

When'er I meet my *Calia's*
eyes,

Sweet raptures in my bosom rise,
My feet forget to move ;

She too declines her lovely head,
Soft blushes o'er her cheeks are

spread :
Sure this is mutual love !

My beating heart is wrapt in bliss,
When'er I steal a tender kiss

Beneath the silent grove ;
She strives to frown, and puts me by,

Yet anger dwells not in her eye :
Sure this is mutual love !

And once, oh ! once, the dearest maid
As on her breast my head was laid,

Some secret impulse drove ;
Me, me, her gentle arms care's'd,

And to her bosom closely press'd :
Sure this was mutual love !

Transported with her blooming
charms,

A soft desire my bosom warms
Forbidden joys to prove :

Trembling for fear she should comply
She from my arms prepares to fly,

Tho' warm'd with mutual love-
Oh ! stay, I cry'd,---let *Hymen's*

bands

This moment join our willing hands,
And all thy fears remove ;

She blush'd consent, her fears sup-
press'd,

And now we live, supremely blest'd,
A life of mutual love.

SONG 115.

NATURE by love when once
 refin'd,
 How quickly do the passions find
 An union in the breast
 How aptly in a mirror's seen
 Reviv'd the beatific scene,
 That our first parent blest!
 When nature's god the body form'd,
 And scarce th'enliv'ning clay had
 warm'd,
 He breath'd therein a soul;
 Scarce were his other passions nam'd,
 But admiration all inflam'd,
 And love engag'd the whole.

Hence the rude man first beauty saw,
 And blest the dear and genuine law
 That should his will subside;
 Love taught him how to mix re-
 spect,
 T'enforce his words, his thoughts
 direct,
 And was his sovereign guide.

By thought inspir'd, by sight secur'd,
 In vision fought, by time matur'd,
 The passion spread its sway;
 Possession call'd its beauties forth,
 Fruition signaliz'd its worth,
 And did its pow'r display.

When vice his innocence absorpt,
 And all his passions were corrupt,
 Love still remain'd the same;
 Kind heav'n forgot to be severe,
 And soften'd condemnation here,
 His mercy to proclaim.

To palliate all th'effects of sin,
 He left a Paradise within,
 An Eden of the mind;
 Corruption tainted ev'ry part,
 And seiz'd on all things but the
 heart;
 The best was still behind.

Beauty, the flaming sword, arose,
 At once to threaten and disclose
 An entrance into bliss:
 He left the blessings of a wife,
 To man a second tree of life,
 The tempting fruit—a kiss.

SONG 116.

WHEN morn her sweets shall
 first unfold,
 And paint the fleecy clouds with
 gold,
 On tufted green, oh! let me play,
 And welcome up the jocund day.
 Wak'd by the gentle voice of love,
 Arise, my fair, arise, and prove
 The dear delights fond lovers know,
 The best of blessings here below,
The best of blessings here below.

To some clear river's verdant side
 Do thou my happy footsteps guide;
 In concert with the purling stream
 We'll sing, and love shall be the
 theme:
 F'ernight affumes her gloomy reign,
 When shadows lengthen o'er the
 plain,

We'll to yon myrtle grove repair,
 For peace and pleasure wait us there.
For peace, &c.

The laughing God there keeps his
 court,
 And little loves ineffant sport;
 Around the winning graces wait,
 And calm contentment guards the
 seat:

There lost in extasies of joy,
 While tend'rest scenes our thoughts
 employ,
 We'll bless the hour our loves begun,
 The happy moment made us one,
The happy moment made us one.

SONG 117.

IN vain, dear *Chloe*, you suggest
 That I, inconstant, have possess'd
 Or lov'd a fairer she:
 Wou'd you, with ease, at once be
 cur'd
 Of all the ills you've long endur'd,
 Consult your glass and me.

If then you think that I can find
 A nymph more fair, or one more
 kind,

You've reason for your fears;
 But if impartial you will prove
 To your own beauty and my love,
 How needless are your tears!

If in my way I shou'd, by chance,
 Give or receive a wanton glance,
 I like but while I view:
 How slight the glance, how faint
 the kiss,

Compar'd to that substantial bliss,
 Which I receive from you!

With wanton sight the curious bee
 From flow'r to flow'r still wanders
 free,

And where each blossom blows,
 Extracts the juice of all he meets;
 But for his quintessence of sweets
 He ravishes the rose.

So I, my fancy to employ
 In each variety of joy,
 From nymph to nymph do roam,
 Perhaps see fifty in a day;
 They're all but visits which I pay,
 For *Chloe's* still my home.

SONG 118.

WITH artful voice, young
Thyrsis, you
 In vain persuade me you are true,
 Since that can never be;
 For he's no proselyte of mine,
 That offers at another's shrine
 Those vows he made to me.

The faithless, fickle, wav'ring loon,
 That changes oftner than the moon,
 Courts each new face he meets,
 Smells ev'ry fragrant flow'r that
 blows,

Yet slyly calls the blushing rose
 His quintessence of sweets.

So, *Thyrsis*, when in wanton play
 From fair to fair you fondly stray,
 And steal from each a kiss;

It shows, if that you say be true,
 A sickly appetite in you,
 And no substantial bliss.

For you, inconstant, roving swain,
 Tho' seemingly you hug your chain,
 Wou'd fain, I know, get free,
 To sip fresh balmy sweets of love,
 From bow'r to bow'r incessant rove,
 And imitate your bee.

Then calm that flutt'ring thing
 your heart,
 Let it admit no other dart,
 But rest with me alone;
 For while, dear *bee*, you rove and
 sing,
 Should you return without your
 sting,
 I'd not protect a drone.

SONG 119.

DEAR *Sally*, thy charms have
 undone me,
 They've robb'd me of freedom
 and joy;

Then dearest, sweet *Sally*, smile
 on me,
 For death is my fate if thou'rt
 coy:

Be cautious, dear charmer, in slay-
 ing,
 Since murder's so heinous, com-
 ply;

And torture me not with delaying
 What ev'ry cross chit can deny.

Consider, my Angel, why nature
 In forming you took such de-
 light;

Don't think you were made that
 fair creature
 For nought but to dazzle the
 sight:

No; *Jove*, when he gave you those
 graces,

Intended you wholly for love;
 And gave you the fairest of faces,
 The kindest of females to prove.

Besides, pretty maiden, remember,
 The flower that's blooming in
May

Is wither'd and shrunk in *Decem-
 ber*,

And cast unregarded away:
 So it fares with each scornful young
 charmer,

Who takes at her lover distaste;
 She trifles till thirty disarm her,
 And then dies forsaken at last.

SONG 120.

CUPID, ease a love sick maid,
 Bring thy quiver to her aid;
 With equal ardour wound the
 swain:

Beauty should never sigh in vain.

Let him feel the pleasing smart,
 Drive thy arrows through his heart;
 When one you wound, you then
 destroy;

When both you kill, you kill with
 joy.

SONG

SONG 121.

LOVE's a dream of mighty
treasure,
Which in fancy we possess;
In the folly lies the pleasure;
Wisdom always makes it less.

When we think, by passion heated,
We a goddess have in chace,
Like *Ixion* we are cheated,
And a gaudy cloud embrace.

Happy only is the lover,
Whom his mistress well deceives;
Seeking nothing to discover,
He contented lives at ease.

But the wretch, that would be
knowing
What the fair one would disguise,
Labours for his own undoing,
Changing happy to be wise.

SONG 122.

IT is not, *Calia*, in our pow'r
To say how long our love will
last;

It may be we, within this hour,
May lose the joys we now do taste:
The Blessed that immortal be,
From change in love are only free.

Then, since we mortals lovers are,
Ask not how long our love will
last;

But, while it does, let us take care
Each minute be with pleasure past:
Were it not madness to deny
To live, because we're sure to die?

Fear not, tho' love and beauty fail,
My reason shall my heart direct;
Your kindness now shall then pre-
vail,

And passion turn into respect:
Calia, at worst, you'll in the end
But change a lover to a friend.

SONG 123.

TO make the wife kind, and to
keep the house still,
You must be of her mind, let her
say what she will;

In all that she does you must give
her her way,
For tell her she's wrong, and you'll
lead her astray,

Then husbands take care,
Of suspicions beware;
Your wives may be true,
If you fancy they are:

With confidence trust them, and
be not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns
for yourselves.

With confidence, &c.

Abroad all day if she chuses to roam,
Seem pleas'd with her absence, she'll
sigh to come home:

The man she likes best, and longs
most to be at,
Be sure to commend, and she'll hate
him for that.

Then husbands, &c.

What virtue she has you may safely
oppose;
Whatever her follies are, praise her
for those:

Approve all her schemes that she
lays for a man;
For name but a vice, and she'll sin
if she can.

Then husbands take care,
Of suspicions beware;
Your wives may be true,
If you fancy they are:

With confidence trust them, and be
not such elves,
As to make by your jealousy horns
for yourselves.

With confidence trust them, &c.

SONG 124.

TO make the man kind, and
keep true to the bed,
Whom your choice or your destiny
brings you to wed,

Take a hint from a friend, whom
experience has taught,
And experience you know never
fails when 'tis bought.

The art which you practis'd at first
to ensnare,
(For in love little arts, as in battle,
are fair;)

Whether neatness or prudence, or
wit were the bait,
Let the hook still be cover'd, and
still play the cheat.

Should he fancy another, upbraid
not his flame;
To reproach him is never the way
to reclaim:

'Tis more to recover than conquer
the heart,
For this is all nature, but that is all
art.

Good sense is to them what a face
is to you;
Flatter that, and, like us, they'll
but think it their due:

Doubt the strength of your judg-
ment compar'd to his own,
And he'll give you perfections at
present unknown.

Tho' you learn that your rival his
bounty partakes,
And your meriting favour ungrate-
ful forsakes;

Still, still debonier, kind, engaging
and free,
Be deaf, tho' you hear, and be blind
tho' you see!

SONG 125.

WHEN mighty roast beef was
the *Englishman's* food,
It ennobled our veins, and enriched
our blood,

Our soldiers were brave, and our
courtiers were good.
O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

But since we have learnt from all-
conquering *France*

To eat their ragouts, as well as to
dance,
We're fed up with nothing but vain
complaisance.

O the roast beef, &c.

Our fathers of old were robust,
stout and strong,
And kept open house, with good
cheer all day long,

Which made their plump tenants
rejoice in this song,
O the roast beef, &c.

But now we are dwindled, to what
shall I name?

A sneaking, poor race, half-begot-
ten—and tame,
Who sully those honours that once
shone in fame.

O the roast beef, &c.

King *Edward* the Third, for his
courage renown'd,
His son at sixteen, who with lau-
rels was crown'd,
Eat beef with their armies, so never
gave ground.

O the roast beef, &c.

The *Henrys*, so famous in story of
old,
The fifth conquer'd *France*, and the
seventh we're told,
Establish'd a band to eat beef and
look bold.

O the roast beef, &c.

The *French* and the *Dutch*, who
'gainst *Masons* combine,
On sallad and butter for ever may
dine,

While *Brothers* in *Eng'land* ne'er
want a firloin.
O the roast beef, &c.

When good *Queen Elizabeth* sat on
the throne,
E'er coffee and tea, and such slip-
slops were known,

The world was in terror if e'er she
did frown.
O the roast beef, &c.

In those days if fleets did presume
on the main,
They seldom or never return'd back
again,

As witness the vaunting *Armada*
of *Spain*.
O the roast beef, &c.

King *James*, when he travell'd the
throne to ascend,
In *Yorkshire* was pleas'd this good
dish to commend,

And make it a knight, as historians
pretend.
O the roast beef, &c.

O then we had stomachs to eat and
to fight,
And when wrongs were a cooking
to do ourselves right;

But now we're a—I cou'd—but
good night.
O the roast beef of old England!
And O the old English roast beef!

SONG 126.

WE may boldly assert what no mortal denies,
We are not all rich, we are not all of a size,
In power not equal, not equally wife.

Which no body can deny.

We can't expect sense from all those that can speak;
Those are not all wise who know Latin and Greek;
Those are not all pious who preach twice a week.

This no body can deny.

'Tis not every positive coxcomb that's right,
'Tis not every captain *Cockade* that will fight,
'Tis not every wife we can trust out of sight.

This no body can deny.

Gay cloathing oft covers a belly unfed,
A tye-wig oft covers a weak empty head,
A capuchin oft covers all that is bad.

This no body can deny.

He must be a fool that loves whet after whet,
He must be a cuckold that loves a coquet,
He vies with the nation that's always in debt.

This no body can deny.

An officer's honour is fix'd in the mind,
To his coat on the left my lord's honour's confin'd,
And many brave lords wear their honour behind.

This no body can deny.

Both fidler and bawd live on dupes recreation,
Both statesman and centinal live on the nation,
'Tom-t—dman and doctor both live by purgation.

This no body can deny.

SONG 127.

She. **G**O, go you vile sot!
Quit your pipe and your pot;
Go home to your stall and be doing:
You puzzle your pate
With matters of state,
And play with edge-tools to your ruin.

He. Keep in that shrill note,
Or I'll ram down your throat
This red-hot black pipe I am smooking;
Thou plague of my life!
Thou gipsy! thou wife!
How dar'st thou thy lord be prooking?

She. You riot and roar
For *Babylon's* whore,
And give up your bible and psalter:
I prythee, dear *Kit*,
Have a little more wit,
And keep thy neck out of a halter.

He. Nay, prythee, sweet *Foan*,
now let me alone
To follow this princely vocation:
I mean to be great
In spite of my fate,
And settie myself and the nation.

She. Go, go, you vile sot!
He. I matter thee not.
She. Was ever poor woman so slighted?

He. Thy fortune is made!
She. Go follow thy trade.
He. I tell thee I mean to be knighted.

She. A whipping-post knight!
He. Get out of my fight!
She. Thou traytor thou, mark thy sad ending.

He. I'll new vamp the state,
The church I'll translate:
Old shoes are no more worth the mending.

SONG 128.

PUSH about the brisk bowl,
'twill enliven the heart,
Whilst at the *Red Lyon* we sit;
The drawer knows how to score up the quart,
Without being reckon'd a cheat,
a cheat, *Without, &c.*

The Judge some poor wretches are doomed to curse,
Whilst others a pardon can get;
Yet his lordship does know how to handle a purse,
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The greedy Church-warden, whose belly grows big,
At th' expence of the parish gives treat;
Can cook it, to feast on fat fowls and roast pig,
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

The Beau thinks the ladies affection to win,
When the tallyman's cloaths do him fit;
Tho' at *Somerset* Gardens, the Park and *Gray's-Inn*,
Poor Fribble must pass for a cheat.

Miss *Forward* is known by th' air of her drefs,
With painting and patches so neat;
Tho' modesty masques her dissembling face,
Her tongue will pronounce her a cheat.

Old *Caleb*, the Quaker, who's never drefs'd gay,
At meeting starts up from his seat;

Tho' he speaks what the spirit does move him to say,
At his shop he's both lyar and cheat.

The Grocer, whenever a customer comes,
Is ready with scales so compleat,
To serve with fresh coffee, tea, sugar or plumbs
Without being reckon'd a cheat.

When the Lawyers and Doctors bring in their long bill,
You find them brimful of deceit;
And the Statesman their coffers know how to fill,
While they reckon the tradesman a cheat.

Then let us, since jealousy troubles our heads,
That one can another out-wit,
Take off our brisk bowls, and go fuddled to bed;
For life is no more than a cheat,
a cheat *For life, &c.*

SONG 129.

BY the gayly circling glafs,
We can see how moments pass;
By the hollow cask we're told
How the weaning night grows old:
Soon, too soon the busy, busy day
Robs us of our sport and play:
What have we with day to do?
Sons of care 'twas made for you!

By the nectar-flowing bowl,
We can cheer the drooping soul;
In the bumper'd glafs we find
Ease for ev'ry troubled mind;
Hence, O hence, the jolly, jolly song,

Mirth and joy to that belong:
What have we with grief to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you.

Let the warriors keep the field;
That to us no joys can yield;
They in camps may seek a name;
Be the bottle all our fame:
Crown, O crown the happy, happy night

With social joys, while others fight:
What have we with war to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

Let the dying lover flee
To the dear hard hearted she;
We despise the lover's care,
Drinking will no rival bear:
Fill, O fill the merry, merry bowl;
Let no cares our joys controul:
What have we with love to do?
Sons of care, 'twas made for you!

SONG 130.

MY fair is beautiful as love,
Stately, yet void of pride,
Gentle as is the turtle dove,
And constant as the tide:
Prudence in all her ways we find,
The graces round her throng,
Wisdom itself has form'd her mind,
And music's on her tongue.

SONG

SONG 131.

ROB'S *Fock* came to woo our
Fenny,
 On ae feast day when we were fou;
 She brankit fast and made her
 bonny,
 And said, *Fock*, come ye here to
 woo?
 She burnist her baith breast and
 brou,
 And made her cleer as ony clock:
 Then spak her dame, and said, I
 trou
 Ye come to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*.
Fock said, Forfuith, I yern fu' fain
 To luk my head, and sit down
 by you:
 Then spak her mimmy, and said
 again,
 My bairn has tocher enough to
 gie you.
 Tehie! go *Fenny*, kick, kick, I
 see you:
 Minny, you man makes but a mock.
 Deil hae the iiers—fu leis me o'
 you,
 I come to woo your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 My bairn has tocher of her awin:
 A guse, a gryce, a cock and hen,
 A stirk, a staig, an aere fawin,
 A bakbread and a bannock-stane;
 A pig, a pot, and a kirn there-ben,
 A kame but and a kaming-stock;
 With coags and luggies nine or
 teen:
 Come ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*?
 A wecht, a peck, creel and a cradle,
 A pair of clips, a graip, a flail,
 An ark, an ambry, and a ladle,
 A milsie, and a sowen-pale,
 A rousty whittle to sheer the kail,
 And a timber-mell the bear to
 knock,
 Twa shelves made of an auld fir-
 dale:
 Come ye to woo our *Fenny*, *Fock*.
 A furm, a furlet and a peck,
 A rock, a reel, and a wheel-band,
 A tub, a barrow, and a feck,
 A spurtil-braid, and an elwand.
 Then *Fock* took *Fenny* by the
 hand,
 And cry'd, a feast! and slew a cock,
 And made aridal upo' land.
 Now I have got your *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 Now dame, I have your dochter
 marri'd,
 And tho' ye mak it ne'er sae
 tough,
 I let you wit she's nae miscarried,
 Its well kend I have gear enough:
 Ane auld gaw'd gloyd fell owre
 a heugh,
 A spade, a speet, a spur, a sock;
 Withouten owfen I have a pleugh:
 May that no ser your *Fenny*, go
Fock.
 A green truncher, a ram-horn spoon,
 Twa buits of barkit blasint lea-
 ther,

A graith that ganes to coble floon,
 And a thrawcruik to twyne a
 teather,
 Twa croks that moup among the
 heather,
 A pair of branks, and a fetter lock,
 A teugh purse made of a twine's
 blather,
 To had your tocher, *Fenny*, go *Fock*.
 Good elding for our winter fire,
 A cod of cass wad fill a cradle,
 A rake of iron to ciat the bire,
 A deuk about the dubs to paddle,
 The pannel of an auld led-sadle,
 And *Rob* my cem hetcht me a
 stock,
 Twa lusty lips to lick a ladle.
 May thir no gane your *Fenny*, go
Fock.

A pair of hames and brechom fine,
 And without bitts a bridle-renzie,
 A fark made of the linkome twine,
 A gay green cloke that will not
 stenzie;
 Mair yet in store—I needna
 fenzie,
 Five hundred flacs, a fendy flock;
 And are not thae a wakrise men-
 zie,
 To gae to bed with *Fenny* and *Fock*?
 Tak thir for my part of the feast,
 It is well knawin I am well bodin:
 Ye need not say my part is least,
 Wer they as meikle as they'r
 lodin,
 The wife speerd gin the kail was
 fodin,
 When we have done, tak hame the
 brok;
 The rost was teugh as raploch
 hodin,
 With which they feasted *Fenny*
 and *Fock*.

SONG 132.

WOU'D you chuse a wife,
 For a happy life,
 Leave the court and the country
 take,
 Where *Dolly* and *Sue*,
 Young *Molly* and *Prue*,
 Follow *Roger* and *Joan*,
 Whilst harvest goes on,
 And merrily merrily rake.
 Leave the *London* dames
 (Be it spoke to their shames)
 To lic in their beds till noon,
 Then get up and stretch,
 And paint too and patch,
 Some widgeon to catch,
 Then look at their watch,
 And wonder they rose up so soon.
 Then coffee and tea,
 Both green and bohea,
 Are serv'd to their tables and plate,
 Where tattles do run,
 As swift as the sun,
 Of what they have won,
 And who is undone,
 By their gaming and sitting uplate.

The las give me here,
 Tho' brown as my beer,
 That knows how to govern her
 house,
 That can milk her cow,
 Or farrow her sow,
 Make butter and cheese,
 Or gather green pease,
 And values fine cloaths not a soufe.

This is the girl
 Worth rubies and pearl;
 A wife that will make a man rich;
 We gentlemen need
 No quality breed,
 To squander away
 What taxes wou'd pay;
 We care not in faith for such.

SONG 133.

Right *Cynthia*'s pow'r, divinely
 great,
 What heart is not obeying?
 A thousand *Cupids* on her wait,
 And in her eyes are playing.
 She seems the queen of love to reign,
 For she alone dispenses
 Such sweets as best can entertain
 The gust of all the senses.
 Her face a charming prospect brings,
 Her breath gives balmy blisses;
 I hear an angel when she sings,
 And taste of heav'n in kisses.
 Four senses thus she feasts with joy,
 From nature's richest treasure:
 Let me the other sense employ,
 And I shall die with pleasure.

SONG 134.

YOU may cease to complain,
 For your suit is in vain,
 All attempts you can make
 But augments her disdain;
 She bids you give over
 While 'tis in your power,
 For except her esteem
 She can grant you no more:
 Her heart has been long since
 Assaulted and won,
 Her truth is as lasting
 And firm as the sun;
 You'll find it more easy
 Your passion to cure,
 Than for ever those fruitless
 Endeavours endure.

You may give this advice
 To the wretched and wife,
 But a lover like me
 Will those precepts despise;
 I scorn to give over
 Were it in my power;
 Tho' esteem were deny'd me,
 Yet her I'll adore,
 A heart that's been touch'd
 Will some sympathy bear,
 'Twill lessen my sorrows
 If she takes a share;
 I'll count it more honour
 In dying her slave,
 Than did her affections
 The steddiness crave.

SONG 137.

AT length, mother *Gunter*; the
gods hear my pray'r,
They have heard me at length
mother *Gunter*;

You are grown an old woman, yet
romp drink and swear,
And affect the tricks of a young
bunter.

You invoke, with a voice that
tremblingly squeaks,
Brisk *Cupid*, tho' sure of denial;
He shuns you, and basks on the
bloomy cheeks
Of miss *Gabbins*, who plays on
the viol.

He flies by the trunk that is sapless
and bare,
To the pliant young branches he
comes up:

Age has hail'd on thy face, and
has snow'd on thy hair,
And thy green teeth have eat all
thy gums up.

Nor thy sack, nor thy necklace,
thy watch, nor thy ring
Have recall'd thee to youth, or
retarded

Those years, which old time, and
his friend *Vincent Wing*,
In the almanack long have re-
corded.

Oh where is that beauty, that bloom
and that grace,
Those lips, which cou'd breath
inspiration,
Which stole me away from myself,
and gave place

To no creature but *Nan* in the
nation?

But poor *Nan* is dead, and has left
you her years

As a legacy, which gracious hea-
ven

Has join'd to your own, which a
century clears,
And is just, ma'm, the age of a
raven.

Then remain a *memento* to each
jolly soul,
Who of *Venus's* club's a staunch
member,

That love hot as fire must be burnt
to a coal,
As the broomstick concludes in
ember.

SONG 138.

CEASE, fond mortals, cease
to move

With idle pray'rs the courts above;
The pow'rs themselves will always
grant

Ev'ry thing they know you want.

Never wish for time to come,
Never dread impending doom:
Live, live the present hour; but
know,

Length of time is length of woe.

Pleasure cannot always last;
Age comes on with trembling haste
And damps the gay, the sweet re-
past.

SONG 139.

ALL attendants apart,
I examin'd my heart,
Last night, when I laid me to rest;
And methinks I'm inclin'd
To a change of my mind,
For you know second thoughts are
the best.

To retire from the crowd,
And to make ourselves good
By avoiding of ev'ry temptation,
Is in truth to reveal
What we'd better conceal,
That our passions want some regu-
lation.

It would much more redound
To our praise, to be found
(In a world so abounding with evil)
Unspotted and pure,
Tho' not so demure,
And to wage open war with the
devil.

SONG 140.

NATURE for defence affords
Fins to fish, and wings to
birds,

Hoofs to horses, claws to bears,
Swiftness to the fearful hares.

Man's endow'd with art and sense;
What has woman for defence?
Beauty is her shield and arms;
Womens weapons are their charms.

Beauty's power makes us feel
Deeper wounds than those of steel;
Strength and wit before it fall,
Beauty triumphs over all.

SONG 141.

WHY should a heart so tender
break?

Oh! *Myra*, give its anguish ease:
The use of beauty you mistake,
Not meant to vex but please,
Not meant to vex but please.

Those lips for smiling were design'd,
And that soft bosom to be press'd;
Your eyes to languish and look
kind,

For am'rous arms your waist,
For am'rous, &c.

Each thing has its appointed right,
Establish'd by the Pow'rs above;
The sun and stars give warmth and
light,

The heav'n's distribute love,
The heav'n's, &c.

SONG 142.

TO hug yourself in perfect ease,
What would you wish for
more than these?

A healthy, clean, paternal seat,
Well shaded from the summer's heat.
A little

You may tell her I'll be
Her true lover, tho' she
Should mankind despise
Out of hatred to me;

'Tis mean to give o'er
'Cause we get no reward,
She lost not her worth

When I lost her regard;
My love on an altar
More noble shall burn,

I still will love on
Without hopes of return;

I'll tell her some other
Has kindled the flame,
And I'll sigh for herself
In another one's name.

SONG 135.

HE that will not merry merry
be,

With a generous bowl and a toast,
May he in *Bridewell* be shut up,
And fast bound to a post;

Let him be merry, merry there,
And we'll be merry merry here;
For who can know where we shall go,
To be merry another year?

He that will not merry merry be,
And take his glass in course,
May he be oblig'd to drink small
beer,

Ne'er a penny in his purse:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With a comp'ny of jolly boys,
May he be plagu'd with a scolding
wife,

To confound him with her noise:
Let him be merry, &c.

He that will not merry merry be,
With his mistress in his bed,
Let him be buried in the church-
yard,

And me put in his stead:
Let him be merry, &c.

SONG 136.

AS *Calia* in her garden stray'd,
Secure, nor dreamt of harm,
A bee approach'd the lovely maid,
And rested on her arm.

The curious insect thither flew
To taste the tempting bloom;
But with a thousand sweets in view
It found a sudden doom;

Her nimble hand of life bereav'd
The daring little thing;

But first the snowy arm receiv'd
And felt the painful sting.

Once only could that sting surprize,
Once be injurious found;
Not so the darts of *Calia's* eyes,
They never cease to wound.

Oh! would the short-liv'd burning
smart

The nymph to pity move,
And teach her to regard the heart
She fixes with endless love.

A little parlour stove to hold
A constant fire from winter's cold,
Where you may sit, and drink, and sing,
Far off from court, God save the King.

Safe from the harpies of the law,
From party-rage, and great man's paw ;
Have a few choice friends of your own taste.

A wife agreeable and chaste.

An open, but yet curious mind,
Where guilty cares no entrance find,
Nor miser's fears, nor envy's spite
To break the sabbath of the night.

Plain equipage, and temp'rate meals,
Few taylor's, and no doctor's bills ;
Content to take, as heaven shall please,
A longer or a shorter lease.

SONG 143.

FLorella, first in charms and wit,
In whose enchanting sparkling eyes

All the bright soul's perfections sit,
And such resistless magic lies ;
Oh ! can you, thus divinely fair,
Suppose your Damon insincere ?

To all the circles of the fair,
That grace the court, the ball, the play,

Let my love-doubting nymph repair
And ev'ry shining form survey ;
And, if she meets her equal there,
Conclude her Damon insincere.

Or if my fair should chance to pass
(What art for beauty's use design'd)

The bright, unfullied, faithful glass,
Itself an emblem of her mind ;
Let her behold her image there,
And own I can't be insincere.

Let her survey the rosy bloom
O'er all her lovely face confess,
And let her sparkling eyes assume
The charms that rob my soul of rest ;

And then, to bless my ravish'd ear,
Confess I can't be insincere.

SONG 144.

THO' cruel you seem to my pain,
And hate me, because I am true ;
Yet, Phyllis, you love a false swain,
Who has other nymphs in his view.

Enjoyment's a trifle to him ;
To me what a heaven 'twou'd be !
To him but a woman you seem,
But ah ! you're an angel to me.

Those lips which he touches in haste,
To them I for ever could grow ;
Still clinging around thy dear waist,
Which he spaus as beside him you go.

That arm, like a lily so white,
Which over his shoulders you lay,
My bosom could warm it all night,
My lips they would press it all day.

Were I like a monarch to reign,
Were Graces my subjects to be,
I'd leave 'em and fly to the plain,
To dwell in a cottage with thee.
But if I must feel thy disdain,
If tears cannot cruelty drown,
Oh ! let me not live in this pain,
But give me my death in a frown.

SONG 145.

I'LL tell thee, Dick, where I
have been,
Where I the rarest things have seen,
Oh ! things without compare :
Such sights again can ne'er be found
In any place on English ground,
Be it at wake or fair.

At Charing-Cross, hard by the way
Where we, thou know'st, do sell
our hay,

There is a house with stairs ;
And there I did see coming down
Such folk as are not in our town,
Vorty at least in pairs.

Among the rest one pest'lent fine,
His beard no bigger tho' than thine,
Walk'd on before the rest ;
Our landlord looks like nothing to him ;

The king, God bless him, 'twou'd
undo him,
Shou'd he go still so drest.

At *course a pack*, without all doubt,
He shou'd have first been taken out
by all the maids in town ;
Tho' lusty Roger there had been,
Or little George upon the green,
Or Vincent of the crown.

But wot you what ? the youth was
going

To make an end of all his wooing ;
The parson for him staid :
Yet by his leave, for all his haste,
He did not so much wish all past,
Perchance, as did the maid.

The maid !—and thereby hangs a
tale—

For such a maid no Whitsun Ale
Cou'd ever yet produce ; [be
No grape, that's kindly ripe, cou'd
So round, so plump, so soft as she,
Nor half so full of juice.

Her finger was so small, the ring
Wou'd not stay on, which they did
bring,

It was too wide a peck ;
And to say truth, for out it must,
It look'd like the great collar just
About our young colt's neck.

Her feet beneath her petticoat
Like little mice stole in and out,
As if they fear'd the light :
But oh ! she dances such a way,
No sun upon an Easter-day
Is half so fine a sight.

He wou'd have kiss'd her once or
twice,
But she wou'd not, she was so nice,
She wou'd not do't in sight :
And then she looks as who shou'd
say,

I will do what I list to-day,
And you shall do't at night.

Her cheeks so rare a white was on,
No daisy makes comparison ;
Who sees them is undone :
For streaks of red were mingled there
Such as on the Cath'rine pear,
The side that's next the sun.

Her lips were red, and one was thin,
Compar'd to that was next her chin,
Some bee had stung it newly :
But Dick, her eyes so guard her face,
I durst no more upon them gaze,
Than on the sun in July.

Her mouth so small, when she does
speak,
Thou'dst swear her teeth her words
did break,

That they might passage get ;
But she so handled still the matter,
They came as good as ours, or better,
And are not spent a whit.

If wishing shou'd be any sin,
The priest himself had guilty been,
She look'd that day so purely ;
And did the youth so oft the feat
At night, as some did in conceit,
It wou'd have spoil'd him surely.

Just in the nick the cook knock'd
thrice,

And all the waiters in a trice
His summons did obey ;
Each serving-man, with dish in hand,
March'd boldly up, like our train-
band,
Presented, and away.

When all the meat was on the table,
What man of knife or teeth was able
To stay to be intreated ?

And this the very reason was,
Before the parson cou'd say grace,
The company was seated.

The business of the kitchen's great,
For it is as fit that men shou'd eat,
Nor was it there deny'd :

Passion, oh me ! how I run on !
There's that that wou'd be thought
upon,

I trow, besides the bride.

Now hats fly off, and youths ca-
rouse,
Healts first go round, and then
the house,

The bride's came thick and thick ;
And when 'twas nam'd another's
health,

Perhaps he made it hers by stealth,
And who cou'd help it, Dick ?

O'th' sudden up they rise and dance,
And sit again, and sigh and glance,
Then dance again and kiss :

Thus several ways the time did pass,
Till ev'ry woman wish'd her place,
And ev'ry man wish'd his.

By this time all were stol'n aside,
To counsel and undress the bride;
But that he must not know;
But yet 'twas thought he guess'd
her hind,
And did not mean to stay behind
Above an hour or so.

When in he came, Dick, there she
lay,
Like new-fall'n snow, melting away;
'Twas time, I trow, to part:
Kisses were now their only stay,
Which soon she gave, as who wou'd
say,
Good bye, with all my heart.
But, just as heav'n wou'd have, to
cross it,
In came the bride-maids with the
posset,
The bridegroom eat in spite;
For had he left the women to't,
It wou'd have cost two hours to do't
Which were too much at night.
At length the candle's out, and now
All that they had not done, they do;
What that is, who can tell?
But I believe it was no more,
Than thou and I had done before
With Bridget and with Nell.

SONG 146.

IN vain I try my ev'ry art,
Nor can I fix a single heart,
Yet I'm not old nor ugly:
Let me consult my faithful glass—
A face much worse than this might
pass,
Methinks I look full smugly.
Yet, bless'd with all these pow'rful
charms,
The young Palæmon fled my arms,
That wild, unthinking rover:
Hope, silly maids, as soon to bind
The rolling stream, the flying wind,
As fix a rambling lover.
But hamper'd in the marriage noose,
In vain they struggle to get loose,
And make a mighty riot:
Like madmen how they rave and
stare;
A while they shake their chains and
swear,
And then lie down in quiet.

SONG 147.

IN Phyllis all vile jilts are met,
Foolish, uncertain, false coquette;
Love is a certain welcome guest,
But still the newest pleases best;
Quickly she likes, then leaves as
soon:
Her life on woman's a lampoon.
Yet, for the plague of human race,
This devil has an angel's face;
Such youth, such sweetness in her
look,
Who can be man, and not be took?
What form, what love, what wit,
what art
Can save a poor inclining heart?

In vain a thousand times an hour
Reason rebels against her pow'r;
In vain I rail, I curse her charms,
One look my feeble rage disarms;
There is enchantment in her eyes;
Who sees her can no more be wise.

SONG 148.

DAMON.

TELL me Delia, tell me why
My kindest, fondest looks
you fly;
What means that cloud upon thy
brow?
Have I offended? Tell me how?
Some change has happen'd in thy
heart;
Some rival there has stol'n a part:
Reason those fears may disapprove,
But oh! I fear, because I love.

DELIA.

First tell me, Damon, why to-day
At Belvidera's feet you lay;
Why with such warmth her charms
you prais'd,
And ev'ry trifling beauty rais'd,
As if you meant to let me see
Your flatt'ry is not all for me:
Alas! too well your sex I knew,
Nor was so weak to think you true.

DAMON.

Unkind! my falshood to upbraid,
When your own orders I obey'd:
You bid me try by this deceit,
The notice of the world to cheat,
And hide, beneath another name
The secret of our mutual flame.

DELIA.

Damon, your prudence I confess,
But let me wish it had been less;
Too well the lover's part you play'd,
With too much art your court you
made;
Had it been only art, your eyes
Would not have join'd in the dis-
guise.

DAMON.

Ah! cease thus idly to molest
With groundless fears thy virgin
breast:
While thus at fancy'd wrongs you
grieve,
To me a real pain you give.

DELIA.

Tho' well I might your truth dis-
trust,
My foolish heart believes you just:
Reason this faith may disapprove,
But I believe, because I love.

SONG 149.

THE heavy hours are almost
past
That part my love and me;
My longing eyes may hope at last
Their only wish to see.
But how, my Delia, will you meet
The man you've lost so long?
Will love in all your pulses beat,
And tremble on your tongue?

Will you in ev'ry look declare
Your heart is still the same;
And heal each idly-anxious care
Our fears in absence frame?

Thus, Delia, thus I paint the scene,
When shortly we shall meet;
And try what yet remains between
Of loit'ring time to cheat.

But if the dream that sooths my mind
Shall false and groundless prove;
If I am doom'd at length to find
You have forgot to love:
All I of Venus ask is this,
No more to let us join;
But grant me here the flatt'ring bliss
To die and think you mine.

SONG 150.

Pursuing beauty, men descry
The distant shore, and long
to prove
(Still richer in variety)
The treasure of the land of love.
We women, like weak Indians stand
Inviting, from our golden coast,
The wand'ring rovers to our land;
But she who trades with them is
lost.

With humble vows they first begin,
Stealing unseen into the heart;
But, by possession settled in,
They quickly act another part.
For beads and baubles we resign
In ignorance our shining store;
Discover nature's richest mine,
And yet the tyrants will have
more.

Be wise, be wise, and do not try
How they can court, or you be
won;
For love is but discovery,
When that is made the pleasure's
done.

SONG 151.

STREPON, with native freedom
bless'd,
No passion long could move;
No gentle flame glow'd in his breast,
Nor ever thought of love.
Whene'er he view'd the shining fair,
'Twas coldly and uncharm'd;
Nor shape, nor features, nor an air,
His icy bosom warm'd.

Ofr did he bid his fellow swains
Of dangerous love beware;
And often in unhallow'd strains
Prophan'd the tender fair:
But Venus, zealous to assert
Her honour without stain,
Bid love prepare a chosen dart
To wound the savage swain.

Now Strephon loves the coldest maid
That ever gave despair;
The earth is nightly all his bed,
His covering the cold air.
Pygmalion thus, as poets write,
Was doom'd by sentence just,
For like prophaneness and despite,
To love a marble bust.

SONG

SONG 152.

Vainly now ye strive to charm
me,
Whilst the breakfast keeps away:
How should empty tea-cups warm
me!
Betty, bring the water, pray.
Go, ye butter'd cakes, go leave me;
'Take away the toasted rowls;
Softer transports muffins give me;
Don't you think so, Mrs. Bowles?

SONG 153.

IN low'ring clouds the day was
drest,
The wintry tempest blew;
When Fanny, o'er her snowy breast,
A sable tippet threw.
Then Cupid thus said, naked, I
Must bear the piercing wind;
Beneath that tippet let me lie,
And kindly shelter find.
That trifling favour shall be thine,
The pitying maid reply'd;
But first that useless bow resign,
And lay those darts aside.
The joyful God, with eager haste,
The graceful air obey'd;
And on her soft, delicious breast,
His shiv'ring limbs he laid.
At length I taste a joy sincere,
Cry'd out the happy God;
O let me, living ever here,
Maintain this blest abode:
But soon he felt more piercing cold,
Than e'er before he knew;
And, forc'd to quit his heav'nly hold,
He strait to Paphos flew.

SONG 154.

OF all the maladies that cleave
To man, if that you moan,
fir,
Which no physician can relieve,
Save only one alone, fir.
All sages, in this case, assure,
The Doctor in the *datum*,
In love, the cause alone can cure,
A recipe, — *Probatum*.

SONG 155.

W AFT me, ye winds, where
woodbines grow,
Where rising flow'rs adorn the
spring,
Where gently murr'ring riv'lets
flow,
And plaintive cooing stock-doves
sing.
There, in the cool, the kind retreat,
Far from the sports which glad
the plain,
My Mary's falsehood I'll repeat,
And to the silent grove complain.
Then, if by chance the maid draws
near,
Lur'd by the music of my song,
Whisper, ye gales, that she is there,
And all the tender strain prolong.

In notes more moving, I'll relate,
The cruel story of my woe;
Until the fair lament my fate
And griev'd she's us'd her true-
love so.

SONG 156.

GLIDE on ye swift moments
with volatile wing,
And roll in a circle around the gay
ring;
Of Jemmy my sweet-heart with
rapture I'll sing,
Of joy and of rapture the source and
the spring,
And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.
He's lively, he's witty, he's jocund
and gay,
He's milder than Zephyr, and sweet-
er than May;
And warbles his love in so melting
a lay,
Methinks I could hear him all night
and all day.

And a pretty, &c.

Reclin'd on his bosom as oft-times
I lie,
He starts and looks tender, then
heaves a deep sigh;
Thus blest with my Polly, ye Gods!
I cou'd die,
Thus blest too, I answer, ye Gods!
so cou'd I.

And a pretty, &c.

Let Chloe her Colin's good nature
approve;
And Jenny with Jockey make vo-
cal the grove;
My lover, nor tempest, nor passion
can move,
He harbours no passion — no pas-
sion but love!

And a pretty, &c.

When'er my dear shepherd trips
light on the green,
The choir he enlivens, and chaces
the spleen;
They all stand and gaze at his air
and his mein,
And I am scarce able my fondness
to screen! *And a pretty, &c.*

See Phœbus bright sparkler is on the
decline,
And Jemmy's blith lamkins are
mingled with mine;
I'll gather the lily, the rose, and
woodbine,
An odorous wreath for my dearest
to twine.
And a pretty young lad is my Jemmy.

SONG 157.

M U S E T T E.

A L L ye softer pow'rs join
Cold Aminta's heart to move,
Strike with harmony divine,
Every string that wakens love!
Send her yielding to my arms,
Fraught with all that love inspires;
Deck'd in all her virgin charms,
To assuage my fond desires.

M I N U E T.

See from yonder shade she comes,
Breathing all around perfumes;
Beaming from her wanton eyes;
All that in her bosom lies;
Coldness now forsakes her breast,
That alone has love possess'd:
Damon, now thy sighs give o'er,
Pine with discontent no more.

SONG 158.

ZEPHYRS spread your purple
pinions;
'Tune Florella's soul to love!
Breathe ambrosial fragrance round
her,
While she decks the proud alcove.
Purl ye crystal streams and fountains
Lull to rest her weary eyes;
Sol dispel thy beams,
While the fair-one dreams
How enamour'd Strephon dies.
Haste, oh! haste, ye feather'd
songsters,
Haste to each surrounding spray;
With your blithe and tuneful son-
nets,
Hail the beauteous queen of May.
Cupid, from thy airy region,
View her marble neck and breast;
Quickly send a dart,
'To the fair-one's heart,
And procure my lasting rest.

SONG 159.

T H E lark her early mattins
thrill'd
Melodious o'er the verdant lawn;
While all around the welkin smil'd,
And blushing hail'd the rosy
morn.
When Colin in a merry strain,
Came whistling o'er the fertile plain.
He paus'd, and thus with rapture
cry'd,
Was ever mortal blest as I!
To liberty my soul ally'd,
Shall ever female power defy!
From fair to fair, I'll ever range,
And build my happiness on change.
While Strephon, fond deluded youth
For Chloe sighs, but all in vain;
She scorns his constancy and truth,
And doubles (with her frowns)
his pain.
But I a stranger to the smart,
Repel with ease the coming dart.
Thus of his feeble pow'r the swain
Stood boasting; when with pierc-
ing eyes,
Bright Phillis tript athwart the
plain,
Diffusing all around surprize.
He gaz'd, a sigh ensu'd, to prove
That all must yield to pow'ful love.
Alas! the swain with rapture cries,
What pain is this my heart en-
dures?
The god of love aloft replies,
A pain which none but Phillis
cures.

He strait the lovely nymph address,
And all his tender flame confess'd.

But she with eyes of scorn, beheld
The youth now sighing at her feet ;

And strait across the dewy field,
In silence made a glad retreat.
He gaz'd, and thus with ardour cry'd,
Ah ! Phillis, cruel maid, and dy'd.

SONG 160.

BY various charms the god of love,
To chain my heart had often strove,
By various charms, &c.
But vainly boasting to be free,
I still preserv'd my liberty.
But vainly boasting, &c.

Piqu'd at a heart so vain, so proud,
Revenge the little godhead vow'd ;
Piqu'd at a heart, &c.
And now determin'd on the prize,
He shot adart from Celia's eyes.
And now determin'd, &c.

The arrow piercing deep its way,
Soon made my stubborn heart obey ;
The arrow piercing, &c.
And tamely yield to love's command,
For who such beauty can withstand ?
And tamely yield, &c.

SONG 161.

IF beauty's bloom bespeak the mind,
As fair by nature's hand design'd ;
What, as an angel's form we see,
Our flatt'ring wishes hope in thee !
But, ah ! when knowing ev'ry grace,
We scorn the mind, yet love the face,
By fits the smoth'ring passion burns ;
And love and folly move by turns.

As thus with ravish'd eyes we gaze,
With raptures glow, and burst to praise ;
You speak,—the pleasing vision flies,
We think, we pity, and despise.

SONG 162.

AS late at ruddy close of day,
On yonder turf Alexis lay,
Alexis wanton boy ;
Alexis wanton boy.
The gay Lucinda sported by,
Pastora breath'd the tender sigh,
But Mira still was coy,
But Mira still was coy.

The laughing Delia stole his crook,
And Laura glanc'd the wanton look,
A hint she would be kind ;
A hint she would, &c.
Bright Daphne in the lonely grove,
A signal gave, a call to love,
But still the swain was blind.
But still, &c.

Nor Pastorella's mein could charm,
Nor Celia's awful presence warm,
Nor Stella's syren tongue,
Nor Stella's, &c.

But Mira's eyes and mein controul,
And gazing all his raptur'd soul,
Stood list'ning as the sung.
Stood list'ning, &c.

But ah ! when Mira learn'd to sigh,
To glance, to roll the wanton eye,
To bless th' inconstant boy ;
To bless, &c.
As soon the faithless wav'ring swain,
Forsook the nymph, forsook the plain,
To find the maid that's coy,
To find the maid that's coy.

SONG 163.

WHILST in the bow'r, with beauty blest,
The lov'd Amyntor lies ;
While sinking on Zelinda's breast,
He fondly kiss'd her eyes.

A wakeful nightingale, who long
Had mourn'd within the shade,
Sweetly renew'd her plaintive song,
And warbled thro' the glade.
Melodious songstresses, cry'd the swain,
To shades less happy go ;
Or if with us thou wilt remain,
Forbear thy tuneful woe.

While in Zelinda's arms I lie,
To song I am not free ;
On her soft bosom while I sigh,
I discord find in thee.

Zelinda gives me perfect joys ;
Then cease thy fond intrusion ;
Be silent, music now is noise,
Variety, confusion.

SONG 164.

WHOO can Dorinda's beauty view,
And not her captive be ?
Apollo, Daphne did pursue,
Embrac'd the maid, tho' then a tree.

If the gods could love at such a rate,
Poor mortals must adore ;
Dorinda's merits are as great,
'Tis just to love her more.

SONG 165.

YE shepherds and nymphs, that adorn the gay plains,
Approach from your sports, and attend to my strains ;
Amongst all your number, a lover so true
Was ne'er so undone with such bliss in his view.

Was ever a nymph so hard-hearted as mine ?
She knows me sincere, and she sees how I pine ;
She does not disdain me, nor frown in her wrath,

But calmly and mildly resigns me to death.

She calls me her friend, but her lover denies,
She smiles when I'm chearful, but hears not my sighs ;
A bosom so flinty, so gentle an air,
Inspires me with hope, and yet bids me despair.

I fall at her feet, and implore her with tears ;
Her answer confounds, while her manner endears ;
When softly she tells me to hope no relief,
My trembling lips bless her, in spite of my grief.

By night while I slumber, still haunted with care,
I start up in anguish, and sigh for the fair ;
The fair sleeps in peace, may she ever do so,
And only, when dreaming, imagine my woe.

Then gaze at a distance, nor farther aspire,
Nor think she could love whom she cannot admire ;
Hush all thy complaining, and dying her slave,
Commend her to heav'n, and thyself to the grave.

SONG 166.

COME gentle god of soft repose
And lull my soul to rest ;
In thy embraces let me lose
The pangs that rack my breast :
Arise, ye dear deceits, arise,
And dress in Damon's form,
My long expecting wishing eyes,
With his resemblance charm.

Those melting sounds still let me hear,
Which did his flame impart ;
Which blest with love my list'ning ear,
And pierc'd my yielding heart.
Why rove my thoughts on pleasing cares,
Which only dreams bestow ;
For, oh ! when e'er the morn appears,
I wake to endless woe.

The envious light, from my sad eyes,
Drives ev'ry joy away ;
With night the lovely phantom flies,
And leaves me lost in day.
Since waking thus I am distress'd,
And pleasure's dead with him ;
If sleeping I can still be blest,
Let life be all a dream.

SONG 167.

WHAT beauties does my nymph disclose ?
Less fair the silver lilly blows ;
Such blushes glow not on the rose,
As on the cheeks of Phillis.

The

The other day, upon the green,
I saw a nymph of heav'nly mein;
I ran to greet the Cyprian queen,
But found it was my Phillis.

By mossy grot with ivy bound,
Where fragrant woodbines curl a-
round,
And daises dapple o'er the ground,
I sit and murmur Phillis.
And when the lark with dewy wings,
To hail the morn exulting springs,
I rise, and tune the trembling strings
To praise my dearest Phillis.

When first I saw the lovely maid,
I gaz'd, inraptur'd and dismay'd;
My faltering tongue was quite afraid
To tell my pangs to Phillis.
Then Cupid aim'd his sharpest dart,
At once I felt the pleasing smart,
That very hour I lost my heart;
And now it dwells with Phillis.

SONG 168.

MY fair, ye swains, is gone
astray,
The little wand'rer lost her way,
In gath'ring flowers the other day;
Poor Phyllis, poor Phyllis, poor
lovely Phyllis.

Ah! lead her home, ye gentle
swains,
Who know an absent lover's pains,
And bring her safely o'er the plains,
My Phillis, my Phillis, my love-
ly Phillis.

Conceive what tortures rack my
mind!
And if you'll be so just and kind,
I'll give you certain marks to find
My Phillis, &c.

Whene'er a charming form you see,
Serenely grave, sedately free,
And mildly gay, it must be she,
'Tis Phyllis, &c.

Not boldly bare, or half undress'd,
But under cover, slightly press'd,
In secret plays the little breast
Of Phyllis, &c.

When such a heav'nly voice you
hear,
As makes you think a Dryad near;
Ah! seize her, and bring home my
'Tis Phyllis, &c. [dear,

The nymph, whose person, void of
art,
Has every grace in every part,
With murd'ring eyes, yet harmless
Is Phyllis, &c. [heart,

Whose teeth are like an iv'ry row,
Whose skin is like the clearest snow,
Whose face like—*nothing that I*
Is Phillis, &c. [know,

But rest my soul, and bless your
fate,
The Gods, who form'd a piece so
near,
So just, exact, and so compleat
As Phyllis, &c.

Proud of their hit in such a flow'r,
Which so exemplifies their pow'r,
Will guard, in every dang'rous hour
My Phyllis, &c.

SONG 169.

HARK, hark, the huntsman
sounds his horn,
A call to music chids the drone;
Ton, ton, &c.

The clangor wakes the drowsy morn
The woods re-echo the sprightly
tone.
Ton, ton, &c.

The loud tongu'd cry the concert
fill,
Our steeds with neighing salute
the dawn;
Ton, ton, &c.

We mount, and now we climb the
hill,
Then swift descending sweep the
Ton, ton, &c. [lawn.

The distant stag our accents hears,
Our accents, fatal to him alone;
Ton, ton,

He rousing starts, and, wing'd with
fears,
Forfakes the thicket, and seeks
Ton, ton, &c. [the down.

Altho' Diana claims the field,
The woods and forests tho' her
Ton, ton, &c. [own;
The groves to Venus let her yield,
Where we may follow her spor-
Ton, ton, &c. [tive son.

What joy to trace the blooming lass,
Thro' darksome grots, with moss
Ton, ton, &c. [o'er-grown!

What harmony can ours surpass,
When joining chorus dove-like
Ton, ton, &c. [moan!

In various sports the day thus spent,
Fatigu'd with pleasure, when
night comes on;
Ton, ton, &c.

Our limbs tho' tir'd, our hearts con-
tent,
With wine regaling, our cares we
Ton, ton, &c. [drown.

SONG 170.

ATtend, ye ever tuneful swains,
That in melodious soothing
strains,

Of Chloe sing or Phyllis;
Tho' weak my skill, tho' rude my
verse,
Upbraid me not while I rehearse
The charms of *Polly Willis*.

Tho' languid I, and poor in thought
No simile shall here be brought
From roses, pinks, or lilies;
Some meaner beauties they may hit,
But sure no simile can fit
The charms of *Polly Willis*.

A simile to match her hair,
Her lovely forehead, high and fair,
Beyond my greatest skill is;

How then, ye Gods! can be express'd
The eyes, the lips, the heaving breast
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

She's not like Venus on the flood,
Or as she once on Ida stood,
Nor mortal *Amaryllis*;
Frame all that's lovely, bright and
fair,
Of pleasing shape and killing air,
And that is *Polly Willis*.

Tho' time her charms may wear
away,
All beauty must in time decay,
Yet in her pow'r there still is
A charm, which shall her life endure,
I mean the spotless mind and pure
Of charming *Polly Willis*.

SONG 171.

SOFT invader of my soul,
Love, who can thy pow'r con-
troul?

All that haunt earth, air and sea,
Own thy force, and bow to thee.
All the dear enchanting day,
Celia steals my heart away;
All the tedious live-long night,
Celia swims before my sight.
Happy, happy, were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain!
Other joys he need not prove,
Bless'd enough in Celia's love.

All that temptingly beguile,
Sparkling eyes, and dimpling smile;
Every charm, and every grace,
Dwells on charming Celia's face;
Open, gen'rous, free from art,
Virtue lives within her heart:
Modesty and truth combin'd,
Suit her person to her mind.
Happy, happy, were the swain,
Who might such a prize obtain!
Other joys he need not prove,
Blest enough in Celia's love.

SONG 172.

OF *Leinster*, fam'd for maidens
fair,

Bright Lucy was the grace;
Nor e'er did Liffy's limpid stream
Reflect so fair a face:
'Till luckless love and pining care
Impair'd her rosy hue,
Her coral lips, and damask checks,
And eyes of glossy blue.

Oh! have you seen the lily pale,
When beating rains descend?
So droop'd the flow-consuming maid,
Her life now near its end.
By Lucy warn'd of flatt'ring swains
Take heed, ye easy fair;
Of vengeance due to broken vows,
Ye perjur'd swains, beware.

Three times all in the dead of night
A bell was heard to ring,
And shrieking at her window thrice
The screech-owl flap'd his wing.
Too well the love-lorn maiden knew
The solemn boding sound,

And

And thus in dying words bespoke
The virgins weeping round.

I hear a voice you cannot hear,
Which says I must not stay ;
I see a hand you cannot see,
Which beckons me away.

By a false heart and broken vows,
In early youth I die !
Am I to blame because his bride
Is twice as rich as I ?

Ah Collin! give not her thy vows,
Vows due to me alone ;
Nor thou, fond maid, receive his kisses
Nor think him all your own.

To-morrow in the church to wed
Impatient both prepare ;
But know, fond maid, and know,
false man,
That Lucy will be there.

There bear my corse, ye comrades
bear,

The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
I in my winding-sheet.

She spoke, she dy'd—her corse was
born

The bridegroom blythe to meet ;
He in his wedding-trim so gay,
She in her winding sheet.

Oh! what were perjur'd Collin's
thoughts ?

How were those nuptials kept ?
The bridemen flock'd round Lucy
dead,

And all the village wept.
Compassion, shame, remorse, despair
At once his bosom swell ;

The damps of death bedew'd his
brows,
He shook, he groan'd, he fell.

From the vain bride, ah! bride no
more !

The vary'd crimson fled,
When stretch'd before her rival's
corse

She saw her husband dead.
He to his Lucy's new-made grave
Convey'd by trembling swains :

One mold with her, beneath one
fod,
For ever now remains.

Oft at this grave the constant hind
And plighted maid are seen,
With garlands gay, and true-love's
knots,

They deck the sacred green :
But, swain forsworn, whoe'er thou
art,

This hallow'd spot forbear ;
Remember Collin's dreadful fate,
And fear to meet him there.

SONG 173.

YOU bid me, fair, conceal my
love.

Ah! think how hard the task ;
Think of the mighty pains I prove,
Then think of what you ask.

Go bid the feverish wretch forbear
'Midst burning to complain :

Go bid the slaves who fetter'd are,
Forget the galling chain.
Forget the galling chain.

Shou'd they obey, yet greater far
The torments which I feel ;
Love's fires, than fevers fiercer are ;
Love pierces more than steel.

Pain but the body can controul,
The thoughts no cord can bind ;
Love is a fever of the soul,
A chain which holds the mind.
A chain which holds the mind.

SONG 174.

FOR many unsuccessful years
At Cynthia's feet I lay,
Bathing them often with my tears ;
I sigh'd, but durst not pray.

No prostrate wretch before the shrine
Of some lov'd saint above,
E'er thought his goddess more divine
Or paid more awful love.

Still the disdainful nymph look'd
With coy insulting pride, [down
Receiv'd my passion with a frown,
And turn'd her head aside.

Then Cupid whisper'd in my ear,
Use more prevailing charms ;
You modest, whining fool draw near,
And clasp her in your arms.

With eager kisses tempt the maid,
From Cynthia's feet depart ;
The lips he briskly must invade,
That would possess the heart.

With that I shook off all the slave,
My better fortune try'd ;
When Cynthia in a moment gave
What she for years deny'd.

SONG 175.

FAST by the margin of the sea,
And on the damp and shelly
shore ;

A swain in pensive posture lay,
And did his hard mishap deplore,
His hard mishap deplore.

O cruel fate, ah! hapless hour,
When I and Celia sail'd the deep ;
When, hush'd by some deluding
pow'r,

The winds and waves were laid
asleep,
The winds were laid asleep !

Too soon, alas! the peaceful scene
Chang'd to a storm, the tempests
roar,

The sky look'd black, the smoaking
main,
Dash'd its fierce waves against the
shore,
Fierce waves against the shore.

'Twas then my heart wept drops of
blood,
And, like the ship, was rent in
twain ;

When Celia founder'd in the flood,
Sank, struggled, rose, and sunk
again,

Sank, rose, and sunk again.

Thrice did I plunge beneath the
waves

To catch the sinking panting fair,
Thrice made a vain attempt to save,
I shriek'd, I rav'd in mad despair.
I rav'd in mad despair.

How fain wou'd Damon then have
dy'd,

And hurry'd to the world beneath
To seek his love, and by her side
Lament her too untimely death.
Her too untimely death.

SONG 176.

CHARMING Chloe, look with
pity

On your faithful love-sick swain ;
Hear, oh! hear this doleful ditty,
And relieve his mighty pain.

Find you musie in his sighing ?
Can you see him in distress,
Wishing, trembling, panting, dying,
Yet afford no kind redress?

Strephon, mov'd by lawful passion,
For no favours rudely sues ;
All his flame is out of fashion,
Ancient honour for him woos.

Love for love's the swain's ambition:
But if that is deem'd too great,
Pity, pity his condition ;
Say at least, you do not hate.

Sould you, fonder of a rover,
Practis'd in the art of guile,
Slight so true and kind a lover,
Chloe, might not Strephon smile?

Yes ; well pleas'd at thy undoing,
Vulgar lovers might upbraid ;
Strephon, conscious of thy ruin,
Soon would be a silent snail.

Soon would be a silent snail.

SONG 177.

SOONER than I'll my love forego,
And lose the man I prize,
I'll bravely combat ev'ry woe,
Or fall a sacrifice.

Nor bolts, nor bars shall me controul,
I death and danger dare ;
Restraint but fires the active soul,
And urges fierce despair.

The window now shall be my gate,
I'll either fall or fly ;
Before I'll live with them I hate,
For him I love I'll die !

For him I love I'll die !

SONG 178.

THE man who best can danger
dare

Is most deserving of the fair :
The bold, the brave, we women
prize,

The whining slave we all despise,
The whining slave we all despise.

Let coxcombs flatter, cringe and
lie,
Pretend to languish, pine and die :

Such men of words my scorn shall
be,
The man of deeds is the man for me.
The man of deeds is the man for me.

me.

SONG 179.

CONsider, dear daughter, what
'tis to be rich,
Nor sprun thus unwise at the
blessing ;
The views of being wealthy most
women bewitch,
Such husbands are sure worth pos-
sessing.

You tell me he is silly, I say he
has pence ;
His acres are boundless, his trea-
sures immense ;
A coach and six horses is beauty and
sense ;
Then prithee no longer refuse
him.

SONG 180.

SHALL I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Shall my cheeks look pale with care,
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day,
Or the flow'ry meads in May ;
Yet if she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be.

Shall a woman's goodness move
Me to perish for her love ;
Or, her worthy merits known,
Make me quite forget my own ?
Be she with that goodness blest,
As may merit name the best ;
Yet if she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be.

Be she good, or kind, or fair,
I will never more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die e'er she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I will scorn, and let her go :
So if she be not fit for me,
What care I for whom she be.

SONG 181.

TO dear Amaryllis young Stre-
phon had long
Declar'd his fix'd passion, and dy'd
for in song ;
He went one May morning to meet
in the grove,
By her own dear appointment this
goddess of love ;
Mean while in his mind all her
charms he ran o'er,
And doated on each ; *can a lover
do more ?*

He waited, and waited, then chang-
ing his strain,
'Twas fury, and rage, and despair,
and disdain ;
The sun was commanded to hide his
dull light,
And the whole course of nature was
alter'd downright.
'Twas his hapless fortune to die
and adore,
But never to change ; *can a lover
do more ?*

Cleora, it hap'd, was by accident
there,
No rose-bud so tempting, no lily
so fair ;
He press'd her white hand, next her
lips he essay'd,
Nor would she deny him, so civil
the maid :
Her kindly compliance his peace
did restore ;
And dear *Amaryllis was thought of
no more.*

SONG 182.

DRINK to me only with thine
eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.

The thirst which in my soul does
rise,
Does ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sip,
I wou'd not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee ;
And giving it a hope that there
It cou'd not wither'd be.

But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent it back to me ;
Since when it looks and smells, I
swear
Not of itself, but thee.

SONG 183.

WOULD'ST thou all the joys re-
ceive,
That enraptur'd lovers give ;
Take a heart from falsehood free,
Take a heart that doats on thee :
Nice suspicions, jealous train,
Still creates the virgin's pain ;
'Then each timid care remove,
You can smile and I can love.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way ;
Ever blooming joys encrease,
Tranquil liberty and peace :
Oh ! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest,
Sweetly smile and thou shalt know,
We can make an heav'n below.

SONG 184.

TO arms ! to arms ! hark, hark,
the trumpet sounds !
While ev'ry breast with high mo-
tion glows ;
The soldiers heart with martial
transport bounds,
And courage leads them thro' an
host of foes.
Now, now they engage,
While madness and rage
And slaughter walk wildly around ;
Ah ! now they fly—
While to the sky
The victors shouts resound.

SONG 185.

He. **W**Hilst I, with many a
pleasing kiss,
My Flora's bosom prest ;
So long I liv'd in perfect blifs,
No monarch half so blest.

She. While you your love to me
confin'd,
Nor lov'd another more ;
Till you to Chloe was more kind,
I ne'er knew grief before.

He. Now Chloe with her voice and
lyre
Has made my heart her slave ;
For whom I'd suffer sword or fire,
Her precious life to save.

She. For lovely Colin now I sigh,
And mutual love receive ;
For whom I'd suffer twice to die,
Provided he could live.

He. But should our former love re-
turn,
And bring a stronger chain ;
Should I for Chloe cease to burn,
And seek my dear again.

She. Altho' he's brighter than the
sun,
And you unconstant fly ;
Life's course with thee I'd freely run,
With thee I'd live and die.

SONG 186.

AS the snow in valleys lying,
Phœbus his warm beams ap-
plying,

Soon dissolves and runs away ;
So the beauties, so the graces,
Of the most bewitching faces,
At approaching age decay.

As a tyrant, when degraded,
Is despis'd, and is upbraided,
By the slaves he once controul'd ;
So the nymph if none cou'd move
her,

Is contemn'd by every lover,
When her charms are growing old,
Melancholick looks and whining,
Grieving, quarrelling and pining,
Are th' effects your rigours move :
Soft caresses, am'rous glances,
Melting sighs, transporting trances,
Are the blest effects of love.

Fair ones ! while your beauty's
blooming,
Inploy time, lest age resum'ing
What your youth profusely lends ;
You are rob'd of all your glories,
And condemn'd to tell old stories
To your unbelieving friends.

SONG 187.

GENTLY touch the warbling
lyre,
Chloe seems inclin'd to rest,
Fill her soul with fond desire,
Softest notes will sooth her breast.
Pleasing dreams assist in love,
Let them all propitious prove.

On the mossy bank she lyes,
(Nature's verdant velvet bed)
Beauteous flowers meet her eyes,
Forming pillows for her head.
Zephyrs waft their odours round,
And indulging whispers found.

SONG 188.

GENTLY stir and blow the
fire,
Lay the mutton down to roast:
Get me, quick, 'tis my desire,
In the dripping-pan a toast,
That my hunger may remove;
Mutton is the meat I love.
On the dresser see it lies:
Oh the charming white and red!
Finer meat ne'er met my eyes,
On the sweetest grass it fed:
Swiftly make the jack go round,
Let me have it nicely brown'd.
On the table spread the cloth,
Let the knives be sharp and clean,
Pickles get of every sort,
And a salad crisp and green:
Then with small beer and sparkling
wine,
O ye Gods! how shall I dine.

SONG 189.

Singing charms the blest above,
Angels sing, and saints approve;
All we below
Of heaven can show,
Is that they both sing and love.
Anna with an angel's air,
Sweet her notes, her face as fair:
Vassals and kings
Feel, when she sings,
Charms of warbling beauty near.
Savage nature conquer'd lies,
All is wonder and surprize;
Souls expiring,
Hearts a-firing,
By her charming notes and eyes,
Let the violin and harp
Hang and moulder till they warp;
Let flute and lyre
In dust expire,
Shatter'd by a vocal sharp.

SONG 190.

THYRSIS.

WHEN fairies dance round on
the grass,
And revel to night's awful noon;
O say, will you meet me, sweet lass,
All by the clear light of the moon?

PHYLLIS.

My passion I seek not to screen;
Then can I refuse you your boon?
I'll meet you at twelve on the green,
All by the clear light of the moon.
The nightingale, perch'd on a thorn
Then charms all the plains with
her tune;
And, glad of the absence of morn,
Salutes the pale light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

How sweet is the jessamin grove!
And sweet are the roses of June;
But sweeter's the language of love,
Breath'd forth by the light of
the moon.

Too slow rolls the charriot of day,
Unwilling to grant me my boon:
Away, envious sunshine, away,
Give place to the light of the
moon.

PHYLLIS.

But say, will you never deceive
The lass whom you conquer'd too
soon?
And leave a lost maiden to grieve
Alone by the light of the moon.

THYRSIS.

The planets shall start from their
spheres,
Ere I prove so fickle a loon;
Believe me, I'll banish thy fears,
Dear maid, by the light of the
moon.

BOTH.

Our loves when the shepherds shall
view,
To us they their pipes shall attune
While we our soft pleasures renew,
Each night by the light of the
moon.

SONG 191.

SO much I love thee, O my
treasure!
That my flame no bound does
know:
Oh! look upon your swain with
pleasure,
For his pain some pity show.
Oh! my charmer, tho' I leave you,
Yet my heart with you remains;
Let not then my absence grieve
you,
Since with pride I wear your
chains.

SONG 192.

OF all the simple things we do,
To rub over a whimsical life,
There's no one folly is so true,
As that very bad bargain, a wife.
We're just like a mouse in a trap,
Or vermin caught in a gin;
We sweat and fret, and try to
escape,
And curse the sad hour we came in.

I gam'd, and drank, and play'd the
fool,
And a thousand mad frolics more:
I rov'd and rang'd, despis'd all rule,
But I never was marry'd before.
This was the worst plague cou'd
ensue;
I'm mew'd in a sneaky house;
I us'd to tope a bottle or two,
But now 'tis small beer with my
spouse.

My darling freedom crown'd my
joys,
And I never was vex'd in my
way;
If now I cross her will, her noise
Makes my lodging too hot for to
stay:
Like a fox that is hamper'd, in vain
I fret out my heart and my soul;
Walk to and fro the length of my
chain,
Then am forc'd to creep into my
hole.

SONG 193.

WILLY's rare, and Willy's
fair,
And Willy's wond'rous bonny;
And Willy heght to marry me,
Gin e'er he married ony.
Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
This night I'll make it narrow;
For a' the live-lang winter night
I ly twin'd of my marrow.
O came you by yon water-side,
Pou'd you the rose or lilly?
Or came you by yon meadow green?
Or saw you my sweet Willy?
She fought him east, she fought him
west,
She fought him braid and narrow;
Synce in the cleaving of a craig
She found him drown'd in Yarrow.

SONG 194.

SABINA, in the dead of night,
In restless slumbers wishing
lay;
Cynthia was bawd, and her clear
light
To loose desires did lead the way:
I stept to her bed-side with bended
And sure Sabina saw, [knee,
And sure Sabina saw,
And sure Sabina saw,
I'm sure she saw, but wou'd not see.
I drew the curtains of the lawn,
Which did her whiter body keep;
But still the nearer I was drawn,
Methought the faster she did
sleep:
I call'd Sabina softly in her ear,
And sure Sabina heard, but wou'd
not hear.
Thus, as some midnight thief, when
Are wrapt into a lethargy, [all
Silently creeps from wall to wall,
To search for hidden treasury;
So mov'd my busy hand from head
to heel,
And sure Sabina felt, but wou'd not
feel.
Thus I ev'n by a wish enjoy,
And she without a blush receives;
As by dissembling most are coy,
She by dissembling freely gives:
For you may safely say, and swear
it true,
She did hear, see, feel, fight, and
kiss me too.

SONG

SONG 195.

LITTLE *Syren* of the stage,
Charmer of an idle age,
Empty Warbler, breathing lyre,
Wanton gale of fond desire.

Bane of every manly art.
Sweet enfeebler of the heart ;
Oh too pleasing is thy strain !
Hence to southern climes again.

Tuneful mischief, vocal spell,
To this island bid farewell :
Leave us as we ought to be,
Leave the Britons rough and free.

SONG 196.

YE warblers, while *Strephon* I
moan,

To cheer me your harmony bring,
Unless, since my shepherd is gone,
You cease, like poor *Phyllis* to
sing.

Each flower declines its sweet head,
Nor odours around we will throw,
While ev'ry soft lamb on the mead
Seems kindly to pity my woe.

Each rural amusement I try
In vain to restore my past ease ;
What charm'd when my *Strephon*
was by,

Has now lost the power to please.
Ye seasons, that brighten the grove,
Not long for your absence we
mourn ;

But *Strephon* neglects me, and
roves,
He roves, and will never return.

As gay as the spring is my dear,
And sweet as all flowers combin'd ;
His smiles, like the summer, can
cheer,

Ah! why then, like winter, unkind.
Unkind he is not, I can prove,
But tender to others can be,
To *Celia* and *Chloe* makes love,
And only is cruel to me.

SONG 197.

DioGENES, surly and proud,
Who snarl'd at the *Macedon*
youth,

Delighted in wine that was good,
Because in good wine there was
truth :

But growing as poor as a *Job*,
Unable to purchase a flask,
He chose for his mansion a tub,
And liv'd by the scent of the cask.

Heraclitus ne'er would deny
A bumper to cherish his heart,
And when he was maudlin would cry
Because he had empty'd his quart:
Tho' some are so foolish to think
He wept at men's folly and vice,
'Twas only his custom to drink
Till the liquor flow'd out of his
eyes.

Democretes always was glad
To tipple, and cherish his soul ;

And would laugh like a man that
was mad,

When over a good flowing bowl :
As long as his cellar was stor'd,
The liquor he'd merrily quaff :
And when he was drunk as a lord,
At those that were sober he'd
laugh.

Wise *Solon*, who carefully gave
Good laws unto *Athens* of old,
And thought the rich *Cræsus* a slave
(Tho' a king) to his coffers of
gold ;

He delighted in plentiful bowls,
But, drinking, much talk would
decline,

Because 'twas the custom of fools
To prattle much over their wine.

Old *Socrates* ne'er was content
Till a bottle had heighten'd his
joys,

Who in's cups to the oracle went,
Or he ne'er had been counted for
wife :

Late hours he most certainly lov'd,
Made wine the delight of his life,
Or *Xantippe* would never have
prov'd

Such a damnable scold of a wife.

Theophrastus, that eloquent sage,
By *Athens* so greatly ador'd,
With a bottle would boldly engage,
When mellow was brisk as a bird ;
Would chat, tell a story, and jest
Most pleasantly over a glass,
And tho' a dumb guest at a feast,
But a dull, philosophical ass.

Grave *Seneca*, fam'd for his parts,
Who tutor'd the bully of *Rome*,
Grew wise o'er his cups and his
quarts,

Which he drank, like a miser at
home :

And to shew he lov'd wine that was
good

To the last, (we may truly aver it)
He tinctur'd his bath with his blood
So fancy'd he dy'd in his claret.

Pythag'ras did silence enjoin
On his pupils, who wisdom would
seek,

Because that he tippled good wine
Till himself was unable to speak ;
And when he was whimsical grown
With sipping his plentiful bowls,
By the strength of the juice in his
crown,

He conceiv'd the transmigration
of souls.

Copernicus too, like the rest,
Believ'd there was wisdom in
wine,

And thought that a cup of the best
Made reason the better to shine :
With wine he replenish'd his veins
And made his philosophy reel ;
Then fancy'd the world, as his
brains,

Turn'd round like a chariot-
wheel.

O.

Anaxarchus, more patient than *Job*,
By pestles was pounded to death,
Yet scorn'd that a groan or a sob
Should waste the remains of his
breath :

But sure he was free with his glass,
And drank to a pitch of disdain ;
Or the strength of his wisdom, alas!
I fear would have flinch'd at the
pain.

Aristotle, that master of arts,
Had been but a dunce without
wine ;

And what we ascribe to his parts,
Is due to the juice of the vine :
His belly, most writers agree,
Was as big as a watering-trough ;

He therefore leap'd into the sea,
Because he'd have liquor enough.

When *Pyrrho* had taken a glass,
He saw that no object appear'd
Exactly the same as it was

Before he had liquor'd his beard ;
For things running round in his
drink,

Which sober he motionless found
Occasion'd the sceptic to think
There was nothing of truth to be
found.

Old *Plato* was reckon'd divine,
Who fondly to wisdom was prone,
But had it not been for good wine,
His merits had never been known:
By wine we are generous made,
It furnishes fancy with wings ;
Without it we ne'er should have had
Philosophers, poets, or kings.

SONG 198.

I Envy not the proud their wealth,
Their equipage and state ;
Give me but innocence and health,
I ask not to be great.

I in a sweet retirement find
A joy unknown to kings ;
For sceptres to a virtuous mind
Seem vain and empty things.

Great *Cincinnatus* at his plough
Which brighter lustre shone,
Than guilty *Cæsar* e'er could show,
Tho' seated on a throne.

Tumultuous days, and restless nights,
Ambition ever knows ;
A stranger to the calm delights
Of study and repose.

Then free from envy, care, and strife,
Keep me, ye Pow'rs divine ;
And pleas'd, when ye demand my
life,
May I that life resign.

SONG 199.

TO all you ladies now at land
We men at sea indite,
But first would have you understand
How hard it is to write :

The *Muses* now and *Neptune* too
We must implore to write to you.

With a fal, la, la, la.
For

SONG 200.

For tho' the Muses should prove kind
And fill our empty brain ;
Yet if rough Neptune rouse the
wind,

To wave the azure main,
Our paper, pen and ink and we
Roll up and down our ships at sea.
Then if we write not by each post,
Think not we are unkind ;
Nor yet conclude our ships are lost,
By Dutchmen, or by wind :
Our tears we'll send a speedier way,
The tide shall bring them twice a
day.

The king with wonder and surprize,
Will swear the seas grow bold,
Because the tides will higher rise
Than e'er they did of old ;
But let him know it is our tears
Bring floods of grief to *Whitehall*
stairs.

Should foggy *Opdam* chance to
know
Our sad and dismal story,
The Dutch would scorn so weak a
foe,
And quit their fort at *Gorce* ;
For what resistance can they find
From men who've left their hearts
behind ?

Let wind and weather do their worst
Be you to us but kind ;
Let Dutchmen vapour, Spaniards
curse,
No sorrow we can find :
'Tis then no matter how things go,
Or who's our friend, or who's our
foe.

To pass our tedious hours away,
We throw a merry main,
Or else at serious *Ombre* play :
But why should we in vain
Each other's ruin thus pursue ?
We were undone when we left you.
But now our fears tempestuous grow,
And cast our hopes away ;
Whilst you, regardless of our woe,
Sit careless at a play ;
Perhaps permit some happier man
To kiss your hand, or flit your fan.
When any mournful tune you hear,
That dies in ev'ry note,
As if it sigh'd with each man's care
For being so remote ;
Think then, how often love we've
made [play'd].
To you, when all those tunes were
In justice you cannot refuse
To think of our distress,
When we for hopes of honour lose
Our certain happiness :
All those designs are but to prove
Ourselves more worthy of your love.
And now we've told you all our
loves,
And likewise all our fears,
In hopes this declaration moves
Some pity for our tears ;
Let's hear of no inconstancy,
We have too much of that at sea.

YOUTH's a season made for
joys,
Love is then our duty ;
She alone, who that employs,
Well deserves her beauty :
Let's be gay
While we may,
Beauty's a flow'r despis'd in decay.
Youth's the season, &c.

Let us drink and sport to-day,
Ours is not to-morrow ;
Love with youth flies swift away,
Age is nought but sorrow :
Dance and sing,
Time's on the wing,
Life never knows a return of spring.
Let us drink, &c.

SONG 201.

IN vain, *Miranda*, you complain,
And charge the guiltless boy
in vain,
Who ne'er has prov'd untrue :
Thou sweetest image thought can
find,
Thou best idea of my mind,
My soul is fill'd with you.

Let but those eyes benignly bright,
That look the language of delight,
This spacious globe review :
If they can spy an equal fair,
Be jealous then, and I'll take care
You shall have reason too.

SONG 202.

HOW happy's the lover whose
cares are no more ;
Who bids an adieu to all sorrow !
My griefs are all hush'd, and my
torments are o'er,
For I shall be happy to-morrow.
Each flow'ret of spring that en-
amels the ground,
From you ev'ry charm seems no
borrow ;
Then who will so blest or so happy
be found,
As I with my *Daphne* to-morrow.
I never am happy but when in your
sight ;
Your smiles are the cure of all
sorrow :
Remember, dear *Daphne*, your pro-
mise to-night,
And I shall be happy to-morrow.

SONG 203, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *The Hounds are all out.*

Contented I am, and contented
I'll be,
For what can this world more afford
Than a girl that will sociable sit on
my knee,
And a cellar that's sociable stor'd,
My brave boys, &c.
My vault door is open'd, descend
ev'ry guest,

Spoil that cask, ay, that wine we
will try,
'Tis as sweet as the lips of your love
to the taste,
And as bright as her cheeks to
the eye,
My brave boys, &c.

In a piece of flit hoop I my candle
have stuck,
'Twill light us each bottle to
hand,
The foot of my glass for the purpose
I broke,
For I hate that a Bumper should
stand, *My brave boys, &c.*

Astride on a but, as a but should
be strod,
I sit my companions among,
Like grape-blessing *Bacchus*, the
goodfellow's god,
And a sentiment give, or a song,
My brave boys, &c.

We are dry where we sit, tho' the
oozing drops seem
The moist walls with wet Pearls
to emboss,
From the arch, mouldy cobwebs in
Gothic taste stream,
Like stucco-work cut out of moss,
My brave boys, &c.

My cellar's my camp, my soldiers
my flasks,
All gloriously rang'd in review ;
When I cast my eyes round, I con-
sider my casks,
As kingdoms I've yet to subdue,
My brave boys, &c.

I charge spoil in hand, and my em-
pire maintain,
No ancient more patriot-like
bled ;
Each drop in defence of delight I
will drain,
And myself for my Bucks I'll
drink dead,
My brave boys, &c.

Sound that pipe, 'tis in tune, and
those bings are well fill'd,
View that heap of *Pyrmont* in
your rear ;
Yon bottles are *Burgundy*, see how
they're pil'd,
Like artillery, tear over tear,
My brave boys, &c.

'Tis my will when I die, not a tear
shall be shed,
No *Hic Jacet* be grav'd on my
stone ;
But pour o'er my coffin, a bottle of
red,
And write, that *his drinking* is
done,
My brave boys, &c.

SONG 204, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *To all you ladies now at land.*
ONE Evening at ambrosial
treat,
From her *Ætherial* tour,
Minerva the nine muses met,
In *Isa's* sacred bower ;
Apollo

Apollo and gay *Bacchus* join,
For hand in hand walk wit and wine.
With my fal de rol, &c.
Pallas, the swimming dance begun,
Her hair a fillet bound,
Blue, like her eyes, the bandage
shewn,
Her sapient temples crown'd ;
Which, loosen'd in the dance,
dropp'd down,
And *Bacchus* snatch'd the azure
zone.

With my fal de rol, &c.

The ribband on his breast he plac'd,
By *Styx*, then swore the youth ;
What had the throne of wisdom
grac'd,
Shou'd grace the seat of truth :
At once then ope his robe he threw,
And on his Bosom beam'd *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

If mortals can give garters fame,
And honours form on earth ;
Sure deities may do the same,
And give one order birth :
This ribband, lov'd celestials view,
And stamp your sanction on *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

Urania prais'd the rosy god,
Her tuneful sisters join ;
Minerva gave th' assenting nod,
Phabus enroll'd the sign :
Along the skies loud *Pean*s flew,
Olympus join'd, and hail'd *True*
Blue.

With my fal de rol, &c.

This order *Iris* bore to earth,
The gods enjoin'd the fair,
Where first she found out sons of
worth,
To leave the ribband there :
From clime to clime she searching
flew,
And in *Hibernia* left *True Blue*.

With my fal de rol, &c.

SONG 205, by Mr. Stevens.

Wrote for the Sweet-Bryar Club.

(A Back-sword so called)

Tune, Come let us prepare.

YE Lads, who approve,
Of wit, wine and love,
And to be thought Bucks wou'd
aspire ;
Come, chorus my lays,
While I sing forth the praise
Of the mighty reformer, *Sweet*
Bryar.

Ye husbands, whose wives
Lead you terrible lives,
And much castigation require ;
At a touch they'd obey,
If you once knew the way,
But to manage the magic *Sweet*
Bryar.

The youth, who will swear,
Blab, or boast of the fair,

Tho' too often, alas! he's a lyar ;
Bring him up to the sword,
He'll recant ev'ry word,
Beholding the blade of *Sweet Bryar*.
Ye priests, who tithe gorge,
And the laity scourge,
From his holiness down to the friar ;
The conclave ne'er taught,
Nor *Ignatius* ne'er thought
On a discipline like to *Sweet Bryar*.
Had I trebly the gift
Of *Dan Pope*, or *Dean Swift*,
Or cou'd tell a tale, equal to *Prior* ;
Yet it all wou'd not do,
There is still something new,
To be said on well-sharpen'd *Sweet*
Bryar.

Wives, widows, or maids,
Who can best judge of blades,
Did you see it, its size you'd admire ;
For use, 'tis kept fit,
'Tis as keen as your wit,
And as bright as your Eyes, is
Sweet Bryar.

This, at *Culloden* carv'd,
This, *Britannia* preserv'd,
'Twas this made rebellion retire ;
Not they who *Troy* took,
Cou'd more hero-like look,
Than the men who that day drew
Sweet Bryar.

'Twas us'd to oppose
Banditti-like foes,
And again shou'd, if times did
require ;
Now 'tis drawn in defence
Of our friend, *Common Sense*,
For our reason we trust with *Sweet*
Bryar.
If dullness shou'd dare,
Among us interfere,
Forcing wit with a blush to retire ;
'Tis resolv'd on, *Nem. Con*.
Swearing, humbugg and pun
Shall their sentence receive from
Sweet Bryar.

Hand in hand let's unite,
And in folly's despite,
Real merit we'll strive to acquire ;
Like men let us think,
And like men let's drink,
Here's success to the blades of
Sweet Bryar.

SONG 206, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, Come let us prepare.

WHEN the deity's word
Throughout *Chaos* was
heard,
And in order uprose this vast ball, fir,
The spheres sung his praise,
Who from discord cou'd raise,
This *Harmony*, *Harmony* all, fir.
Each child of the earth,
The chorus sung forth,
Te *Deums* were gratefully given ;
Land, sea and skies rung,
With creation's glad song,
And *Harmony* echo'd thro' Heaven.

'Tis music, whose charms
Each fierce passion disarm,
As we find by unhappy King *Saul*,
fir,
When his harp *David* tun'd,
Madness sunk at the sound,
For sense comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

The spider inflam'd,
Tarantula nam'd,
With his sting will each victim
appal, fir,
But music is sure
The sad patient to cure,
For health comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

Timotheus had skill
To curb *Philip's* son's will,
With a touch make his heart rise or
fall, fir ;
He in tune put his breast,
Then let *Love* do the rest,
For *Love* comes at *Harmony's Call*,
fir.

Euridice's swain,
By his sense-lulling strain,
Could the forest's wild tenants en-
thral, fir,
Nay stones we can prove,
Will obedient move,
At *Harmony's*, *Harmony's Call*, fir.

Man and beast will decay,
Rocks and seas sink away,
The great globe must to ruin resign,
fir ;
Yet in Heaven above,
Still will music and love
Eternal in *Harmony* join, fir.
This night let us strive
To keep humour alive,
But first we'll this bumper dispatch,
fir ;
Let him, who sings best,
Sing a song for the rest,
Or join as he ought in a *Catch*, fir.

SONG 207, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, Come and listen to my ditty.

C E A S E rude *Boreas* blust'ring
railer,
Lift ye landmen all to me ;
Mefs-mates hear a brother sailor
Sing the dangers of the sea.
From bounding billows, first in mo-
tion,
When the distant whirlwind rise,
To the tempest-troubled ocean,
When the seas contend with skies-
Hark! the boatwain hoarsely bawl-
ing,
By topfail sheets and hallyards
stand ; [ing,
Down topgallants, quick, be hawl-
Down your stay-sails, hand boys,
hand.
Now it freshens, set the braces,
The lee-topfail sheets let go ;
Luff, boys, luff, don't make wry
faces,
Up your topfails nimbly clew-
Now

Now all you on down-beds sporting,
Fondly lock'd 'twixt beauty's
arms
Fresh enjoyment wanton courting,
Safe from all but love's alarms.
Around us roars the tempest louder;
Think what fear our minds en-
thrals ;
Harder yet, it yet blows harder,
Now again the boatswain calls.
The topfail yards point to the wind
boys,
See all clear to reef each course ;
Let the Foresheet go, don't mind
boys,
Tho' the weather shou'd be worse,
Fore and aft the spritsail yard get,
Reef the mizen, see all clear ;
Hands up, each preventor brace set,
Man the fore-yard, chear, lads,
chear.
Now the dreadful thunder roaring,
Peals on peals contending clash !
On our heads fierce rain falls pour-
ing,
In our eyes blue light'nings flash.
One wide water all around us,
All above but one black sky ;
Different deaths at once surround us,
Hark ! what means yon dreadful
cry ?
The foremast's gone, cries every
tongue out,
O'er the lee, twelve feet 'bove
deck !
A leak beneath the chestree's sprung
out ;
Call all hands to clear the wreck !
Quick the lanniards cut to pieces,
Come, my hearts, be stout and
bold ;
Plumb the well, the leak encreases,
Four feet water's in the hold !
While o'er the ship the wild wave's
beating,
We for wives and children mourn:
Alas ! from hence there's no re-
treating !
Alas ! to them there's no return !
Still the leak is gaining on us,
Both chain-pumps are choak'd
below :
Heaven have mercy here upon us !
Only He can save us now.
On the lee-beam is the land boys,
Let the guns o'er-board be
thrown ;
To the pumps, come every hand,
boys,
See ! her mizen-mast is gone.
The leak we've found, it cannot
pour fast,
We've lighten'd her a foot or
more ;
Up and rig a jury fore-mast,
She rights ! she rights ! boys,
wear off shore.
Now once more on joys we are
thinking,
Since kind fortune sav'd our lives ;

Come, the can, boys let's be drink-
ing
To our sweethearts and our wives.
Fill it up, about ship wheel it,
Close to lips the brimmer join ;
Where's the tempest now, who
feels it ?
None ; our danger's drown'd in
wine.
SONG 208, by Mr. Stevens.
Tune, *Why heaves my fond bosom ?*
'TIS love, spite of laws, will
its empire maintain,
No council confines it, no rules can
restrain ;
Then cease, rigid parents, your
daughters to chide,
In vain are all precepts, love's still
the best guide.
What's fortune, fame, titles, wealth,
' equipage, birth ?
Like plants, but the simple producti-
ons of earth ;
But love, like the sun, beams a
light thro' the whole,
And, as one warms the earth, t'other
lights up the soul.
When mutual endearments we mu-
tually prove,
And the fond pair receive and return
equal love ;
Then each tender fibre with extasy
swells,
And the furious embrace thro' each
art'ry thrills.
When words inly murmur'd pro-
claim the swift blifs,
And life, at each lip, is kept in by
a kifs ;
'Till sighs, like soft breezes, love's
tempests succeed,
As in calms after whirlwinds, all
nature seems dead.
Ye youth, who, Narcissus-like,
doat on dear self,
Ye beauties, perplex'd betwixt
merit and pelf,
Wou'd you wish not to waste, but
enjoy ev'ry day,
'Tis love, but not self-love, must
shew you the way.
Youth flies like a shaft that swift
skims 'midst the air,
No trace will remain that it ever
pass'd there ;
Then, while you are young, be
not youthful in vain,
Did you once taste the blifs, oh !
you'd taste it again.
You cannot keep beauty as misers
hoard gold,
'Tis too late to repent, to repent
when you're old ;
Ask your heart what you're made
for ? 'twill beat quick to man ;
While then fit for enjoyment, enjoy
all you can.

SONG 209, by Mr. Stevens.
Tune, *Sing Tantararara Masks all.*
COME, my bucks, let to-night
be devoted to drinking,
To-morrow's too soon to be trou-
bled with thinking ;
Inspired by *Bacchus*, I'll sing to his
praise,
And crown'd with a bumper, in-
stead of the bays,
Sing Tantararara Bucks all.
From *Bacchus* our name is, tho' some
say from *Jove*,
For he was the first (like a buck)
who made love,
To a bull for the sake of *Europa* he
turns,
And bequeath'd to the man, she
shou'd marry his horns.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
'Tis by women each buck at true
honour arrives,
The first race of bucks were made
bucks by their wives ;
When for glory the *Greeks* round
the world us'd to roam,
Each wife, a true buck, dubb'd her
hero at home.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
Had the son of fair *Thetis*, instead
of the brine,
Been plung'd over head in a hog-
shead of wine,
He'd have march'd among mortals,
secure from all evil,
A buck, when he's drunk, is a
match for the devil.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
But why shou'd the ancients still
fill up my lays ?
'Tis fit that the moderns, a mo-
dern shou'd praise :
With claret my rosy-crown'd tem-
ples I'll 'noint,
And a health take to him, who first
drank a half-pint.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
Were grapes on the mount of *Par-
nassus* but growing,
Or *Helicon's* conduit with *French*
claret flowing ;
Nay wou'd *Phabus* but drink like
an honest good fellow,
Like *Bacchus* we'd honour his buck-
ship *Apollo*.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
What are miffes, the muses, to nine
mouldy casks ?
Or the tea-table's splendor, to splen-
did full flasks ?
What is *Pegasus* good for ? Yes, he
shall be mine,
I'll keep him as porter to fly for
my wine.
Sing Tantararara, &c.
In daisy-deck'd meads, when the
birds whistle round,
How thrill is their music, how sim-
ple the sound ?
Give

Give me a bell's tinkle, a fat land-
lord's roar,
And a good fellow's order, *Boy, six
bottles more!*
Sing Tantararara, &c.

Can music or verse, love or land-
scape bestow,
A six bottle sound, or a six bottle
flow;
Cou'd I meet them at midnight,
their bottoms I'd try,
Who first shou'd give out, Faith,
the bottles, or I.
Sing Tantararara, &c.

This tuning and piping, no longer
I'll bear it,
What's all pipes of music, to one
pipe of claret?
By my soul, bucks, I love it, and
why, wou'd you know,
Drink only as I've done, you'll all
love it too.
Sing Tantararara Bucks all.

SONG 210, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *By Jove I'll be free.*

THOU' I love you, yet think not
my judgment so weak,
To dote on your waist, or your rose-
dimpled cheek;
The black, curling locks, which your
white neck inlay,
Your love-pouting lips, or your eye-
darting ray:
'Tis not for those charms which so
common are seen,
'Tis something more secret—but
guess what I mean.

Platonics, corporeal embraces dis-
dain,
Their mental enjoyments no passion
profane;
The mind of a mistress perhaps may
enchant,
Yet still flesh and blood will meer
flesh and blood want:
Each sex sighs for more than to see
and be seen;
What more is't they sigh for? why
—*guess what I mean.*

Can a dinner's warm steams fill the
hungry with cheer?
Or the sight of a bank dry up po-
verty's tear?
The jingling of guineas, or fame of
a feast,
They care not to hear of, unless
they cou'd taste:
'Tis thus with the lover, not what
he has seen,
But what he can taste of, that's—
guess what I mean.

We wse seeming mortals, five
senses retain
In the pay of the will, to be pimps
to the brain;
One sense, like the serpent, devours
the rest,

As man's most inclin'd to hear smell
or taste;
But to touch is the point—yet I'll
not be obscene,
For to touch is no more than to—
guess what I mean.

How sweet the sensation! how
thrilling the bliss!
When breast joining breast, we blend
souls in a kiss:
All madness the lover, the fair all
delight,
Ev'ry sense then in one they extatic
unite:
What's that sense of all senses? why
—here drops the scene;
'Tis something, that's certain, but
—*guess what I mean.*

SONG 211, by Mr. Stevens.

Tune, *Farewell to Lochabar.*

THE sportsman may boast of his
well-scented Hound;
Each day let the coxcomb in dawd-
ling confound;
The statesman may vaunt of poli-
tical schemes;
Let poets be fool'd by their fancy-
form'd dreams;
Let night-wasting learned their
volumes unfold,
Give the toper his bottle, the miser
his gold:
'Gainst learning, wealth, drinking,
wit, state, I protest;
'Tis woman, dear woman, she's
worth all the rest.

Tho' birds, in shrill symphonies,
sing o'er our heads,
And Flora's gay paintings enamel
the meads;
Tho' the fruits are so pleasant, so
thick grow the trees,
So warm shines the sun, and so cool
breathes each breeze;
The odour of spices, the pure crys-
tal stream,
Each nice gift of nature I nobly
esteem;
Yet birds, fruits, spice, flowers, can
ne'er stand the test
With woman, dear woman, she's
worth all the rest.

In sickness, in prison, in want, in
despair,
What woe can we feel, if fond
woman is there?
The nostrum of nature, the med'cine
of life,
In ev'ry affliction, the cure is a
wife;
For think not, ye fair, that these
praises are paid
To the miser-like virgin, the green-
sickness maid;
Tho' so delicate shap'd, yet im-
perfect's your plan,
And you useless exist, till you're
finish'd by man.

SONG 212.

HOW cruel is a parent's care,
Who riches only prizes!
When finding out some booby heir,
He thinks he wond'rous wise is:
While the poor maid, to shun her
fate,
And not to prove a wretch in state,
To 'scape the blockhead she must
hate,
She weds where she despises.
The harmless dove thus trembling
flies,
The rav'nous hawk pursuing;
A-while her tender pinions tries,
Till doom'd to certain ruin;
Afraid her worst of foes to meet,
No shelter near, no kind retreat,
She drops beneath the falconer's feet,
For gentler usage suing.

SONG 213.

NOW *Phœbus* sinketh in the
West,
Welcome song, and welcome jest,
Midnight shout and revelry,
Tipsy dance and jollity:
Braid your locks with rosy twine,
Dropping odours, dropping wine-
Rigour now is gone to bed,
And advice with scrup'lous head,
Strict age, and sour severity,
With their grave saws in slumber lie.

SONG 214.

BY dimpled brook, and fountain
brim,
The wood-nymphs, deck'd with
daisies trim,
Their merry wakes and pastimes
keep;
What has night to do with sleep?
Night has better sweets to prove;
Venus now wakes, and wakens love:
Come, let us our rites begin,
'Tis only day-light that makes sin.

SONG 215.

FLY swiftly, ye minutes, till
Comus receive
The nameless, soft transports that
beauty can give;
The bowl's frolic joys let him teach
her to prove,
And she in return yield the raptures
of love.
Without love and wine, wit and
beauty are vain,
All grandeur insipid, and riches a
pain;
The most splendid palace grows
dark as the grave:
Love and wine give ye Gode, or
take back what ye gave.

CHORUS.

Away, away, away,
To Comus' court repair;
There night outshines the day,
There yields the melting fair-

SONG 216.

AS t'other day o'er the green
meadow I pass'd,
A swain overtook me, and held my
Hand fast,
Then cry'd my dear Lucy, thou
cause of my care,
How long must thy faithful young
Thirsis despair:
To crown my soft wishes no longer
be shy,
But frowning I answer'd, oh! sic,
shepherd, sic.
He told me his passion like time
shou'd endure,
That beauty, which kindled his
flame, wou'd secure;
That all my sweet charms were for
pleasure design'd,
And youth was the season to love
and be kind:
Lord, what cou'd I say? I cou'd
hardly deny,
But faintly I utter'd oh! sic shep-
herd, sic.
He swore, with a kiss, that he
wou'd not refrain;
I told him 'twas rude, but he kiss'd
me again:
My conduct, ye fair ones, in ques-
tion ne'er call,
Nor think I did wrong, I did no-
thing at all:
Resolv'd to resist, yet inclin'd to
comply,
Now guess if I still said, oh! sic,
shepherd, sic.

SONG 217.

LET others sing in loftier lays,
The wanton and the vain,
My artless muse aspires to praise
Dear Polly of the plain.
Tho' poor my skill,
My song shall still,
Be Polly of the plain.
While vanity admits her aid,
Let meaner beauties shine,
Her faithless glare bedims the maid,
Whom nature stamps divine:
Her pow'r to shew,
She sent below,
Dear Polly of the plain.
The face, the mien, may charms
dispense,
To kindle fierce desire,
But virtue, modesty and sense,
Must generous love inspire:
'Tis these that move
My soul to love
Dear Polly of the Plain.
How sweetly looks the silver ray,
That cheers the noon of night!
But when great Phœbus gives the
day,
What pow'r has Cynthia's light?
Thus all the fair,
Eclips'd appear
By Polly of the plain.

Tho' blest the youth, within whose
mind
A happy passion reigns;
Yet happiest he of all mankind,
Who Polly's heart obtains,
And in his arms
Enjoys the charms
Of Polly of the plain.

SONG 218.

WHEN I liv'd in my grand-
mother's cot,
What a happy young Damsel
was I!
Each day we'd the spit or the pot,
With plenty of pudding and pye;
I'd a horse that cou'd amble and
trot,
And good neighbours to visit
hard by;
Yet I wanted—I cou'd not tell what,
And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not
tell why.
I sigh'd, &c.
My daddy he bought me a knot,
With a fan, and a new-fashion'd fly,
A pair of silk shoes too I got,
To wear when the weather was dry;
Yet to pine all the day was my lot,
And in bed ever restless to lie;
For I wanted—I cou'd not tell
what,
And I sigh'd—but I cou'd not tell
why.
For counsel I ear'd not a jot,
Resolv'd some new project to try;
And I thought I shou'd die on the
spot,
If a pretty young fellow pass'd by;
At last a brisk husband I got,
'Twas the man I had long in my eye;
He gave me—I must not tell what,
And I lov'd him—but need not tell
why.

SONG 219.

THE Man who seeks to win
the fair,
(So custom says) must truth forbear:
Must fawn and flatter, cringe and
lye,
And raise the goddess to the sky.
For truth is hateful to her ear,
A rudeness which she cannot bear;
A Rudeness, yes, I speak my
thoughts,
For truth upbraids her with her
faults.
How wretched, Cloc then am I,
Who love you and yet cannot lie;
And still to make you less my friend,
I strive your errors to amend.

SONG 220.

THE sun was sunk beneath the
main,
Bought Cynthia silver'd all the plain,
Young Collin turn'd his team to rest,
And sought the lass he lik'd the
best.

As toward her cot he jogg'd along,
Her name was fragrant in his song;
But when his errand Dolly knew,
She vow'd she'd something else to
do. *She vow'd, &c.*

He swore he did esteem her more
Than any maid he'd seen before;
In tender sighs, protesting he
Wou'd constant as the Turtle be;
Talk'd much of death, shou'd she
refuse,
And us'd the arts that lovers use:
'Tis fine, say Doll, if its but true,
But now I've something else to do.
But now, &c.

Her pride then Colin thus address'd,
Forgive me Doll, I did but jest,
To her that's kind I'll constant
prove,
But think not I shall die for love.
Tho' first she did his courtship
scorn,
Now Doll began to court in turn:
Dear Collin I was jesting too,
Step in; I've nothing else to do.
Step in, &c.

SONG 221.

YE fair, from man's insidious
love
Your tender hearts defend,
Lest the mistaken bliss ye prove,
But sorrow in the end:
Thro' reason scan
Each artful man,
Nor trust your ear or eye,
Young maids beware,
Men fish ensnare
With artificial fly.
With looks as fair as summer show'rs,
Soft words, like honey sweet,
And tears that fall in gentle show'rs
Your pity they'll intreat;
Meer common arts
To catch your hearts,
Each foible to descry.
Young maids beware, &c.
The honest clown, that plows the
land,
In love is all a cheat,
And monarchs born to high com-
mand
Well know the dear deceit:
In love's sly tricks
And politics,
A promise is a lye.
Young maids beware, &c.
Were clods of earth all animate,
Each blade of grass a tongue,
'T'wou'd waste their moisture to
relate
The mischiefs men have done:
Then guard your hearts
From Cupid's darts,
And all the sex defy:
Young maids beware,
Men fish ensnare
With artificial fly.

SONG

SONG 222.

YOU say you love! repeat
again,
Repeat th' amazing sound,
Repeat the ease of all my pain,
The cure of ev'ry wound.
What you to thousands have deny'd
To me you freely give,
Whilst I in humble silence dy'd,
Your mercy bid me live.
Your mercy bid me live.
So on cold Patmos top each night,
Endymon sighing lay;
Gaz'd on the moon's transcendent
light,
Despair'd, and durst not pray.
But divine Cynthia saw his grief,
Th' effect of conqu'ring charms,
Unask'd, the Goddess brings relief.
And falls into his arms.

SONG 223.

TO this moment a rebel, I throw
down my arms,
Great love, at first sight of Olinda's
bright charms,
Made proud and secure by such
forces as these,
You may now play the tyrant as
soon as you please.
When innocence, beauty and wit
do conspire
To betray and engage, and enflame
my desire,
Why shou'd I decline what I can-
not avo'd,
And let pleasing hope by base fear
be destroy'd.
And let pleasing, &c.
Her innocence cannot contrive to
undo me,
Her beauty's inclin'd, or why should
it pursue me?
And wit has to pleasure been ever
a friend,
Then what room for despair, since
delight is love's end?
There can be no danger in sweetness
and youth,
Where love is secur'd by good-
nature and truth;
On her beauty I'll gaze, and of
pleasure complain,
While ev'ry kind look adds a link
to my chain.
'Tis more to maintain than it was
to surprize;
But her wit leads in triumph the
slave of her eyes:
I beheld, with the loss of my free-
dom, before,
But hearing, for ever must serve
and adore.
Too bright is my Goddess, her tem-
ple too weak;
Retire, divine image, I feel my
heart break:
Help love, I dissolve in a rapture
of charms,
At the thought of those joys I
should meet in her arms.

SONG 224.

Mercy! oh mercy! conqu'ring
maid!
See, trembling, where your captive's
laid;
His fate depends upon your breath,
One word pronounces life or death.
I strove to keep my liberty,
Fearing you wou'd my love de-
spise,
But how can I resist or fly,
Disarm'd and wounded by your
eye.
Disarm'd, &c.
The noble victors quarter give,
And let the slaves for pity live:
Thus, when you shall your conquest
grace,
Chain'd at your feet I beg my place:
Then you my diff'rent thoughts
shall know
From slaves in other triumphs
shewn:
Those wretches sad and blushing go,
I pleas'd and proud as on a throne.
I pleas'd, &c.

SONG 225.

STREPHON has fashion, wit
and youth,
With all things else to please;
He nothing wants but love and
truth,
To ruin hearts with ease:
But he is flint, and bears the art
To kindle soft desire;
His pow'r inflames another's heart,
Yet never feels the fire.
Yet never feels, &c.
Alas! it does my soul perplex,
When I his charms recall,
To think he should despise the sex,
Or, what's worse, love them all.
My wearied heart, like Noah's dove,
In vain may seek for rest;
Finding no place to fix its love,
Returns into my breast.
Returns, &c.

SONG 226.

WHAT means that throb, said
I, my heart?
When fore'd from Mercy's banks
to part:
A brighter lass in town you'll find,
Than gentle Peggy left behind.
Go 'mid the circles of the fair;
Go, and forget your fondness there.
Chloe at once the prize will win
From Peggy's lowly shape and mien.
My flutt'ring heart reply'd, in vain
You hope the fair will cure my pain:
The painted face and gaudy gown
Will make me sad, and hate the
town.
When Peggy talk'd, or lightly
play'd,
How fast the summer suns decay'd.
Can Chloe's wit, or artful smile
The livelong day, like her beguile?

SONG 227.

FAIR Hebe I left, with a
cautious design,
To escape the joint power of beauty
and wine; *To escape, &c.*
But found myself burn, when I
came to depart,
With the wine in my head, and
with love in my heart. *With &c.*
I repair'd to my reason, intreated
its aid,
Who paus'd on my case, and each
circumstance weigh'd,
Then gravely pronounc'd, in return
to my prayer,
That Hebe was fairest of all that
was fair.
That's a truth, reply'd I, I've no
need to be taught,
I came for your counsel where to
find out a fault:
If that's all, quoth reason, return
as you came,
For to find fault with Hebe wou'd
forfeit my name.
What hopes then, alas! of relief
from my pain,
While she drives, like a tempest
thro' each throbbing vein;
Since my senses surpriz'd in her fa-
vour take arms,
And reason but serves me to point
out her charms.

SONG 228.

CUPID, the flyest rogue alive,
One day was plund'ring of a
hive;
But, as with too much eager haste
He strove the liquid sweets to taste,
A bee surpriz'd the heedless boy,
A bee surpriz'd, &c.
And rob'd him of th' expected joy.
And rob'd him, &c.
Soon as the urchin felt the smart
Of the envenom'd, angry dart,
He kick'd, he flung, he spurn'd the
ground;
He blow'd, and then he chaf'd the
wound:
He blow'd and chaf'd the wound in
vain, *He blow'd, &c.*
His madness but increas'd the pain.
His madness, &c.
Strait to his mother's lap he hies,
With swelling checks and blubber'd
eyes:
Cry'd she, what does my Cupid ail?
He sobb'd and told his mournful tale.
A little bird they call a bee,
With yellow wings, has murder'd
me, *With yellow, &c.*
And are you not, reply'd his mother,
For all the world, just such another?
Whene'er you aim a pois'nous dart
Against some poor, unguarded heart,
How little is the arrow found?
How little, &c.
And yet how deep his arrows wound?
And yet how deep, &c.

SONG

SONG 229.

WHEN daisies py'd and vio-
lets blue,
And cuckow-buds of yellow hue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
Do paint the meadows with de-
light ;
The cuckow then on every tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings
he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.
When shepherds pipe on oaten
straws,
And merry larks are plowmens
clocks ;
When turtles tread, and rooks and
daws,
And maidens bleach their sum-
mer smocks ;
The cuckow then on ev'ry tree
Mocks marry'd men, for thus sings
he :
Cuckow ! Cuckow ! word of fear,
Unpleasing to a marry'd ear.

SONG 230.

WHEN icicles hang on the wall,
And *Dick* the shepherd
blows his nails,
And *Tom* bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in
pails ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be
foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to whoo, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot.
When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the par-
son's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And *Marian's* nose looks red and
raw ;
Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,
And nightly sings the staring owl,
To-whit, to-who, a merry note,
While greasy *Joan* doth keel the
pot.

SONG 231.

HE.

HAKK ! hark ! o'er the plains,
How the merry bells ring,
Asleep while my charmer is laid :
The village is up, and the day's on
the wing,
And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid,
My poor girl ;
And *Phyllis* may yet die a maid.

SHE.

'Tis hardly yet day, and I cannot
away ;
O *Damon*, I'm young and afraid :
To-morrow, my dear, I'll to church
without fear,
But let me to-night lie a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

The bridemaids are met, and mam-
ma's on the pet,
All, all, my coy *Phyllis* upbraid :
By midnight my dear shall be eas'd
of her fear,
Nor grieve she's no longer a
maid, My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Dear shepherd forbear, and to-mor-
row, I swear,
To-morrow I'll not be afraid ;
I'll open the door, and deny you
no more,
Nor cry to live longer a maid,
My dear boy, &c.

HE.

No, no, *Phyllis*, no, on thy bosom
of snow
To night shall your shepherd be
laid ;
Fast lock'd in my arms, you shall
yield up your charms,
Nor wish to live longer a maid.
My dear girl, &c.

SHE.

Then open the door, 'twas unbolt-
ed before,
'Twas *Damon* his blifs that de-
lay'd :
To church let us go, and if there I
say no,
O then let me die an old maid,
My dear boy, &c.

DUETT and CHORUS.

Away then, away, and to love give
the day,
Ye nymphs, let example per-
suade ;
Let beauty be kind, when the
swain's in the mind,
'Tis foolish to die an old maid,
My dear girl ;
'Tis foolish to die an old maid.

SONG 232.

THE hounds are all out, and
the morning does peep ;
Why, how now, you sluggardly
sot !
How can you, how can you lie
snoring asleep,
While we all on horseback are got,
My brave boy ?
While we all on horseback are got.
I cannot get up, for the over-night's
So terribly lies in my head ; [cup
Besides, my wife cries, My dear do
not rise,
But cuddle me longer in bed,
My dear boy ;
But cuddle me longer in bed.

Come, on with your boots, and sad-
dle your mare.
Nor tire us with longer delay ;
The cry of the hounds, and the sight
of the hare,
Will chase all dull vapours away,
My brave boy ;
Will chase all dull vapours away.

SONG 233.

THERE lives a lass upon the
green,
Cou'd I her picture draw,
A brighter nymph was never seen ;
She looks and lives a little Queen,
And keeps the swains in awe.
Her eyes are Cupid's darts and
wings,
Her eye-brows are his bow,
Her silken hair the silver strings,
Which swift and sure destruction
brings
To all the vile below.
If Pastorella's dawning light
Can warm and wound us too,
Her noon must shine so piercing
bright,
Each glancing beam will kill out-
right,
And ev'ry swain subdue.

SONG 234.

A Wake, my love, with genial
ray,
The sun returning glads the day !
Awake ! the balmy Zephyr blows,
The hawthorn blooms, the daisy
glows ;
The trees regain their verdant pride,
The turtle woos his tender bride ;
To love each warbler tunes his song,
And fish in dimples glide along.
O more than blooming daisies fair !
More fragrant than the vernal air !
More gentle than the turtle-dove,
Or streams that murmur thro' the
grove !
Bethink thee all is on the wing,
Those pleasures wait on wasting
spring ;
Then come, the transient blifs en-
joy,
Nor fear what fleets so fast will cloy.

SONG 235.

DESCEND each goddess, don't de-
lay,
Come see the little Cupids play,
And hover round the grove :
Hark how the sprightly warbling
train
Their notes extend, to entertain
The am'rous queen of love.
Let Jove command his godlike
choir,
Send down gay Mercury once more
T' advance the graceful air :
Let Zephyrus his gentle breeze
Send coolly whisp'ring thro' the
trees,
To fan the charming fair.
See how yon youthful nymphs and
swains
Surround the distant rural plains,
T' adorn the blooming spring :
Fair Flora's gaudy sparkling dress,
The hills and valleys too caress,
While Syrens sit and sing.

SONG

SONG 236.

HONEST lover, whosoever,
If in all thy love there ever
Was one thought to make thy flame
Not still even, still the same ;
Know this, thou lov'st amiss,
And, to love true,
Thou must begin again, and love
anew.

If, when she first appears i'th' room,
Thou dost not quake, and art struck
dumb,
And in striving this to cover,
Dost not speak thy words twice over;
Know this, &c.

If fondly thou dost not mistake,
And all defects for graces take ;
Persuad'st thyself that jests are
broken,
When she has little or nothing
spoken. *Know this, &c.*

If thou appear'st to be within,
And dost not make men ask again ;
And when thou answer'st, if it be
To what was ask'd thee, properly ;
Know this, &c.

If when thy stomach calls to eat,
Thou cutt'st not fingers 'stead of
meat ;
And, with much gazing on her face,
Dost not rise hungry from the place ;
Know this, &c.

If by this thou dost discover
That thou art no perfect lover,
And, desiring to love true,
Dost not begin to love anew,
Know this, &c.

SONG 237.

LOVE and folly were at play,
Both too wanton to be wise ;
They fell out, and in the fray
Folly put out Cupid's eyes.
Strait the criminal was try'd,
And had his punishment assign'd ;
Folly should to love be ty'd,
And condemn'd to lead the blind.
Then wisely let's venture ourselves
to deceive,
Since fate has decreed us to love and
believe ;
For all we can gain by our wisdom
and eyes,
Is to find ourselves cheated, and
wretched when wise.
For all we can, &c.

SONG 238.

AH! luckless Cupid, art thou
blind ?
Can'st not thy bow and arrows find ?
Thy mother sure the wanton plays,
And lays them up for holidays.
But, Cupid, mark how kind I'll be,
Because you once were so to me ;
I'll arm you with such powerful
darts,
Shall make you once more God of
hearts.

My Chloe's breast shall be thy
court,
Where little loves shall play and
sport ;
Her snowy arms shall be thy bow,
Which none but love can bend, you
know ;
And of the ringlets in her neck
You shall your trembling bowstrings
make ;
Then taking arrows from her eyes,
Whoe'er you shoot at surely dies.

SONG 239.

WHEN the bright God of day
Drove to westward his ray,
And the ev'ning was charming
and clear ;
The swallows amain
Nimblely skim o'er the plain,
And our shadows like giants ap-
pear ;
In a jessamin bow'r,
When the bean was in flow'r,
And Zephyrs breath'd odours a-
round ;
Lovely Sylvia was set,
With her song and spinnet,
To charm all the groves with her
sound.

Rosy bowers she sung,
While the harmony rung,
And the birds they all flutt'ring
arrive ;
The industrious bees,
From the flowers and trees,
Gently hum with their sweets to
the hive.

The gay god of love,
As he rang'd o'er the grove,
By Zephyrs conducted along,
As she touch'd o'r the strings,
He beat time with his wings,
And echo repeated the song.
O ye rovers, beware
How you venture too near,
For love will you doubly wound ;
Your fate you can't shun,
But you're surely undone,
If you rashly approach near the
sound.

SONG 240.

A Wig that's full,
An empty skull,
A box of bergamot ;
A hat ne'er made
To fit the head,
No more than that to plot :
A hand that's white,
A ring that's right,
A sword-knot, patch and feather ;
A gracious smile,
And grounds and oil,
Do very well together.

A smatch of French,
But none of sense,
All-conq'ring airs and graces ;
A tune that thrills,
A leer that kills,

Stol'n flights and borrow'd phrases :
A chariot gilt
To wait on jilt,
An aukward pace and carriage ;
A foreign tour,
Domestic whore,
And mercenary marriage.

A limber ham,
With d-mye ma'm,
A smock-face, tho' a tann'd one ;
A peaceful sword,
Not one wise word,
But state and prate at random :
Duns, bastards, claps,
And am'rous scraps
Of Cælia and Amadis,
Toss up a Beau,
That grand ragou,
That hotch-potch for the ladies.

SONG 241.

AS Cloe came into the room
t'other day,
I peevish began ; Where so long
cou'd you stay ?
In your life-time you never regard-
ed your hour :
You promis'd at two, and (pray
look child) 'tis four.
A lady's watch needs neither figures
nor wheels :
'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with
baubles and seals.
A temper so heedless no mortal can
bear—
Thus far I went on with a resolute
air.
Lord bless me ! said she ; let a
body but speak :
Here's an ugly hard rose-bud fall'n
into my neck :
It has hurt me, and vext me to such
a degree—
See here ; for you never believe
me ; pray see,
On the left side my breast what a
mark it has made.
So saying, her bosom she careless
display'd,
That seat of delight I with won-
der survey'd ;
And forgot ev'ry word I design'd
to have said.

SONG 242.

IN Charles the second's golden
days,
When loyalty no harm meant,
A zealous high-church-man I was,
And so I got preferment :
To teach my flock I never miss'd,
Kings are by God appointed ;
And damn'd are those that do resist
Or touch the lord's anointed.
*And this is law I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir,
That whatsoever king shall reign
I'll be the vicar of Bray, sir.*
When royal James obtain'd the
crown,
And pop'ry grew in fashion,
The

The penal laws I hooted down,
And read the declaration :
The church of Rome I found would
fit
Full well my constitution,
And I had been a Jesuit
But for the Revolution.
And this is, &c.

When William was our king declar'd
To ease the nation's grievance,
With this new wind about I steer'd
And swore to him allegiance :
Old principles I did revoke,
Set conscience at a distance ;
Passive obedience was a joke,
A jest was non-resistance.
And this is law, &c.

When gracious Anne became our
queen,
The church of England's glory,
Another face of things was seen,
And I became a Tory :
Occasional-conformists base,
I damn'd their moderation ;
And thought the church in danger
was
By such prevarication.
And this is law, &c.

When George in pudding-time came
o'er
And mod'rate men look'd big, fir,
I turn'd a cat in pan once more,
And so became a whig, fir :
And thus preferment I procur'd
From our new faith's defender,
And almost ev'ry day abjur'd
The Pope and the Pretender.
And this is law, &c.

Th' illustrious house of Hanover
And protestant succession,
To these I do allegiance swear
While they can keep possession ;
For in my faith and loyalty
I never more will falter,
And George my lawful king shall
be
Until the times do alter.
And this is law, &c.

SONG 243.

WHEN high hills and lofty
mountains,
And the vales were hid in snow,
By the murmuring of the fountains,
Where the silent waters flow,
There fair Flora sat complaining,
For the absence of her swain ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Shall we never meet again ?
Flora's beauty was surprizing,
Bright as Phœbus was her eyes,
And her cloathing highland plaidie,
Like the rainbow in the skies :
She each minute to the spinnet,
Did repeat the pleasing sound ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Shall we never meet again.
She who was so fair and charming,
Made the vocal hills resound ;

Gods in pity heard her ditty,
And, like mortals, her surround :
Cupid and the queen of beauty,
Promised to bring back the swain,
Crying Flora, beauteous creature,
Jemmy shall return again.

When the winter storms are over,
He shall then return to you ;
On the banks of pinks and lilies,
You your pleasure shall renew :
To the tabor lambs shall caper,
Larks and linnets sweetly sing ;
Crying Jemmy, lovely Jemmy,
Welcome home to me again.

SONG 244.

A Swain of love despairing,
Thus wail'd his cruel fate,
His grief the shepherds sharing,
In circles round him sat :
The nymphs in kind compassion,
The luckless lover mourn'd ;
All who had felt love's passion,
A sigh for sigh return'd.
*All who had felt love's passion,
A sigh for sigh return'd.*

O friends ! your complaints give over,
Your kind concern forbear,
Should Cloe but discover
For me you've shed a tear,
Her eyes she'd arm with vengeance,
Your friendship soon subdue :
Too late you'd ask forgiveness,
And for her mercy sue.

Her charms such force discover,
Resistance is in vain ;
Spight of yourselves you'd love her,
And hug the galling chain :
Her wit the flame increases,
And rivets fast the dart ;
She has ten thousand graces,
And each could gain a heart.
But oh ! one more deserving
Has thaw'd her frozen breast ;
Her heart for him preserving,
She's cold to all the rest :
Their love with joy abounding,
The thought distracts my brain.
O cruel maid ! then swooning,
He fell upon the plain.

SONG 245.

I Sing not of battles that now are
to cease,
Nor carols my muse in the praise
of a peace ;
But to shew that she's oft in good
company seen,
She humbly begs leave to sing mon-
sieur Pantin.
She humbly begs, &c.

Examine all round, and at length
you will own,
His likenesses daily are met with
in town ;
Then let me my song undisturbed
begin,
And shew all his brothers to mon-
sieur Pantin. *And shew, &c.*

And first, pray observe that fine
thing made for shew,
That compound of powder and non-
sense, a beau :
So limber his joints, and so strange
in his mien,
That you cry as he walks, look
you, there's a Pantin,
That you cry, &c.

How oft have you heard that the
ladies love change,
And from one entertainment to t'
other will range ?
In this they are constant, what
diff'rence was seen,
When they lay down the Fribble
and took the Pantin ?
When they, &c.

Then all you fair lasses, who bloom
like the morn,
Who seek not your beauties by
art to adorn ;
When I see on your bosoms this
little machine,
I own I am jealous of happy Pantin.
I own, &c.

Ye youths who have parts, tho'
ye never wear lace,
No longer let foppings your merit
disgrace,
But attack the fair maid with a re-
solute mein,
Till she clasp her young lover and
burn her Pantin.
Till she clasp, &c.

SONG 246.

AS, full of romps and roguish
gibe,
The little loves were once at play,
Says one among the pretty tribe,
Hey, brothers, shall we fly to-day ?

Yes, fly, but where?—to Cloris'
charms
Agreed at once they wing ;
As when the bees in eager swarms
Drive to the prime of all the
spring.
Some here, some there, alighting
clung ;
Some clamber'd up her shining
hair ;
Some at her lips luxurious hung,
And swell'd the pouting purple
there.

Heav'ns ! how she look'd with loves
all bright !
Two shook their lamps on either
eye ;
And on her forehead's sunny height
Two held their bows suspended
high.

One miss'd her check, and down he
fell
Into a lovely vale below ;
A vale of sweets ! where who can
tell
What joys on joys for ever flow ?
Thence

Thence peeping out his rosy crest,
The happy elf was heard to cry,
You laugh; but who is station'd best
Say, brothers mine, or you, or I?

SONG 247.

THYRSIS.
NOW the snow-drop lifts her
head;
Cowslips rise from golden bed;
Silver lilies paint the grove:
Welcome May, and welcome love.

PHYLLIS.
Hark! the merry finches sing,
Heralds of the blooming spring;
And the artless turtle-dove
Cooes at once to May and love.

THYRSIS.
Long the clay-cold maid denies,
Nor regards her shepherd's sighs:
Now your fond petitions move,
May's the season form'd for love.

PHYLLIS.
While adown the slopy hill
Tinkles soft the gushing rill,
Balmy scents perfume the grove,
May unbends the soul to love.

DAPHNE.
Now the bee, on silv'ry wings,
Flow'ry spoils unweary'd brings;
Spoils that nymphs and swains ap-
prove,
Soft as May, and sweet as love.

And the swallow's chirping brood
Skims around the crystal flood:
Then in wanton circlets rove,
Playful as the god of love.

COLLIN.
On the fair that deck our isle,
May each grace and virtue smile!
And our happy shepherds prove
Days of ease, and nights of love.

SONG 248.

THRO' all the employments
of life,
Each neighbour abuses his brother;
Where and rogue they call husband
and wife;
All professions be-rogue one
another:
The priest calls the lawyer a cheat,
The lawyer be-knaves the divine;
And the statesman, because he's so
great,
Thinks his trade as honest as mine.

SONG 249.

'TIS woman that seduces all
mankind,
By her we first were taught the
wheedling Arts;
Her very eyes can cheat; when
most she's kind,
She tricks us of our money with
our hearts:
For her, like wolves, by night,
we roam for pray,
And practise ev'ry fraud, to bribe
her charms;

For suits of love, like law, are
won by pay,
And beauty must be fee'd into
our arms.

SONG 250.

IF any wench Venus' girdle wear,
Though she be never so ugly,
Lilies and roses will quickly appear,
And her face look wond'rous
smuggly:
Beneath the left ear, so fit but a
cord,
(A rope so charming a zone is!)
The youth in his cart has the air of
a lord;
And we cry—There dies an
Adonis!

SONG 251.

IF Love the virgin's heart invade
How, like a moth, the simple
maid
Still plays about the flame!
If soon she be not made a wife,
Her honour's sign'd, and then for
life,
She's—what I dare not name.

SONG 252.

A Maid is like the golden oar,
Which hath guineas intrin-
sical in't,
Whose worth is never known, be-
fore
It is try'd and imprest in the
mint.
A wife's like a guinea in gold,
Stamp'd with the name of a spouse;
Now here, now there; is bought
or is sold,
And is current in every house.

SONG 253.

VIRGINS are like the fair
flow'r in its lustre,
Which in the garden enamels the
ground;
Near it the bees, in play, flutter
and cluster,
And gaudy butterflies frolic a-
round:
But, when once pluck'd, 'tis no
longer alluring,
To Covent-garden 'tis sent as yet
sweet;
There fades, and shrinks, and
grows past all enduring,
Rots, stinks, and dies, and is
trod under feet.

SONG 254.

OUR Polly is a sad slut,
And heeds not what is
taught her,
I wonder any man alive
Will ever rear a daughter!
For she must have both hoods and
gowns,
And hoops to swell her pride,

With scarfs and stays, and gloves
and lace,
And she'll have men beside:
And when she's drest with care and
cost,
All tempting, fine and gay,
As men should serve a cucumber,
She flings herself away.
Our Polly, &c.

SONG 255.

CAN love be controul'd by
advice?
Will Cupid our mother obey?
Tho' my heart were as frozen as
ice,
At his flame 'twould have melted
away,
When he kiss'd me, so closely he
prest,
'Twas so sweet, that I must have
comply'd;
So I thought it both safest and best,
To marry, for fear you should
chide.

SONG 256.

I, Like a ship, in storms was tost,
Yet afraid to put into land;
For seiz'd in the port the
vessel's lost,
Whose treasure is contrebanded:
The waves are laid, my duty's paid,
O joy beyond expression!
Thus, safe on shore, I ask no more,
My all is in my possession.

SONG 257.

A Fox may steal your hens, fir,
A whore your health and
pence, fir,
Your daughter rob your chest, fir,
Your wife may steal your rest, fir,
A thief your goods and plate.
But this is all but picking,
With rest, pence, chest and chicken:
It ever was decreed, fir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
If lawyer's hand is feed, fir,
He steals your whole estate.

SONG 258.

He. PRETTY Polly, say,
When I was away,
Did your fancy never stray
To some newer lover?
She. Without disguise,
Heaving sighs,
Doating eyes,
My constant heart discover-
Fondly let me loll!
He. O pretty, pretty Poll.

SONG 259.

MY heart was so free,
It rov'd like the bee,
'Till Polly my passion requited;
I sipt at each flower,
I chang'd every hour,
But here ev'ry flow'r is united.

SONG 260.

He. **W**ERE I laid on Green.
land coast,

And in my arms embrac'd my
Warm amidst eternal frost, [lafs;
Too soon the half year's night
would pass.

She. Were I fold on Indian foil,
Soon as the burning day was clos'd
I could mock the sultry toil
When on my charmer's breast
repos'd.

He. And I would love you all the
day,

She. Every night would kiss and
play,

He. If with me you'd fondly stray,
She. Over the hills and far away.

SONG 261.

O What pain it is to part!
Can I leave thee? can I
leave thee?

O what pain it is to part!
Can thy Polly ever leave thee?
But lest death my love should thwart,
And bring thee to the fatal cart
Thus I tear thee from my bleeding
heart!
Fly hence, and let me leave thee.

SONG 262.

He. **T**HE miser thus a shilling
sees,
Which he's oblig'd to pay,
With sighs resigns it by degrees,
And fears 'tis gone for aye-

She. The boy, thus when his spar-
row's flown,
The bird in silence eyes:
But soon as out of sight 'tis gone,
Whines, whimpers, sobs and cries.

SONG 263.

WHY knits my fair her angry
brow?

What rude offence alarms you now?
I said that Delia's fair, 'tis true;
But did I say she equal'd you?
Can't I another's face commend,
Or to her virtues be a friend,
But instantly your forehead frowns?
As if her merit lessen'd yours.

Survey the gardens, fields and
bow'rs,

The buds, the blossoms, and the
flow'rs;

Then tell me where the woodbine
grows,

That vies in sweetness with the rose?
Or where the lily's snowy white,
That throws such beauties on the
sight?

Yet folly is it to declare
That these are neither sweet nor
fair?

When Zephyrs o'er the blossoms
stray,

And sweets along the air convey,

Shan't I the fragrant breeze inhale,
Because you breathe a sweeter gale?
Sweet are the flow'rs that deck the
field,

Sweet is the smell the blossoms
yield;

Sweet is the summer gale that blows
And sweet, tho' sweeter you, the
rose.

SONG 264.

SIGH no more ladies, ladies sigh
no more,

Men were deceivers ever:
One foot on sea, and one on shore;

To one thing constant never:
Then sigh not so,

But let them go,
And be you blythe and merry,

Converting all your notes of woe
Into hey down derry,

Sing no more ditties, sing no more
Of dumps so dull and heavy;

The fronds of men were ever so,
Since summer first was leafy:

Then sigh not so,
But let them go,

And be you blythe and merry,
Converting all your notes of woe

Into hey down derry.

SONG 265.

Would'st thou all the joys
receive,

That enraptur'd lovers give,
Take a heart from falsehood free,

Take a heart that doats on thee.
Nice suspicions, jealous train,

Still creates the virgin's pain,
Then each timid care remove,
You can smile and I can love.

You can smile, &c.

Blest with thee, profusely gay,
Time shall wing his smiling way,

Ever blooming joys encrease,
Tranquil liberty and peace:

Oh! let kindness rule thy breast,
Smile my panting heart to rest;

Sweetly smile, and thou shalt know
We can make an Heaven below.

We can make, &c.

SONG 266.

BOAST not, mistaken swain,
Thy art to please my partial
eyes:

The charms that have subdued my
heart

Another may despise.

Thy face is to my humour made,
Another it may fright:

Perhaps by some fond whim betray'd
In oddness I delight.

Vain youth, to your confusion know
'Tis to my love's excess

You all your fancied beauties owe,
Which fade as that grows less.

For your own sake, if not for mine,
You shou'd preserve my fire,

Since you my swain no more will
When I no more admire. [shine,

By me indeed you are allow'd,
The wonder of your kind;

But be not of my judgment proud,
Whom love has render'd blind.

SONG 267.

ADIEU Edina, friendly seat,
Ye native fields adieu;

Fair Lothian's lovely varied face,
I never shall review:

Tho' far remote, those calm retreats
My tenderest thoughts employ,

Where sweetly smil'd my infant days
Of innocence and joy.

Now lost to me those verdant
meads,

Refresh'd with mazy rills:
Those plains with groves and villa's

crown'd,
And brown-brow'd lofty hills:

The lonely vale, the silver stream
That first attun'd my lyre,

Their vernal beauties never more
Shall raise my artless fire.

Where oft the pensive muse explor'd
The music of the wood;

Or on the flowery brink enjoy'd
The murmurs of the flood:

No more to me those peaceful scenes
Shall their delights renew,

Adieu Edina, friendly seat,
Ye native fields adieu.

SONG 268.

WAFT me, O waft me
heav'nly pow'rs,

To some green grott or mossy cell,
In glimm'ring glades and cypress

bowers,
Let me for ever dwell.

Haste Cælia, fairest of the fair,
To make me more completely

blest.

Ye woods your choicest sweets pre-
pare

To grace so sweet, so fair a guest.

Ye Zephyrs, gently fan the skies,
Breathing divine perfumes around,

Under her feet ye flowrets rise,
And spring eternal deck the

ground,
Haste, haste my fair, to shady

bowers;

Here ever, ever let us stay;
Here spend in bliss the golden

hours,
Here drink of love, without alloy.

Soon as the morn, on purple wing
Lights up the golden lamp of day,

To thee the sylvan choir shall sing,
And tow'ring larks shrill an-

thems pay:
Soon as bright stars their light shall

show'r
With living fire to gild the night,
Sweet Philomel in myrtle bow'r

Shall charm thy soul to soft de-
light.

SONG

SONG 269.

WHEN Orpheus sweetly did complain,
On warbling lyre, with mournful strain,
How his Euridice was slain,
The murm'ring brook
Its course forfook,
And list'ning glided o'er the plain.
And list'ning, &c.

A note so soft, a lyre so shrill,
And, trembling, touch'd with so much skill,
Mov'd ev'ry mountain ev'ry hill :
The alpine tree,
As well as he,
Began to play, and learn to thrill.
The savage bestial all arond,
By nature fierce and desp'rate found,
Were sooth'd to softness by the sound ;
And as he play'd,
They after stray'd,
Subservient trod th' enchanted ground.

If in the sounds of music dwell
Such pow'ful charms, and magic spell
As drew Euridice from hell :
Restore, my song,
Belinda gone,
And right the sounds of music tell.

SONG 270.

CÆLIA.

TOO partial Damon are thy lays,
In Chloe's and Amelia's praise ;
See ! am not I as young ?
Am I less soft, less gay, less fair ?
Have I not lips and eyes and hair ?
Then Damon, O the truth declare,
Why have not I been sung ?

DAMON.

The nymph you hate, the nymph you scorn,
With rival wreaths my brows adorn,
'Tis this awakes my lyre :
They tend my lambkins and rejoice
To see me move, to hear my voice ;
Like theirs were lovely Cælia's choice :
Her presence would inspire.

CÆLIA.

Suppose each morning I should time
A garland for no brows but thine,
Shall I be then supreme ?
If I sit by thee ev'ry day,
To hear thee sing, to see thee play,
Then say, O Damon, prithee say,
Shall Cælia be thy theme.

DAMON.

Amelia then, tho' heav'nly bright,
Nor Cloe, fair as rising light,
With Cælia shall contend :
I'll praise thy wit, thy shape, thy mien,
Thy charms shall speak thee beauty's queen,

In thee Diana shall be seen
And every nymph shall bend.

DUETT.

Haste then ye hours to bring the day,
When swains shall envy Damon's charms,
When nymphs shall envy Cælia's charms
And slowly pine away :
Then shall we both alternate praise :
I Damon's voice, address and air,
I Cælia's lips and eyes and hair,
And joy shall crown our days.

SONG 271.

THE sun was now withdrawn,
The shepherds home were sped ;
The moon wide o'er the lawn,
Her silver mantle spread ;
When Damon pass'd that way,
And faunter'd in the grove ;
Will ne'er a nymph be kind
And give me love for love.

Oh ! those were golden hours,
When love, devoid of cares,
In all Arcadia's pow'rs
Lodg'd swains and nymphs by pairs ;
But now from wood and plain,
Flics ev'ry sprightly lass ;
No joys for me remain,
In shades, or on the grass.

The winged boy draws near
And thus the swain reproves ;
While beauty revel'd here,
My game lay in the groves :
At Court I never fail
To scatter round my arrows ;
Men fall as thick as hail,
And maidens love like sparrows.

Then swain, if me you need,
Straight lay your sheep-hook down,
Throw by your oaten reed,
And haste away to town :
So well I'm known at court,
None ask where Cupid dwells,
But readily resort,
To Benson's or Lapell's.

SONG 272.

Remember, dear Chloe, I told you awhile,
For once I would write in poetical stile ;
In poetical stile, to teach you the way,
To make our lives easy by night and by day.

Grave Tully and Pliny have aptly express'd,
What they to their paramours often address'd ;
Let me then with Chloe my thoughts now unfold,
Extracted from lovers and sages of old,

If ease be a pleasure, if pleasure be peace,
We may our own ease and our pleasure increase :
First fathom thy love then, and search into mine,
And if they are equal, then let us conjoin.

If one be uneasy, let t'other contrive
To drive away chagrin, and keep love alive ;
Constrain not each other, for liberty's free,
And if I love a glass, you know there is tea.

But let not excess though, in either appear,
For what stains a moment, may tinge the whole year :
Then more than sufficient is certainly wrong ;
And, save this precaution, a fig for my song.

SONG 273.

THOU' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor,
We never yet drove the distress'd from our door ;
But still of our little a little can spare
To those who, like us, life's infirmities bear.

Come, come, my good friends, let us go in together,
A cup of good liquor will keep out the weather :
Our hearts they are great, tho' our means are but small ;
You're heartily welcome, and that's best of all.

You're welcome at our humble board to partake
Of a jug of good ale, and a good barley-cake ;
A good roaring fire as high as your nose,
And a cleanly warm bed your old limbs to repose.

We know no ambition, we have no estate,
No porter to worry the poor from our gate :
We earn what we spend, and we pay as we go ;
It were not amiss if the rich would do so.

SONG 274.

APOLLO, once finding fair Daphne alone,
Discover'd his love in a passionate tone :
He told her, and bound it with many a curse,
He was ready to take her for better for worse ;
Then talk'd of the smart,
And the hole in his heart,
So large one might drive thro' the passage a cart :

But the silly coy maid, to the God's
great amazement,
Sprung away from his arms, and
leap'd thro' the casement.

He following cry'd out, my life
and my dear,
Return to your lover, and lay by
your fear;

You think me, perhaps, some scoun-
drel or whore-son;
Alas! I've no wicked design on
your person:
I'm a God by my trade,
Young, plump and well-made;
Then let me care for thee, and be
not afraid.

But still she kept running, and flew
like the wind,
While the poor-purisy God came
panting behind.

I'm the chief of physicians, and
none of the college
Must be mention'd with me for ex-
perience and knowledge;
Each herb, flow'r and plant by its
name I can call,
And do more than the best seventh
son of them all:

With my powder and pills
I cure all the ills
That sweep off such numbers each
week in the bills.
But still she kept running, and flew
like the wind,
While the poor-purisy God came
panting behind.

Besides, I'm a poet, child, into the
bargain,
And top all the writers of fam'd
Cov'ent-Garden:
I'm the prop of the stage, and the
pattern of wit;
I set my own sonnets, and sing to
my kit:
I'm at Will's all the day,
And each night at the play,
And verses I make as fast as hops,
as they say.

When she heard him talk thus, she
redoubled her speed,
And flew, like a whore from a
constable freed.

Now had our wise lover (but lovers
are blind)
In the language of Lombard-street
told her his mind;
Look, lady, what here is, 'tis plenti-
ty of money;
Gods-bobs! I must swinge thee, my
joy and my honey:
I sit next the chair,
And shall shortly be mayor;
Neither Clayton nor Doncomb with
me can compare:

'Tho' as wrinkled as Priam, as de-
form'd as the devil,
The God had succeeded, the nymph
had been civil.

SONG 275.

HE.
NO more shall buds on branches
spring,
Nor vi'lets paint the grove,
Nor warbling birds delight to sing
If I forget my love.

SHE.
The sun shall cease to spread its
light,
The stars their orbits leave,
And fair creation sink in night,
When I my dear deceive.

SONG 276.

TO mortals so sweet was pow'r,
The bane of all worldly
strife,
Like husband and wife each hour
They snarl'd and tugg'd thro'
life:

But now from Wales to Wapping,
As settled by one and all,
Like cobblers each stands a strapping,
Yet rules within his stall.

Your commons are kick'd by your
giant,
Your colonel he kicks his corps;
Your patron he kicks his client,
Your soldier he kicks his whore:
The whore again kicks her cully,
Court-waiters are kick'd at call;
And all will be kick'd—yet bully,
While interest kicks the ball.

SONG 277.

BELIEVE me Cloc, and attend,
(My tale may make you more
my friend:)
Last night, when sleep had set me
free
From every other care but thee,
Methought at morning's dawn you
came,
Your dress, your air the very same;
Surpriz'd, I had not what to say,
But words at last thus found their
way.

What means this visit, lovely guest?
Say, am I happy, or unblest?
An hour of joy I ne'er can find,
While you're relentless and unkind;
Where-e'er the injur'd Strephon
flies,
Your much-lov'd image meets my
eyes;
You haunt the grove and crystal
stream,
My thought by day, by night my
dream.

Long time my faithful vows I made,
No kisses since those vows repaid;
And yet I fondly held my chain,
With scarce a smile to sooth my
pain.

Just as you look severe or gay,
I hope or languish all the day;
But fix a period to my care,
And take the soft complying air.

I come, the gen'rous fair reply'd,
To crown with love the truth I've
try'd:
I scorn'd your vows, and seem'd
unkind,
For false men and vows are wind;
Yet dare believe a shepherd true,
Who loves, who promises like you:
My heart shall now your pains re-
pay,
And hymen bind the knot to-day.

SONG 278.

THE lass that would know how
to manage a man,
Let her listen and learn it from
me,
His courage to quell, or his heart
to trepan,
As the time and occasion agree.

The girl that has beauty, tho' small
be her wit,
May wheedle the clown or the
beau,
The rake may repel, or may draw
in the cit,
By the use of the pretty word *no*.
When powder'd toupees all around
are in chat,
Each striving his passion to show,
With kifs me, and love me, my
dear, and all that,
Let her answer to all be, *O, no*.

When a dose is contriv'd to lay
virtue asleep,
A present, a treat, or a ball,
She still must refuse, if her empire
she'd keep,
And *no* be her answer to all,
But when Mr. Dapperwit offers his
hand,
Her partner in wedlock to go,
With a horse, and a coach, and a
jointure in land,
She's an idiot if then she says *no*.
But if she's attack'd by a youth full
of charms,
Whose courtship proclaims him a
man,
When press'd to his bosom, and
clasp'd in his arms,
Then let her say *no* if she can.

SONG 279.

YOUNG I am, and yet unskill'd,
How to make a lover yield;
How to keep and how to gain;
When to love, and when to feign.
Take me, take me, some of you,
While I yet am young and true;
E'er I can my soul disguise,
Heave my breasts, and roll my eyes.

Stay not till I learn the way,
How to lye and to betray:
He that has me first is blest,
For I may deceive the rest.

Could I find a blooming youth,
Full of love and full of truth,
Brisk, and of a janty mien,
I should long to be fifteen.

SONG

SONG 280.

SHALL girls, whose only claim
to worth
Lies in their faces, or their birth,
By fordid bards be prais'd ?
Shall sense and wit neglected live,
While few to virtue honour give,
However great or rais'd ?

Sad emblem of degen'rate days,
When poets outward beauty praise,
And court an empty face !
Can virtue's charms no muse inspire ?
In virtue's cause will none take fire ?
Oh blind mistaken race !

Ah, could the bard with Flaccus
write,
Or soar in Maro's lofty flight,
Or boast a Naso's pen ;
He'd lash with Juvinal the age,
Satire should swell in ev'ry page,
Against deluded men.

What, though she boasts a beauti-
ous face,
And flaunts, superb, in silk and lace :
Is worth convey'd by cloaths ?
What, though she shines at balls
and plays,
And gayly spends her flying days,
Admir'd by belles and beaux ?

What, I would ask, are crowns and
kings ?
What pomp and titles?—fleeing
things !
That mock th' aspiring mind :
Princes, alas ! to dust return,
The rich, the great must fill the urn,
And leave their state behind !

Believe me, ladies, for 'tis true,
Not all the di'monds of Peru,
One grain of worth can add ;
Not all the gold the Indies bear,
Not all the gems that glitter there,
Can beautify the bad.

'Tis innate virtue merits praise,
'Tis that alone deserve the lays,
And all a poet's art :
We spurn the bards, who meanly
sing
Of charms, which splendid fortunes
bring,
But ne'er regard the heart.

Despise, ye fair, the empty girls,
Whose beauty lies in flowing curls,
Who shine in borrow'd charms :
She, alone's the happy maid,
Whose real beauties never fade,
Whose bosom virtue warms.

SONG 281.

WE all to conquering beauty
bow,
Its pleasing power admire ;
But I ne'er knew a face till now,
That cou'd like yours inspire :
Now I may say I met with one,
Amazes all mankind ;
And, like men gazing on the sun,
With too much light am blind.

Soft, as the tender moving sighs,
When longing lovers meet ;
Like the divining prophets, wise ;
Like new-blown roses, sweet ;
Modest, yet gay ; reserv'd, yet free ;
Each happy night a bride ;
A mein like awful majesty,
And yet no spark of pride.

The patriarch, to win a wife,
Chaste, beautiful and young,
Serv'd fourteen years a painful life,
And never thought it long :
So ! were you to reward such care,
And life so long would stay,
Not fourteen, but four hundred years,
Would seem but as one day.

SONG 282.

AT dead of night, when cares
give place
In others breasts, to soft repose,
My throbbing heart finds no recess,
Since love and Chloris are my foes.

At morn, when Phœbus from the east
Dispels the gloomy shades of
night,
The grief that racks my tortur'd
breast

Redoubles at th' approach of light.
At noon, when most intense he
shines,
My sorrows more intense are
grown ;

At ev'ning, when the sun declines,
They set not with the setting
sun.

To my relief then hasten death,
And ease me of my restless woes ;
With pleasure I'll resign my breath,
Since love and Chloris are my
foes.

SONG 283.

HOW giddy is youth ! yet a-
bove all advice ;
You counsel, and counsel in vain :
I've try'd what is wedlock, and like
it so well

That I'll ne'er be marry'd again.
The spouse that I pitch'd on was
comely and young,
And sweet as the flow'rs of the
plain :

She was wise, they tell me ; per-
haps it might be ;
But I'll never be marry'd again.

I saw the poor creature laid deep in
the grave ;
My tears they came pouring like
rain :

But as sun-shine, you know, will
foul weather succeed,
I quickly recover'd again.

And the castles of fairies, it seems
to the flight ;
And fancy indulges the rein :
But alas ! when you try it, 'tis all
a mere bite,
And the same dull tale over again.

SONG 284.

WHAT tho' they call me
country lads,
I read it plainly in my glass,
That for a dutchefs I might pass,
Oh could I see the day !
Would fortune but attend my call,
At park, at play, at ring, at ball,
I'd brave the proudest of them all,
With a stand by !—clear the
way !

Surrounded by a crowd of beaux,
With smart toupées, and powder'd
cloaths,
At rivals I'd turn up my nose ;
Oh could I see the day !
I'd dart such glances from these
eyes,

Shall make some nobleman my
prize,
And then, oh how I'd tyrannize !
With a stand by !—clear the way !

O then for grandeur and delight,
For equipage, and diamonds bright,
And flambeaux, that outshine the
light ;

Oh could I see the day !
Thus ever easy, ever gay,
Quadrille shall wear the night a-
way,
And pleasure crown the growing
day ;
With a stand by !—clear the way !

SONG 285.

THE smiling morn, the breath-
ing spring,
Invite the tuneful birds to sing ;
And while they warble from the
spray,

Love melts the universal lay.
Let us, *Amanda*, timely wife,
Like them, improve the hour that
flies ;

And in soft raptures waste the day
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

For soon the winter of the year,
And age, life's winter, will appear,
At this thy living bloom will fade,
As that will strip the verdant shade :
Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
The feather'd songsters are no more ;
And when they droop, and we de-
cay,

Adieu the birks of *Invermay*.
The lavrocks now and lintwhite
sing,

The rocks around with echoes ring ;
The mavis and the black-bird vye,
In tuneful strains to glad the day ;
The woods now wear their summer
suits ;

To mirth all nature now invites :
Let us be blythsome then and gay
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

Behold the hills and vales around,
With lowing herds and flocks a-
bound ;

The wanton kids and frisking lambs
Gambol and dance about their dams ;
The

The busy bees with humming noise,
And all the reptile kind rejoice:
Let us, like them, then sing and
play
About the birks of *Invermay*.

Hark, how the waters as they fall,
Loudly my love to gladness call;
The wanton waves sport in the
beams,
And fishes play throughout the
streams;
The circling sun does now advance,
And all the planets round him
dance:
Let us as jovial be as they
Among the birks of *Invermay*.

SONG 286.

O Grant me kind *Bacchus*,
The God of the vine,
Not a pipe nor a tun,
But an ocean of wine,
With a ship that's well mann'd
With such rare-hearted fellows,
Who ne'er left the tavern
For a porterly ale house.
Let the ship spring a leak,
To let in the tipples,
Without pump or long-boat,
To save ship or people:
So that each jolly lad
May always be bound,
Or to drink, or to drink,
Or to drink, or be drown'd.

When death does prevail,
It is my design
To be nobly intomb'd
In a wave of good wine:
So that living or dead,
Both body and spirit,
May float round the world
In an ocean of claret.

SONG 287.

DAMON.

TO Chloe's wit, and bloom,
and youth,
I vow'd and swore eternal truth;
In flow'ry meads to toy and sport,
I thought the summer's day too
short;
I thought the summer's, &c.
But since the nymph resign'd her
charms,
Her beauties whither in my arms,
And Chloe gentle, kind, and fair,
Is just as other women are,
Is just as other women are.

CHLOE.

When Damon gentle was and true,
I vow'd, as other maidens do;
While humble at my feet he lay,
Too swiftly pass'd the summer's day,
Too swiftly, &c.
But since I fondly said I will,
My rickle swain has lov'd his fill,
And Damon once my pride and care,
Is just as other shepherds are,
Is just, &c.

DAMON.

Upon the music of her tongue,
All day with sweet delight I hung,
Again I cry'd, again that strain,
And kiss'd her lips, and kiss'd again,
And kiss'd, &c.
But now her voice so harsh is grown,
The raven croaks a sweeter tone;
I stop my ears, and join the throng,
Where *Phyllis* sings a sweeter song,
Where *Phyllis*, &c.

CHLOE.

When Damon met me on the plain,
I wish'd, and gaz'd, and wish'd
again;
Each moment seem'd a tedious day,
If gentle Damon was away,
If gentle, &c.
But, wiser now, no more I burn,
Or languish for my swain's return,
But hasten to the conscious vale,
Where *Thyrsis* tells a sweeter tale,
Where *Thyrsis*, &c.

BOTH.

No longer then let each upbraid
The roving youth, or faithless maid;
The swain that wanders like the bee,
Should find the nymph as false as he.
Should, find, &c.
The flame neglected faintly burns;
The fickle god demands returns;
'Tis mutual love that warms desire,
And fans and feeds the constant fire.
And fans, &c.

SONG 288.

SINCE drinking has power to
bring us relief,
Come fill up the bowl, and the fox
on all grief:
If we find that won't do, we'll have
such another,
And so we'll proceed from one bowl
to another;
Till, like sons of *Apollo*, we'll make
our wit soar,
Or in homage to *Bacchus* fall down
on the floor.

Apollo and *Bacchus* were both merry
souls,
Each of them delighted to toss off
their bowls;
Then let us to shew ourselves mor-
tals of merit,
Be toasting these gods in a bowl of
good claret,
And then we shall each be deserv-
ing of praise:
But the man that drinks most shall
go off with the bays.

SONG 289.

KINDLY, kindly, thus my
treasure,
Ever love, ever charm;
Let the passion know no measure,
Yet no jealous fear alarm;
Why shou'd we, our bliss beguiling,
By dull doubting fall at odds?
Meet my soft embraces smiling,
We'll be happy as the Gods.

SONG 290.

TO sooth my heart, the queen
of love
Gave thee the mildness of the dove;
With tender looks of soft distress,
To rob me of my quietness.
Apollo likewise did conspire
To lend thee both his heart and
lyre;
And thus compell'd by joint decree,
I ever must love only thee.

SONG 291.

AS soon as the chaos was turn'd
into form,
And the first race of men knew a
good from a harm,
They quickly did join
In a knowledge divine,
That the world's chiefest blessings
were women and wine;
Since when by example improving
delights,
Wine governs our days, and beauty
our nights.
Love on then and drink,
'Tis a folly to think
On a mystery out of our reaches;
Be moral in thought,
To be merry's no fault,
Tho' an elder the contrary preaches:
For never, my friends,
Never, never, my friends,
Never, never, my friends, was an
age of more vice,
Than when knaves would seem pi-
ous, and fools would seem wise.

SONG 292.

OF all the things beneath the
sun,
To love's the greatest curse:
If one's deny'd, then he's undone;
If not, 'tis ten times worse.
Poor Adam by his wife, 'tis known,
Was trick'd some years ago;
But Adam was not trick'd alone,
For all his sons were so.
Lovers the strangest fools are made,
When they their nymphs pursue;
Which they will ne'er believe 'till
wed,
But then, alas! 'tis true.
They beg, they pray, and they
adore,
'Till wearied out of life:
And pray, what's all this trouble for?
Why, truly, for a wife!
How odd a thing's a whining sot,
Who sighs, in greatest need,
For that which, soon as ever got,
Does make him sigh indeed!
Each maid's an angel while she's
woo'd,
But when the wooing's done,
The wife, instead of flesh and blood,
Proves nothing but a bone.
Ills more or less in human life
No mortal man can shun;

But

But when a man has got a wife,
He's as got them all in one.
The liver of Prometheus
A gnawing vulture fed:
A fable!—but the thing was thus,
The poor old man was wed.

A wife, all men of learning know,
Was Tantalus's curse;
The apples which did tempt him so,
Were nought but a divorce.
Let no fool dream that to his share
A better wife will fall;
They're all the same, faith, to a
hair,
For they are women all.

When first the senseless empty
nokes
With wooing does begin,
Far better he might beg the stocks
That they would let him in.
Yet for a lover you may say,
He wears no cheating phiz;
Tho' others looks do oft betray,
He looks like what he is.

More joys a glass of wine does give,
(Wife take him that gainsays)
Than all the wenches sprung from
Eve
E'er gave in all their days.
But come—to lovers here's a glass;
God wot, they need no curse:
Each wishes he may wed his lass,
No foul can wish him worse.

SONG 293.

STREPHON.

HAVE you not seen the mor-
ning sun
Peep over yonder hill?
Then you have seen my Chloe's
charms
At best but painted ill.

COLLIN.

Have you not seen a butterfly,
With colours bright and gay?
Then have you seen a thing less
fine
Than Molly cloath'd in grey.

STREPHON.

The rose, you'll say, of all the
field
Can boast the loveliest hue;
But to compare with Chloe's cheeks
It wants the lily too.
As I sat by her on the plain,
And talk'd the hours away,
She breath'd so sweet, I thought
myself
In fields of new-mow'd hay.

COLLIN.

Not the sweet fragrance breath'd
from cows
With Molly can compare;
And when she sings, the list'ning
swains
Stand silent round to hear.
She said, as she was walking once
Along the shady grove,
There's none but Collin Molly loves,
And will for ever love.

STREPHON.

Believe not, friend, a woman's word,
Or you are much to blame;
For t'other night, behind the elms,
She swore to me the same.

COLLIN.

Yet I'll believe your Chloe's word,
As on my breast she laid;
This Strephon is so dull a clown,
He'll think me still a maid.

SONG 294.

THY fatal shafts unerring move,
I bow before thine altar, love!
I feel thy soft resistless flame
Glide swift thro' all my vital frame.
For, while I gaze, my bosom glows,
My blood in tides impetuous flows;
Hope, fear and joy alternate roll,
And floods of transports 'whelm
my soul.

My fault'ring tongue attempts in
vain
In soothing numbers to complain;
My tongue some secret magic ties,
My murmurs sink in broken sighs.

Condemn'd to nurse eternal care,
And ever drop the silent tear,
Unheard I mourn, unknown I sigh,
Unfriended live, unpity'd die.

SONG 295.

OH! how could I venture to
love one like thee,
Or thou not despise a poor conquest
like me?
On Lords thy admirers could'st look
with disdain,
And tho' I was nothing, yet pity
my pain!

You said, while they teaz'd you
with nonsense and drefs,
When real the passion, the vanity's
less;
You saw thro' that silence which
others despise,
And, while beaux were talking,
read love in my eyes.

Oh! when shall I fold you, and kiss
all your charms,
'Till, fainting with pleasure, I die
in your arms;
Thro' all the wild raptures of ec-
stasy tost,
'Till, sinking together, together
we're lost?

Oh! where is the maid that like thee
ne'er can cloy,
Whose wit can enliven the dull
pause of joy;
And when the short transports are
all at an end,
From beautiful mistress, turn sensi-
ble friend?

In vain could I praise you, or strive
to reveal,
Too nice for expression, what only
we feel;

In all that you do, in each look
and each mien,
The Graces in waiting adorn you
unseen.

When I see you, I love you, but
hearing adore;
I wonder, and think you a woman
no more;
'Till, mad with admiring, I can-
not contain,
And, kissing those lips, you grow
woman again.

With thee in my bosom, how can
I despair?
I'll gaze on thy beauty, and look
away care;
I'll ask thy advice when with trou-
ble oppress'd,
Which never displeases, but always
is best.

In all that I write, I'll thy judg-
ment require;
Thy taste shall correct what thy
love did inspire;
I'll kiss thee, and press thee, 'till
youth is all o'er,
And then live on friendship, when
passion's no more.

SONG 296.

WHY will Florella, when I
gaze,
My ravish'd eyes reprove;
And chide them from the only face
They can behold with love?

To shun your scorn, and ease my
care,
I seek a nymph more kind;
And while I rove from fair to fair,
Still gentle usage find.

But oh! how faint is ev'ry joy,
Where nature has no part;
Now beauties may my eyes employ
But you engage my heart.

So restless exiles, doom'd to roam,
Meet pity ev'ry where,
Yet languish for their native home,
Tho' death attends them there.

SONG 297.

AT the silent ev'ning hour,
Two fond lovers in a bow'r
Sought, sought their mutual bliss;
Tho' her heart was just relenting,
Tho' her eyes seem'd just consent-
ing,
Yet, yet she fear'd to kiss.

Since this secret shade, he cry'd,
Will those rosy blushes hide,
Why, why will you resist?
When no tell-tale spy is near us,
Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
Who, who would not be kiss'd?

Cælia, hearing what he said,
Gently lifted up her head,
Her breast soft wishes fill;
If, faith she, no spy is near us,
Eye nor sees, nor ear can hear us,
Kiss, kiss me, if you will.

SONG

SONG 298.

YE sacred nine, inspire my soul,
Auspicious, hear my tale,
Whilst I in verse the charms rehearse
Of Nanny of the vale.

The azure flowers that blow in May,
At sight of her look pale,
They fade and pine, their charms resign
To Nanny of the vale.

Let rakes, despising virtuous love,
At wedlock's fetters rail,
They'd soon forget the town co-
quet
For Nanny of the vale.

A garland I composed, whose scents
Impregn the western gale,
With myrtle gay, and chearful bay
For Nanny of the vale.

Grant me, kind heaven, with her to
live,
Who can my mind regale,
Each place to me would chearful be
With Nanny of the vale.

SONG 299.

A Dawn of hope my soul revives,
And banishes despair :
If yet my dearest Damon lives,
Make him, ye Gods, your care.
If yet, &c.

Dispel those gloomy shades of night,
My tender grief remove ;
O send some chearing ray of light,
And guide me to my love.
And guide me, &c.

Thus in a secret friendly shade,
The pensive Cælia mourn'd,
While courteous echo lent her aid,
And sigh for sigh return'd.
And sigh, &c.

When sudden Damon's well-known
face,
Each rising fear disarms ;
He eager springs to her embrace,
She sinks into his arms.
She sinks, &c.

SONG 300.

HAIL to the myrtle shade,
All hail to the nymphs of
the field,

Kings wou'd not here invade,
The pleasures that virtue yield.
Beauty here opens her arms,

To soften the languishing mind,
And Phillis unlocks her charms ;
Ah! Phillis, ah! why so kind?
Ah! Phillis, &c.

Beauty here opens her arms, &c.

Phillis, tho' soul of love,
Tho' joy of the neighbouring
swains,

And Phillis that crowns the groves,
And Phillis that gilds the plains,
Phillis, that ne'er had the skill

To patch, to paint and be fine,
Yet Phillis whose eyes can kill,
Whom nature hath made divine.

Phillis, whose charming song
Makes labour and pain a delight,
Phillis, that makes the day young,
And shortens the liv'd long night;
Phillis, whose lips like May,
Still laughs at the sweets they
bring,
Where love never knows decay,
But sits with eternal spring.

SONG 301.

COLLIN.

DEAR Phillis, sweet girl, be
now kind to my pain,
Nor suffer me longer to court you
in vain,
And I'll love you sincerely for
ever.

Phillis. Ah Collin, my heart was
about to comply,
But what my hope wishes my fears
will deny.
I can never be yours.

Collin. What never?

Phillis. No never, I can never
be yours.

Collin. What never?

Phillis. No never, I can never
be yours.

Collin. Fye, Phillis, how can you
still trifle with love?

Away with your fears, and my
passion approve,
When I tell you I'll love you for
ever.

Phillis. Fye, Collin! how can you
still tease me in vain,
When I told you before, and I tell
you again,
I can never be yours.

Collin. What never, &c.

Collin. Then adieu to all joy, my
heart sure will break,
If my Phillis denies what I fondly
did seek,

I can never be happy, no never.

Phillis. Then away with my
doubts, I will fondly believe,
That Collin his Phillis will never
deceive ;

Collin. For ever.

Phillis. You never, sure never
will leave me.

Collin. No never,

Both. No never will leave you,
no never.

SONG 302.

HOW sweet are the flowers,
how lov'ly the spring,
How gaudy the pride of the
grave,

How wanton the air is, the birds
how they sing,

And chirrup, and chirrup soft
measures of love.
And chirrup, &c.

Yet not of themselves the gay
beauties can please,

We only can taste when the heart
is at ease.

We only, &c.

The flowers wou'd wither, the
spring have an end,
The pride of the grove wou'd
decay ;

The air wou'd be noxious, the birds
but offend,

If my parent, my king were
away ;

If my parent, &c.

For not of themselves the vain
pageants can please,

We only can taste, when the heart
is at ease.

We only can, &c.

SONG 303.

LEAVE your Parnassus sacred
nine,

May I with you prevail,
Leave your Parnassus, &c.

In harmony to chant with me
Dear Sally of the dale.

Dear Sally, &c.

Her lovely form and pleasing mien,
Her matchless charms unveil ;
Her lovely form, &c.

Majestic grace adorns the face,
Of Sally of the dale.

Of Sally, &c.

Next view her gently rising breast,
Which does new sweets exhale ;
Next view, &c.

Each courts the bliss to gain a kiss
From Sally of the dale.
From Sally, &c.

By reason's force and energy
She can mankind assail ;
By reason's force, &c.

True eloquence attracts the sense
In Sally of the dale.

In Sally, &c.

She reigns the mirror of her age,
Whose power ne'er will fail ;
She reigns, &c.

None can express the happiness
Of Sally of the dale.

Of Sally, &c.

SONG 304.

TO make me feel a virgin's
charms,

Whose forces had defy'd,

Gay Poll came tempting to my arms ;
What man could have deny'd.

I kiss'd her lips, and straightway
found

Such sweetness there in store,

That tho' I had receiv'd one wound
I wish'd for twenty more.

That tho', &c.

My new-born flame now stronger
grew,

I thought to cool my rage ;

But oh! the fair avenger flew,
Nor wou'd my pain assuage ;

Then boast not, man, thou stut'ring
fool,

Boast not of thy own will ;

For know, when woman thinks to
rule,

Her charms have pow'r to kill.

SONG

SONG 305.

SMILE, smile Britannia, smile,
Thy genius comes again,
To guard thy fruitful isle
And thunder o'er the main;
Thy gallant sons disdain the ease,
Now crown thee mistress of the
seas,
Now crown, &c.

While dauntless they advance,
And bid the canons roar,
They'll scourge the pride of France,
And shake th' imperial shore,
Deriding trumpets o'er the waves,
With courage never known to slaves.
With courage, &c.

The deck all stain'd with blood,
The bullets wing'd with fate,
The wide and restless flood,
Cannot the rage abate.
In Anson and in Warren wake
The souls of Ruffel and of Blake.
The souls, &c.

Britons pursue the blow,
Like sons of freedom fight;
Convince the haughty foe,
That you'll maintain your right;
Defiance bid to France and Spain,
Assert your empire o'er the Main.
Assert your empire, &c.

SONG 306.

OH! what had I ado for to
marry?
My wife she drinks naithing but
sack and canary;
I to her friends complain'd right
early,
O gin my wife wad drink hooly
and fairly.
O gin my wife wad, &c.

First she drunk crummie, and syne
she drunk garie,
Now she has druken my bonny gray
marie,
That carried me ay thro' the dub
and the larie,
O gin my wife, &c.

If she'd drink but her ain things, I
wad na much care,
She drinks my claihs I canna well
spare;
To th' kirk and the market Ise
gang fa barely,
O gin my wife, &c.

If there is ony filler, she maun keep
the purse,
If I seek but a baubie, she'll scald
and she'll curse,
She gangs like a queen, I scrimpet
and sparely;
O gin my wife, &c.

I never was given to wrangling nor
strife,
Nor e'er did refuse her the comforts
of life;
E'er it come to a war I am ay for
a parley;
O gin my wife, &c.

A pint wi' the cummers I wad her
allow,
But when she sits down, she fills
herfell fow,
And when she is fow she's unko
camsterie,
O gin my wife, &c.

She rins not to the casy, she raves
and she rants,
Has na dread of neighbours, nor
minds the house wants,
Roars some foolish lilt, tike up thy
heart Charlie,
O gin my wife, &c.

And when she comes home she lays
on the lads,
She eas the lassies baith limmers and
jads,
And I my ain fel a poor auld
cuckold early;
O gin my wife wad drink hooly and
fairly.

SONG 307.

WHILST you, too lovely
Arabel,
From Cupid's charms are free,
The pangs I feel no tongue can tell,
Unless he sighs for thee.
But what avail the lovers sigh,
Or what the plaintive tear,
Since all like me must gaze and dye,
Or languish in despair?

So from afar the tim'rous hare,
The hunter's toil decrees,
She tries to escape the fatal snare,
Yet falls a sacrifice.
Then cease, fond heart, no more
complain,
No more my sorrows tell,
Unless when over-charg'd with pain
You sigh forth Arabel.

SONG 308.

MY foger laddie is over the
sea,
And he will bring gold and money
to me, *And he will, &c.*
And when he comes home he'll make
me a lady;
My blessing gang with my foger
laddie. *My blessing, &c.*

My lovely laddie is handsome and
brave,
And can as a foger and love behave,
And can, &c.
He's true to his country, to love
he is steady;
There's few to compare to my foger
laddie. *There's few, &c.*

Shield him, ye angels, from death
in alarms,
Return him with laurels to my
longing arms,
Return him, &c.
Since from all my care you'll plea-
santly free me,
When back to my wishes my foger
ye gi'e me.
When back, &c.

Oh! soon may his honours bloom
fair on his brow,
As quickly they must, if he gets
his due, *As quickly, &c.*
For in noble actions his courage is
ready;
Which makes me delight in my
foger laddie.
Which makes, &c.

SONG 309.

YE thirsty souls, who love to
drink,
And turn the bottle round,
Who never have any time to think
When bumpers can be found;
In strong conjunction let's agree,
Now Bacchus leads the van,
To blend each glass with harmony,
And thus compleat our span.
And thus compleat, &c.

Since wine's the very source and
spring
Of all our joys on earth;
It makes the whole creation ring
With gaiety and mirth:
Since then the bottle has the pow'r
To fix us nobly great,
Let us enjoy it ev'ry hour,
And leave the rest to fate.
And leave, &c.

SONG 310.

THAT Jenny's my friend, my
delight and my pride,
I always have boasted, and seek
not to hide;
I dwell on her praises where ever I
go,
They say I'm in love, but I answer
no, no.
They say, &c.

At evening oft times with what
pleasure I see
A note from her hand, I'll be with
you at tea;
My heart how it bounds when I
hear her below;
But say not its love, for I answer,
no, no.
But say not, &c.

She sings me a song, and I echo
its strain;
Again, I cry, Jenny, sweet Jenny
again;
I kiss her sweet lips, as if there I
could grow;
But say not its love, for I answer,
no, no.
But say not, &c.

She tells me her faults as she sits
on my knee;
I chide her, and swear she's an
angel to me;
My shoulder she taps, and still bids
me think so:
Who knows but she loves, tho' she
answers no, no.
Who knows, &c.

From beauty and wit and good humour how I,
Shou'd prudence advise, and compel me to fly:
Thy bounty, O fortune make haste to bestow,
And let me deserve her or still I'll say no.
And let me, &c.

SONG 311.

YOUNG Dorilis, artless swain,
And Daphne, pride of western plain,
Their flocks together drove;
Gay youth sat blooming on his face,
She no less shone in ev'ry grace,
Yet neither thought of love,
Yet neither, &c.

With equal joy each morn they meet,
At mid-day seek the same retreat,
And shelter in one grove;
At ev'ning haunt the self-same walk,
Together innocently talk,
But not a word of love.
But not a word, &c.

Hence mutual friendship firmly grew,
Till heart to heart spontaneous flew
Like bill to bill of dove:
Both feel the flame which both conceal;
Both wish the other wou'd reveal;
Yet neither speaks of love.

She hung with rapture o'er his sense,
He doated on her innocence;
Thus each did each approve:
Each vow'd—whilst each the vow observ'd,
The maid was true, the swain ne'er swerv'd;
Then ev'ry word was love.
Then ev'ry word, &c.

SONG 312.

WHILE misers all night still are watching their stores,
And at day sternly drive the distress from their doors,
While courtiers each other subvert in the state,
And obstinate churchmen new maxims create,
Chorus. We are frugally gen'rous,
nor each other wrong,
But enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.
But enjoy, &c.

Let Sharpers attempt by false arts to ensnare,
Till at length they receive their long merited fare;
Let spend-thrifts consume, till too late they repent
The loss of their riches so lavishly spent,
Chorus. While with honest industry we live the day long,
And enjoy us at night, then conclude with a song.
And enjoy, &c.

Tho' Drunkards in claret such virtue profess,
They'd find it more sov'rain were they to drink less;
Tho' rakes say in women is center'd our bliss,
They've reason sometimes to regret a close kiss:

Chorus. Such diff'rent extremes then to us don't belong,
And yet women and wine are the life of our song.
And yet, &c.

Yet toppers and rakes, wou'd ye lead happy lives,
Be mod'rate in drinking, and chuse modest wives;
Let churchmen with churchmen, and courtiers be friends;
For on friendship all earthly enjoyment depends;

Chorus. And when ye're united thus lasting and strong,
Like us you'll be jovial and end with a song.
Like us, &c.

SONG 313.

THO' Polly's and tho' Peggy's charms,
Each youthful poet's bosom warms,
None gives the heart such fierce alarm

As lovely Jenny Weston:
No violet, jessamin or rose,
Or spicy gale that Afric blows,
Does half such fragrant sweets disclose,

As waft round Jenny Weston.
Let other swains to court reprim,
And view each glitt'ring beauty there;
Tis art alone makes them so fair,
But nature Jenny Weston.
What paint with her complexion vies,
What jewels sparkle like her eyes,
What hills of snow so white as rise
The breasts of Jenny Weston.

Give others titles, honours, power,
The riches of Potosis shore;
I ask not baubles; I implore
The heart of Jenny Weston.
Possess of that, of that alone,
On India's monarch I'd look down,
A cot my pittance, and my throne
The lap of Jenny Weston.

SONG 314.

AS Chloe sat shelter'd, and breath'd the cool air,
While music awaken'd the grove,
Young Damon approach'd and address'd the coy fair
In all the soft language of love.
But she was so cruel, his suit she deny'd,
And laugh'd as he told her his pain,
And while the poor shepherd sat wooing, she cry'd,
I will die a maid my dear swain.

Oh! what, says the swain, must thy beauty so gay,
Perplex us at once and invite;
Embrace ev'ry rapture, lest time make a prey,
Of that which was meant for delight:

When Age has crept round, and thy charms wrinkled o'er,
Then all will my Chloe disdain;
But still all her answer was tease me no more,
I will die a maid—my dear swain.

Young Damon protested no other he'd prize,
His flame was so strong and sincere,
Then watch'd the emotions that play'd in her eyes,
And banish'd his torture and fear;

My joys shall be secret, enraptur'd he cry'd,
Ah! Chloe be gentle and good;
The fair one grew softer, and sighing reply'd,
I'd fain die a maid—if I cou'd.

SONG 315.

TELL me, my lovely, charming fair,
Why thus you slight my constant flame;
Tell me why thus I must despair,
And ease, oh! ease your anxious swain.

Lost in a maze of sweet delight
I wander o'er thy beauteous charms;
Yet still thy beauteous mind more bright
Inspires my soul with fresh alarms.

Why then my Cælia this disdain
To one who loves beyond compare
You rather pity to the swain
Should give, than add to his despair.

Try to be kind, and in return
Reward with love your faithful swain,
And in a mutual passion burn
That so we ever blest remain.

SONG 316.

HAPPY is a country life,
Blest with content, good health and ease,
Free from factious noise and strife,
We only plot ourselves to please:
Peace of mind, the days delight,
And love our welcome dream at night.

Hail green fields and shady woods,
Hail springs and streams that still run pure;
Nature's uncorrupted goods,
Where virtue only is secure,
Free from vice, here free from care,
Age is no pain, and youth no snare.

SONG 317.

THE beau with his delicate
womanish face,
Whose merit all lays in a feather
and lace,
The proud, the immoral, the coward,
the vain,
May sue for my love, but will meet
with disdain.
The dunce I detest, and whose wit
is severe;
I sicken whenever a sycophant's
near;
The brute that's ill-manner'd disorders
one much,
And I'd die an old maid e'er I'd
couple with such.

But he in whom sense and politeness
are join'd,
Whose study has been to embellish
his mind,
Whose pleasures ne'er injure his
health nor his purse,
Is fit to be taken for better for
worse;
Whose wit has no gall, and whose
tongue no deceit,
Whose nature is noble, his conduct
discreet,
Ne'er knew any fear but to hurt or
offend,
If he questions my heart he will
find it his friend.

SONG 318.

WHEN Chloe first young
Collin saw,
Approach with modest, distant awe
In habit neat and plain;
The simple maid, too fond of beaux,
Of idle pomp and glitt'ring shews,
Despis'd the honest swain:
Wrapt up in pleasures of the town,
She look'd on Colin as a clown,
And still the burden of her song
Was court me not, I'm yet too
young.
And still, &c.

But he, well-vers'd in female art,
Soon div'd into the fair-one's heart,
Thro' all her little pride:
And is it thus you disapprove
My faithful flame, my ardent love,
The gen'rous youth reply'd;
Can tinsel charms your heart trapan,
A fop's the shadow of a man.
Yet still the burden of her song
Was court me not, I'm yet too
young.
Yet still, &c.

My dear, said he, as you are fair
Be wise, and shun the gilded snare
Of fopp'ry and grimace:
Where health and honesty of soul,
Diffuse their vigour thro' the whole,
How vain are gems and lace?
These words alarm'd the curious
maid,
Who straight the blooming youth
survey'd;

Then faintly, with a fault'ring
tongue,
Cry'd, court me not, I'm yet too
young.
Then faintly, &c.

With manly pride, adown his neck
His raven locks their ringlets break;
Health glitter'd in his eyes;
While youth and vigour both conspire
To kindle love, enflame desire,
And bid soft wishes rise,
The nymph receiv'd an ardent kiss,
As earnest of her future bliss;
Then chang'd the burden of her
song
To court me now, I'm not too
young.
Then chang'd, &c.

SONG 319.

AMINTA, pride of all the plain
Adorn'd with every grace
and art,
Whose awful form and look serene
Cou'd melt the most obdurate
heart.
Each youth to win the fair one
strove,
With all that beauty cou'd inspire;
Yet sighs nor vows cou'd pity move,
Nor aught indulge their fond desire.

Thus liv'd unmov'd the haughty
maid,
'Till Strephon urg'd his am'rous
suit;
He danc'd, he sweetly sang, and
play'd
A thousand tunes upon his flute;
He prais'd her wit, her shape and
air,
And softly number'd all her
charms;
Nor cou'd she long resist the snare,
But sunk into her Strephon's
arms.

SONG 320.

SO brightly sweet fair Nanny's
eyes,
Their rising beams display,
That like the sons of Indiawe,
E'en dread the coming day.
For if her morning rays
With such unusual vigour stream,
How will the wond'ring world with-
stand
Her full meridian beam?
If now she innocently kill,
With an unaiming dart,
Who shall resist her, when with
skill
She levels at the heart:
Since, with each smile, the pretty
nymph
Now captivates the sense;
What, when her beauty's at the
height,
Will be it's influence?

SONG 321.

WHY shine those charming
eyes so bright,
And flatter us with joy,
If all their fierce malignant light
Serve only to destroy?
Damon, in an angel's dress,
May with false rays surprize;
Yet mischiefs still the fiend confess
In spite of the disguise.
But beauties of celestial kind,
The heavenly nature share;
And when they wound the eye and
mind,
And still as kind as fair:
With pleasure then I would adore,
And bless the wounds you gave,
A willing victim to your power,
That would not hurt, but save.

SONG 322.

DAPHNE, on her arm reclin'd,
Thus express'd her angry
mind;
See the couples how they run,
Pressing all to be undone:
Listen, now in endless strife,
Forth they issue man and wife.
Seas unruffled often flow;
Are there calms in marriage?—No.
Visionary scene and vain;
Fancied joy, but real pain:
'Tis to fight a goodly flow'r,
But it changes in an hour.
Dian, take me to thy shade;
I with thee will dwell a maid:
Deaf to courtier, wit or beau,
When they sue I'll thunder no.
Thus the fair in anger spoke
'Gainst poor Hymen's rugged yoke,
Cupid, in the form of youth,
Swore he'd prove the virgin's truth;
Ev'ry human art he try'd,
Knelt and vow'd and wept & sigh'd;
Must I say, expire in woe?
Daphne sigh'd, and whisper'd, no.

SONG 323.

CELIA, too late you wou'd
repent;
The offering all your store
Is now but like a pardon sent,
To one that's dead before.
While at the first you cruel prov'd,
And grant the bliss too late,
You hindred me of one I lov'd,
To give me one I hate.
I thought you innocent and fair,
When first my court I made;
But when your falshoods plain appear
My love no longer stay'd.
Your bounty of these favours shown,
Whose worth you first deface,
Is melting valu'd medals down,
And giving us the brass.
O! since the thing we beg's a toy,
That's priz'd by love alone,
Why cannot women grant the joy,
Before the love is gone.

SONG 324.

FAirest isle, all isles excell'g,
Seat of pleasure and of love,
Venus here will chuse her dwelling,
And forsake the Cyprian Grove.
Cupid from his fav'rite nation,
Care and envy will remove :
Jealousy, that poisons passion,
And despair, that dies for love.
Gentle murmurs, soft complaining,
Sighs, that blow the fire of love ;
Soft repulses, kind disdaining
Shall be all the pains you prove ;
Ev'ry swain shall pay his duty,
Grateful ev'ry nymph shall prove,
And as these excel in beauty,
Those shall be renown'd for love.

SONG 325.

DEAR unrelenting cruel fair,
How cou'd you first my heart
ensnare,
Then leave that heart to break ?
Then leave, &c.
How cou'd you first obtain a prize
By those dear, sweet, deluding eyes,
And then that prize forsake ?
And then, &c.
Like the close, everlasting flame,
My heart is doom'd to burn the
same ;
Whilst you the heart inspire :
You, like the vestal, void of sleep,
Within eternal vigils keep,
And feed the fainting fire.
Dear, cruel nymph those flames
suppress,
O love me more, or plague me less ;
Too much you know I've bore :
For shame throw off that haughty
air,
And shew the soft complying fair,
Or let me love no more.

SONG 326.

AS Celia near a fountain lay,
Her eyelids clos'd with sleep ;
The shepherd Damon chanc'd that
way
To drive his flock of sheep.
To arrive, &c.
With awful step h' approach'd the
fair,
To view her charming face,
Where ev'ry feature wore an air,
And ev'ry part a grace.
And ev'ry part, &c.
His heart inflam'd with amorous pain
He wish'd the nymph would wake,
Tho' ne'er before was any swain
So unpar'd to speak.
So unpar'd, &c.
Whilst slumbering thus fair Celia
lay,
Soft sighs fill'd her mind,
She wish'd some Thyrsis come away,
For now I will be kind.
For now, &c.

Damon embrac'd the lucky hit,
And flew into her arms,
He took her in the yielding fit,
And rised all her charms.
And rised, &c.

SONG 327.

GIN e're Ise in love it sal be wi
a lass
As sweet as the morn dew, that
ligs on the grass ;
Her cheek mun be ruddy, her
eyen mun be bright,
Like stars in the skie on a cauld
frosty night.
Oh ! cou'd I ken sic a lassie as this,
I'd freely gang to her,
Carefs her and woo her,
At once take up heart, and sollicit
a kifs.

My daddie wad ha me to marry wi
bell,
But wha wad ha one that he can-
no' like well ;
For tho' she has mickle she's bleary
and awld,
Fu' sawcy uncoo, and a terrible
scawld :
Oh ! gin Ise had sic a vixen as this,
I'd whap her and strap her,
So bang her and slap her,
The devil for me might sollicit a
kifs.

Young Moggie wad fain lug me
into the chain ;
She spies frisky at me, and blinks
it in vain ;
She trows that I'll ha her, Ise na
sic a foo,
'Cause Willie did for her a long
while ago,
Oh ! gin Ise had sic a wanton as
this,
She horn me and scorn me,
And hugely adorn me,
And e'er she'd kifs me, gi another
a kifs.

But find me a lassie wha's youthful
and gay,
As blith as a starling, as pleasant
as May ;
Wha's free fra waw wrangling and
jangling and strife,
I'll take her and make her me ain
thing for life :
O gin I had sic a blessing as this
I'd kifs her and pres her,
Preserve and carefs her,
And think my sel greater than Jove
is in blifs.

SONG 328.

FOR many a year,
'Twixt hope and despair,
Young Damon a maiden had woo'd,
She knew by his sighs,
His heart was her prize,
Yet nothing cou'd move the coy
Prude :
At length wearied out,
In passion devout,

I'll leave her, I'll leave her he cry'd,
And when 'tis too late
She'll curse her sad fate,
And mourn the effects of her pride.
And when, &c.

Now free was his heart,
But Cupid a dart
Let fly from his ne'er-failing bow,
And gay Coquetill
Cou'd force him at will,
To his wonted amusement, heigh ho.
She heard him complain,
Then laugh'd at his pain,
And bad him his passion forget ;
He vow'd and he swore,
He'd love evermore,
Yet nothing cou'd move the coquet.
He vow'd, &c.

Again disengag'd,
At fortune enrag'd,
Farewel, he exclaim'd to a wife ;
The man that has try'd,
And twice been deny'd,
Must hate the whole sex for his life.
Then think O ye fair,
Who strive to ensnare,
Ere time your bright beauty invades,
Be gentle and kind
When the youth's in the mind,
Or faith ye may all die old maids.
Be gentle, &c.

SONG 329.

BRISK wine makes us gay,
and beauty leads on,
'Tis beauty, 'tis beauty leads on.
And with pleasure, with pleasure
shall crown.
'Tis the sparkling Champain shall
heighten our joy,
And the raptures of Phillis, that
never can cloy.
In mirth and delight we'll frolic
and play,
And jovial and jovial we'll drink all
the day ;
With Bacchus and Cupid we'll fro-
lic and play,
With cheeks red as roses, or flow-
ers in May.
'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.
Ye sons of dull care, 'tis women
and wine,
Those blessings of nature, and Jove's
design ;
To man they were given to soothe
the dull mind ;
Then drink and be chearful, give
grief to the wind.
'Tis sparkling Champaign, &c.

SONG 330.

PURE as the new-fallen snow
appears
The spotless virgin's fame,
Unfally'd white her bosom bears
As fair her form and fame ;
But when she's soil'd, her lustre greets
The admiring eye no more,
She sinks to mud, defiles the streets,
And swells the common shore.

SONG 331.

I Am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I bear a contented mind :
I am a poor maiden forsaken,
Yet I'll find another more kind :
For altho' I be forsaken,
Yet this I would have you to
know,
I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two 'r three strings to my
bow.

I own'd that once I lov'd him,
But his scorn I could never en-
dure ;

Nor yet to that height of perfection,
For his slights to love him the
more.

I own he was very engaging,
Yet this I would have you to
know,

I ne'er was so ill provided,
But I'd two 'r three strings to
my bow.

Ye maidens who hear of my ditty,
And are unto loving inclin'd ;
Mens minds they are subject to
changing,

And wav'ring like the wind :
Each object creates a new fancy,
Then this I would have you to do ;
Be easy and free, and take pattern
by me,

And keep two 'r three strings to
your bow.

SONG 332.

IF Virtue's in vogue, and if ho-
nesty thrives,
Then all our true Britons will get
themselves wives ;

So they'll die glorious deaths, as
they liv'd sober lives,
*Oh the dear dames of old England !
And oh the old English dear dames !*

Our damsels created love's soft war
to wage,

With charms and accomplishments
challenge the age ;
And he's a rank coward that dares
not engage.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

A bachelor lives in fair nature's
despight,

He cumberes the earth without use
or delight,

And cheats dame posterity out of
her right.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

But those who are married wife na-
ture obey,

And comfort each other by night
and by day,

While round them their little ones
prattle and play.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

Then come lads and lasses of ev'ry
degree,

Observe and attend to dame Mid-
night's decree ;

All wed and make work for the
parson and me.

Oh the dear dames, &c.

SONG 333.

SWEET day so cool, so calm,
so bright,

The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-
night,

For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet rose, so fragrant and so brave,
Dazzling the rash beholder's eye ;

Thy root is ever in its grave,
And thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet spring, so beauteous and so
gay,

Store-house, where sweets unnum-
ber'd lie ;

Not long thy fading glories stay,
For thou, with all thy sweets,
must die.

Sweet love alone, sweet wedded love,
To thee no period is assign'd ;

Thy tender joys by time improve,
In death itself the most refin'd.

SONG 334.

DAMON ask'd me but once,
and I faintly deny'd,
Intending to snap him the next time
he try'd ;

But alas ! he's determin'd to ask me
no more,

And now makes his court to the
fam'd *Leonore*.

Yet why shou'd I grieve ? for I am
well assur'd,

Had he lov'd me, he ne'er wou'd
have ta'en the first word ;

Tho' he fawns and he cringes, I'll
venture to say,

That man is a fool that will take
the first nay.

Had his love been sincere, and he
really in pain,

He then wou'd have ask'd me again
and again ;

But adieu ! let him go, for I never
will vex ;

A swain that's in earnest allows for
our sex.

SONG 335.

AS late by *Thames*'s verdant side,
With solitary, pensive air,

Fair *Chloe* search'd the silver tide,
With pleasing hope and patient
care ;

Forth as she cast the silken fly,
And musing stroll'd the bank a-
long,

She thought no list'ning ear was
nigh,

While thus she tun'd her moral
song.

The poor, unhappy, thoughtless fair,
Like the mute race, are oft un-
done ;

These with a gilded fly we snare,
With gilded flattery those are
won.

Careless like them they frolick
round,

And sportive to'st' alluring bait ;
At length they feel the treach'rous
wound,

And struggle to be free, too late.

But ah ! fair fools, beneath this
shew

Of gaudy colours lurks a hook ;
Cautious the bearded mischief view,

And ere you leap, be sure to look.
More she'd have sung—when from
the shade

Rush'd forth gay *Damon*, brisk
and young ;

And, whatso'er he did or said,
Poor *Chloe* quite forgot her song.

SONG 336.

AS *Chloe* on flowers reel'd o'er
the stream,

She sigh'd to the breeze, and made
Collin her theme ;

Tho' pleasant the stream, and tho'
cooling the breeze,

And the flowers tho' fragrant, she
panted for ease,

And the flowers, &c.

The stream it was fickle and hastid
away,

It kiss'd the sweet banks, but no
longer would stay ;

Tho' beauteous inconsistent, and faith-
less tho' fair ;

Ah ! Collin, look in, and behold
thyself there,

Ah ! Collin, look in, &c.

The breeze that so sweet on her
bosom did play,

Now rose to a tempest, and dark-
en'd the day ;

As soft as the breeze, and as food
as the wind,

Such Collin when angry, and Collin
when kind,

Such Collin when, &c.

The flowers, when gather'd so beau-
teous and sweet,

Now fade on her bosom, and die at
her feet ;

As fair in their bloom, and as foul
in decay,

Such Collin when present, and Collin
away,

Such Collin when, &c.

In rage and despair from the ground
she arose,

And from her the flowers so faded
she throws ;

She weeps in the stream, and she
sighs to the wind,

And resolves to drive Collin quite
out of her mind,
And resolves, &c.

But what her resolves when her
Collin appear'd ?
The stream it stood still, and no
tempest was heard ;
The flowers recover'd their beauti-
ful hue,
She found he was kind, and believ'd
he was true.
She found, &c.

SONG 337.

WHEN all was wrapt in dark
midnight,
And all were fast asleep,
In glided Marg'ret's pale-ey'd ghost
And stood at William's feet.
Her face was like the April morn,
Clad in a wintry cloud ;
And clay-cold was her lily hand,
That held her sable shroud.
So shall the fairest face appear,
When youth and years are flown ;
Such is the robe that kings must
wear,
When death has rest their crown.
Her bloom was like the springing
flow'r,
That sips the silver dew ;
The rose was budded in her cheek,
And opening to the view.
But love had, like the canker-worm,
Consum'd her early prime ;
The rose grew pale, and left her
cheek ;
She dy'd before her time.
Awake, she cry'd, thy true love
calls,
Come from her midnight grave ;
Now let thy pity hear the maid,
Thy love refus'd to save.
This is the mirk and fearful hour,
When injur'd ghosts complain ;
Now dreary graves give up their
dead,
To haunt the faithless swain.
Bethink thee, William of thy fault,
Thy pledge, and broken oath ;
And gave me back my maiden vow,
And give me back my troth.
How cou'd you say my face was fair,
And yet that face forsake ?
How cou'd you win my virgin heart,
Yet leave that heart to break ?
How cou'd you promise love to me,
And not that promise keep ?
Why did you swear mine eyes were
bright,
And leave those eyes to weep ?
How cou'd you say my lips were
sweet,
And made the scarlet pale ?
And why did I, young witless maid,
Believe the flatt'ring tale ?
That face, alas ! no more is fair,
These lips no longer red ;
Dark are mine eyes, now clos'd in
death,
And every charm is fled.

The hungry worm my sister is,
This winding-sheet I wear ;
And cold and weary lasts our night,
Till the last morn appear.

But hark ! the cock has warn'd me
hence,
A long and last adieu !
Come see, false man, how low she
lies,
That dy'd for love of you.

Now birds did sing, and morning
smile,
And shew her glitt'ring head ;
Pale William shook in ev'ry limb,
Then raving left his bed.

He hy'd him to the fatal place,
Where Marg'ret's body lay ;
And stretch'd him on the green
grass-turf,
That wrapt her breathless clay.

And thrice he call'd on Marg'ret's
name,
And thrice he wept full sore ;
Then laid his cheek to the cold
earth,
And word spake never more.

SONG 338.

RI N G, ring the bar bell of
the world,
Great Bacchus calls for wine ;
Haste, pierce the globe, its juices
drain,
To whet him e'er he dine.

Have you not heard the bottle cluck,
When first you've poured forth ?
The globe shall cluck, as soon as
tapp'd,
To brood such sons of worth.

When this world's out, more worlds
we'll have,
Who dare oppose the call ?
If he had twice ten thousand worlds,
E'er night we'd drink them all.

See ! see ! our drawer Atlas comes,
His eask upon his back ;
Haste ! drink and swill, let's booze
amain,
Till all our girdles crack.

Apollo cry'd, let's drink amain,
Lest time should go astray ;
We'll make time drunk, the rest
reply'd,
We Gods can make a day.

Brave Hereulus, who took the hint,
Required time to drink,
And made him gorge such potions
down,
That time forgot to think.

Unthinking time thus overcome,
And nonpluss'd in the vast,
Dissolv'd in the æthereal world,
Sigh'd languish'd, groan'd his last.

Now Time's no more, let's drink
away ;
Hang shivering, make no words :
Like true-born bacchanalian souls,
We'll get as drunk as lords.

SONG 339.

OF all the trades from east to
west,
The cobbler's, past contending,
Is like in time to prove the best,
Which every day is mending.
How great his praise who can a-
mend
The soals of all his neighbours,
Nor is unmindful of his end,
But to his last he labours.

SONG 340.

LET matters of state,
Disquiet the great,
The cobbler has nought to perplex
him ;
H'as nought but his wife
To ruffle his life,
And her he can strap, if she vex him.

He's out of the pow'r
Of fortune, that whore,
Since low as can be, she has thrust
him ;
From duns he's secure ;
For being so poor,
There's none to be found that will
trust him.

SONG 341.

COME hither, come hither ye
languishing swains,
Here's a balm that will cure and
relieve all your pains :
To the fountain of pleasure in rap-
tures resort ;
'Tis the summons of humour to
Comus's court ;
'Tis the summons, &c.
'Tis Comus invites, then the sum-
mons obey,
Awhile leave your cares, and to
pleasures away,
'Tis Comus invites, &c.

Here Phœbus shall sing, and old
Monius shall laugh,
And his bottle of nectar brave Bac-
chus shall quaff :

When Time, honest time, for a
while shall be still,
And sit down, like a soul, 'till he
ripples his fill.

Nor care nor mistrust shall intrude
on our joys,
For it's Comus invites—then away
any brave boys.

Should losses or crosses perplex ye,
besure
Ply the glass briskly round, for
misfortunes a cure :

Asculapius of old had recourse to the
bowl,
And the doctor you know was a
special good soul ;
While health, rosy health fills the
bumpers around ;
For without 'em he swears there's
no bliss to be found.

Then

Then away, ye brave fellows, to
Comus's shrine,
Where friendship and humour incessantly join;
Where freedom and mirth with the
bottle unite
To beguile all our care, and with
rapture delight:
Then hark to the call, and no longer
delay,
For 'tis Comus invites—to his temple
away.

SONG 342.

YE virgin pow'rs, defend my
heart
From am'rous looks and smiles,
From saucy love, or nicer art,
Which most our sex beguiles:

From sighs and vows, and awful
fears,
That do to pity move;
From speaking silence, and from
tears,
Those springs that water love.

But if through passion I grow blind,
Let honour be my guide;
And when frail nature seems inclin'd,
There place a guard of pride.

An heart, whose flames are seen,
tho' pure,
Needs ev'ry virtue's aid;
And she, who thinks herself secure,
The soonest is betray'd.

SONG 343.

KIND God of sleep, since it
must be
That we resign some hours to thee,
Invade me not whilst the full bowl
Glow in my cheeks, and warms
my soul:

Then only I thy aid implore,
When I can laugh and drink no more.
Short, very short be then thy reign,
I haste to laugh and drink again.

But oh! if, melting in my arms,
The nymph adorn'd with all her
charms,
In some soft dream shou'd me sur-
prize,

And grant what waking she denies;
Then, gentle slumber, prithee stay,
And slowly, slowly bring the day:
If fancy can such blifs bestow,
Who wou'd not be deluded so?

SONG 344.

IF truth can fix thy wav'ring
heart,

Let Damon urge his claim,
He feels the passion void of art,
The pure and constant flame.

The sighing swains their anguish
tell,

Their sensual love contemn;
They only prize the beautiful shell,
But slight the inward gem.

SONG 345.

A Cuckold it is thought a most
reproachful name;

Tho' wives commit the fault, yet
husbands bear the blame:

'Tis natural for women such little
slips to make,

And if it were not common, how
many heads would ach?

I'll give my wife her humour, if
she'll but give me mine,

And if I hear false rumour, I never
will repine:

If she a cuckold make me, I'll pay
her in her kind,

And may the devil take me, if e'er
I lag behind.

SONG 346.

GOOD mother, if you please
you may

Place others to observe my way;
Or be yourself the watchful spy,

And keep me ever in your eye.
And keep me ever in your eye.

Unless the will itself restrain,
The care of others is in vain;

And if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching you may
sleep.

When you forbid what love inspires,
Forbidding you but fan its fires;

Restraint does appetite enrage,
And youth may prove too strong
for age.

Then leave me unconfin'd and free,
With prudence for my lock and
key;

For if myself I do not keep,
Instead of watching all may sleep.

SONG 347.

LOVE never more shall give me
pain,

My fancy's fix'd on thee;
Nor ever maid my heart shall gain,

My Peggy if thou die.
Thy beauties did such pleasure give,

Thy love's so true to me,
Without thee I shall never live,

My Peggy, if thou die.

If fate should tear thee from my
breast,

How lonely shall I stray!
In dreary dreams the night I'll
waste,

In sighs the silent day:
I ne'er can so much virtue find,
Nor such perfection see;

Then I'll renounce all womankind,
My Peggy after thee.

No new-blown beauty fires my heart
With Cupid's raving rage;

But thine, which can such sweets
impart,
Must all the world engage.

'Twas these that, like the morning
sun,
Gave joy and life to me;

R r

And when it's destin'd day is done,
With Peggy let me die.

Ye pow'rs that smile on virtuous
love,

And in such pleasure share;
You, who it's faithful flames ap-
prove,

With pity view the fair:
Restore my Peggy's wonted charms,
Those charms so dear to me;

Oh, never rob them from these arms!
I'm lost if Peggy die.

SONG 348.

JOCKY fou, Jenny fain,
Jenny was nae ill to gain,

She was counthy, he was kind,
And thus the wooer tell'd his mind.

Jenny, I'll nae mair be nice,
Gi'e me love at any price;

I winna prig for red or whyt,
Love alane can gi'e delyt.

Others seek they kenna what,
In looks, in carriage, and a' that;

Give me love for her I court:
Love in love makes a' the sport.

Colours mingl'd unco fine,
Common motives lang finfyne,

Never can engage my love,
Until my fancy first approve.

It is na meat, but appetite
That makes our eating a delyt:

Beauty is at best deceit;
Fancy only kens nae cheat.

SONG 349.

ADIEU the streams that
smoothly flow,

Ye vernal airs that softly blow,
Ye plains by blooming spring ar-
ray'd;

Ye birds that warble thro' the glade,
Ye birds, &c.

Unhurt from you my soul could fly,
Nor drop one tear, nor heave one
sigh;

But, from Celia's smiles to part,
All joy deserts me drooping heart.

All joy, &c.

O fairer than the rosy morn,
When flow'rs the dewy fields adorn,

Unfully'd as the genial ray,
That warms the gentle breeze of
May, *That warms, &c.*

Thy charms divinely sweet appear,
And add new splendor to the year;

Improve the day with fresh delight,
And gild with joy the dreary night.

And gild, &c.

SONG 350.

SEE, see my Scraphina comes,
Adorn'd with every grace;

Look, Gods from your celestial dome
And view her charming face.

Then search, and see if you can find,
In all your sacred groves,

A nymph or goddess so divine
As she whom Strephon loves.

SONG

SONG 351.

YES, I'm in love, I feel it now,
And Celia has undone me;
And Celia, &c.
And yet I'll swear I can't tell how
The pleasing plague stole on me.
And yet, &c.

'Tis not her face that love creates,
For there no graces revel:
For there, &c.

'Tis not her shape, for there the
fates
Have rather been uncivil.
'Tis not, &c.

'Tis not her air, for sure in that
There's nothing more than com-
mon,
There's nothing, &c.

And all her sense is only chat,
Like any other woman.
And all her sense, &c.

Her voice, her touch, might give
th' alarm,

'Tis both perhaps, or neither;
'Tis both, &c.

In short, 'tis that bewitching charm
Of Celia all together.
In short, &c.

SONG 352.

THE man that is drunk is void
of all care,
He needs neither Parthian quiver
nor spear:

The Moor's poison'd dart he scorns
for to wield;
His bottle alone is his weapon and
shield.

Undaunted he goes among bullies
and whores,
Demolishes windows, and breaks
open doors;
He revels all night, is afraid of no
evil,
And boldly defies both proctor and
devil.

As late I rode out, with my skin
full of wine,
Encumbered neither with care nor
with coin,
I boldly confronted a horrible den,
Alighted, as soon as he saw me,
he run.

No monster could put you to half so
much fear,
Should he in Apulia's forest appear;
In Africa's desert there never was
seen

A monster so hated by Gods and by
men.

Come, place me, ye Deities, under
the line,
Where grows not a tree nor a plant,
but the vine;
O'er hot burning sands I'll swelter
and sweat,
Barefooted, with nothing to keep
off the heat.

Or place me where sunshine is ne'er
to be found,
Where the earth is with winter e-
ternally bound;
Even there I would nought but my
bottle require,
My bottle should warm me, and
fill me with fire.

My tutor may job me, and lay me
down rules;
Who minds them but dull philoso-
phical fools?
For when I am old, and can no
more drink,
'Tis time enough then to sit down
and think.

'Twas thus Alexander was tutor'd
in vain;
For he thought Aristotle an ass for
his pain:
His sorrows he us'd in full bumpers
to drown,
And when he was drunk, then the
world was his own.

This world is a tavern, with liquor
well stor'd,
And into't I came to be drunk as a
lord:
My life is the reck'ning, which free-
ly I'll pay;
And when I'm dead drunk, then I'll
stagger away.

SONG 353.

AS Daphne sat beneath the shade
To keep her sheep from
straying;

It is a pleasing thing she said,
To live without obeying;
To live, &c.

How pleasant is a single life!
It's far beyond expression:
But she that is become a wife,
Needs pity and compassion.
Needs pity, &c.

She bids adieu to her joy,
When matrimony binds her
To one who does his thoughts em-
ploy,
In striving to confine her.
In striving, &c.

How pleasant, then, is liberty,
When none can e'er molest them!
And they are fools who don't live
free,
When fortune so has blest them.
When fortune, &c.

SONG 354.

MY time, O ye Muses, was
happily spent,
When Phœbe went with me where-
ever I went;

Ten thousand soft pleasures I felt
in my breast,
Sure never fond shepherd like Collin
was blest!

But now she is gone and has left
me behind:

What a marvellous change on a
sudden I find!
When things were as fine as could
possibly be,
I thought it was spring, but alas! it
was she.

The fountain that us'd to run sweet-
ly along,
And dance to soft murmurs the peb-
bles among,
Thou know'st, little Cupid, if
Phœbe was there,
'Twas pleasure to look at, 'twas
music to hear:
But now she is absent, I walk by
its side,
And still as it murmurs do nothing
but chide;
Must you be so chearful, whilst I
go in pain?
Peace there with your bubbling and
hear me complain.

My dog I was ever well pleased to
see

Come wagging his tail to my fair
one and me;
And Phœbe was pleas'd too, and
to my dog said,
Come hither, poor fellow, and pat-
ted his head:

But now when he's fawning I with
a frow look
Cry, Sirrah, and give him a blow
with my crook;
And I'll give him another, for why
should not Tray
Be as dull as his master when Phœbe's
away?

Sweet music went with us both all
the wood thro',
The lark, linnet, throstle and
nightingale too;
Winds over us whisper'd, flocks by
us did bleat,
And chirp went the grasshopper un-
der our feet:

But now she is absent, tho' still
they sing on,
The woods are but lonely, the me-
lody's gone;
Her voice in the concert, as now I
have found,
Gave ev'ry thing else its agreeable
found.

Will no pitying power, that hears
me complain,
Or cure my disquiet, or soften my
pain?

To be cur'd thou must, Collin, thy
passion remove;

But what swain is so silly as to live
without love?

No, Deity bid the dear nymph to
return,

For ne'er was poor shepherd so sad-
ly forlorn.

Ah! what shall I do? Shall I die
in despair?

Take heed, all ye swains, how you
love one so fair.

SONG 355.

VIEW my eyes, my lovely charmer,
Constancy has now the day;
Tell me not my heart was warmer,
When it us'd to go astray.
Love in youth does fiercely blaze,
But so strong it never stays.
Love in youth, &c.

If I follow'd every Creature,
Sure the fault may be forgiven;
'Tis the frailty of our nature;
Who can change the will of heaven?
Tho' the object might be new,
Yet to love I still was true.
Tho' the object, &c.

Cupid, guardian of my heart,
Let it loose to range awhile,
In each eye it found a dart,
And engaged by every smile:
Thus it was for you design'd,
Formed by practice to his mind.
Thus it was, &c.

Cupid, to me ever kind,
Kept the purest of the fire,
Profs consumed, my heart refin'd,
Made it flame with soft desire:
Such a flame as will be true,
Such the God reserv'd for you.
Such a flame, &c.

SONG 356.

COME all you young lovers who
wan with despair,
Compose idle sonnets, and sigh for
the fair;
Who puff up their pride by enhanc-
ing their charms,
And tell them 'tis heaven to lie in
their arms:
Be wise by example, take pattern
by me,
For let what will happen, by Jove
I'll be free,
*By Jove I'll be free;
For let what will happen, by Jove
I'll be free.*

Young Daphne I saw, in the net I
was caught,
I ly'd and I flatter'd, as custom had
taught;
I press'd her to blifs, which she
granted full soon,
But the date of my passion expir'd
with the moon.
She vow'd she was ruin'd, I said it
might be;
I'm sorry my dear, but by Jove I'll
be free,
By Jove I'll be free, &c.

The next was young Phillis, as
bright as the morn,
The love that I proffer'd she treated
with scorn;
I laugh'd at her folly, and told her
my mind,
That none could be handsome but
such as were kind:

Her pride and ill nature were lost
upon me,
For in spite of fair faces, by Jove
I'll be free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.
Let others call marriage the harbour
of joys,
Calm peace I delight in, and fly
from all noise;
Some chuse to be hamper'd, 'tis
sure a strange rage.
And like birds they sing best when
they're put in a cage:
Confinement's the devil, 'twas ne'er
made for me;
Let who will be bondslaves, by
Jove I'll be free.

By Jove I'll be free, &c.
Then let the brisk bumper run over
the glass,
In a toast to the young and the
beautiful lass,
Who, yielding and easy, prescribes
no dull rule,
Nor thinks it a wonder a lover
should cool:
I'll bill like the sparrow, and rove
like the bee;
For in spite of grave lessons, by
Jove I'll be free.
*By Jove I'll be free,
For in spite of grave lessons, by
Jove I'll be free,*

SONG 357.

THE lass of broomhall green,
When coming from her cow,
Drest like a Cyprian queen,
Love triumph'd on her brow.
Her pail surpass'd a crown,
The rising sun her eyes,
Majestic robes her gown,
A goddess in disguise.
Her breath perfum'd the air,
Not paradise so sweet;
Like shining pearls her hair,
As Indian silks her feet:
And when she sung, my ears
Were ravish'd with her voice;
The music of the spheres
To hers was jarring noise.

I left her with regret,
So graceful was her mein,
That I shall ne'er forget
The lass of Broomhall green.
Nor dare th' admiring fops
Presume to court, for she
Must, when the next life drops,
The landlord's harriot be.

SONG 358.

CEASE, vain-glorious swain,
this pothor,
Honour's laws should sacred be;
Boasting favours from another,
Ne'er shall favour gain from me.
But, inspir'd with indignation,
Sooner I'd lead apes in hell,
Than I'd trust my reputation
With such fools as kiss and tell.

He who finds a hidden treasure,
Never should the same reveal;
He who beauty crowns with pleasure
Cautious should his joys conceal:
He with whom my heart I'll venture
Shall my fame from censure save;
Constant as the earth's fix'd centre,
And as secret as the grave.

SONG 359.

HOW happy is the maid,
Who lives a rural life,
By no false views betray'd,
To know domestic strife:
No passion sways her mind,
Or wishes to be great;
To humble hopes confin'd,
She thuns the flatt'ring bait.
To humble, &c.

Her soul with calm disdain,
Above the pomp of pride,
Beholds the rich and vain
In gilded fetters tied,
While titles, wealth and pow'cr,
The gaudy scene display;
And pegeants of an hour,
In darkness glide away.

But if some gentle boy,
Her faithful bosom share,
He doubles all her joy,
And lessens all her care:
Their moments on the wing,
The mutual blifs improve,
And give perpetual spring
To virtue, truth and love.

SONG 360.

ON a bank, beside a willow,
Heav'n her cov'ring, earth
her pillow,
Sad Aminta sigh'd alone,
From the chearless dawn of morning
'Till the dews of night returning,
Sighing, thus she made her moan,
Hope is banish'd,
Joys are vanish'd,
Damon, my belov'd is gone.

Time I dare thee to discover
Such a youth and such a lover;
So true so kind was he:
Damon was the pride of nature,
Charming in his ev'ry feature;
Damon liv'd alone for me;
Melting kisses,
Murm'ring blifs;
Who so liv'd and lov'd as we?

SONG 361.

TO curb the will with vain
pretence,
Philosophy her force employs,
And tells us in despite of sense,
That life affords no real joys.
Such Idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not immortal Jove!
If I prefer my blifs to yours,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.
Since you have given desires to men,
Leave us, at least, th' enjoyment
free;

Must I be happy only then,
When I alas! shall cease to be.
Such idle whims my heart abjures;
Envy me not immortal Jove,
If I prefer my bliss to yours,
Clasp'd in the arms of her I love.

SONG 362.

THE morning fresh, the sun
in east,
New gilds the smiling day;
The morning fresh, &c.
The lark forsakes his dewy nest,
The fields around are gayly drest,
The lark, &c.
Arise my love and play, &c.
Arise my love, &c.

Come forth my fair, come forth
bright maid
And bless thy shepherd's sight;
Come forth, &c.
Lend every folded flow'r thy aid,
Unveil the roses blushing shade,
Lend every, &c.
And give them sweet delight.
And give them, &c.

Thy presence makes all nature smile,
Thy smiles your charms improve,
Thy presence, &c.
Thy strains the list'ning birds be-
guile,
And as invite reward their toil,
Thy strains, &c.
And tune their notes to love.
And tune, &c.

Beneath the fragrant hawthorn tree,
The flow'ry wreath I'll twine;
Beneath, &c.
Ere other eyes their beauties see,
They on thy brows adorn'd shall be,
Ere other eyes, &c.
The happy task be mine.
The happy task, &c.

SONG 363.

ALL charming Phœbus had his
course
Of daily race nigh run,
When Cynthia fair, to shew her force
Of light had just begun,
When happy Damon to the vale,
With nimble steps, did move
With gleeful heart, to tell a tale
Made up of truth and love.

Young Zephyrs fill'd the pleasant
grove,
And billing Turtles coo;
Then friendly silence well did prove
It was fit time to woo.
Straight Phillis came, his lovely
maid,
Full flush'd with warm desire,
Phœbus retir'd, as quite dismay'd
She had out-shone his fire.

Thrice happy Damon, now alone
His charmer to enjoy,
For past discomforts to atone,
Did well his time employ.
A thousand am'rous tales he told,
How much he lov'd her dear,

The secrets of his soul unfold,
To prove himself sincere.
Enough says she, I all believe,
Of you I nothing fear;
I've prov'd your nature can't deceive,
Your soul I know sincere.
She bore a garland on her head,
Compos'd of different hues,
The lilies white, the roses red,
And violets purple blues.

Wear this, she sigh'd, my much-
lov'd youth,
And oft as this you see,
Let it remind you of your truth,
And of my love to thee.
Damon enraptur'd press'd her lips,
And on her bosom swore,
(Betwixt the eager precious sips)
He'd love her evermore.

SONG 364.

IF I live to grow old, for I find
I grow down,
May this be my fate; in a country
town
Let me have a small house with a
stone at my gate,
And a cleanly young girl to rub my
bald pate,
May I govern my passion with
an absolute sway,
And grow wiser and better as my
strength wears away,
Without gout or stone by gentle
decay. By a gentle decay.

In a country town, by a murmuring
brook,
With the ocean at distance where-
on I may look,
With a spacious plain, without
hedge or stile,
And an easy pad-nag to ride out a
mile.
May I govern, &c.

With Horace and Plutarch, and
two or three more
Of the best wits that liv'd in the
ages before;
With a dish of roast mutton, not
ven'son nor teal,
And clean, tho' coarse linen, at every
meal,
May I govern, &c.

With a pudding on Sundays, and
stout humming liquor,
And remnants of Latin to welcome
the vicar;
With a hidden reserve of *Burgundy*
wine,
To drink the king's health as oft as
I dine.
May I govern, &c.

When the days are grown short, and
it freezes and snows,
May I have coal fire as high as my
nose;
A fire which, when once stirred up
with a prong,
Will keep the room temperate all
the night long.
May I govern, &c.

With a courage undaunted may I
face the last day,
And when I am dead may the bet-
ter sort say,
In the morning when sober, in th'
evening when mellow,
He's gone, and has not left behind
him his fellow:
For he govern'd his passion with
an absolute sway,
And grew wiser and better as his
strength wore away,
Without gout or stone, by a gentle
decay. By a gentle decay.

SONG 365.

GO, happy paper, gently steal,
And underneath her pillow
lie;
There, in soft dreams, my love
reveal,
That love which I must still conceal,
And wrapt in awful silence dye.
Should flames be doom'd thy hapless
fate,
To atoms thou would'st quickly
turn;
My pains may bear a longer date,
For should I live, and should she
hate,
In endless torments I should burn.

Tell fair Aurelia she has charms
Might in a hermit stir desire:
T'attain the heav'n that's in her
arms,
I'd quit the world's alluring charms,
And to a cell, content, retire.

Of all that pleas'd my ravish'd eye,
Her beauty should supply the place,
Bold Raphael's strokes, and Titian's
dye
Should but in vain presume to vie
With her inimitable face.

No more I'd wish for Phœbus rays
To gild the object of my sight,
Much less the taper's fainter blaze;
Her eyes should measure out my
days,
And when she slept it should be
night.

SONG 366.

MY roving heart has oft with
pride
Dissolv'd love's silken chains,
The wanton deity defy'd,
And scorn'd his sharpest pains.
But from thy form resistless stream
Such charms as must controul:
In thee the fairest features beam,
The noblest brightest soul.
The noblest, &c.

Pleas'd in thy converse all the day,
Life's sand unheeded runs,
With thee I'll hail the rising ray,
And talk down summer suns:
Our loves congenial, still the same,
With equal force shall shine;
No cloy'd desires can damp the flame
Which friendship will refine.

SONG 367.

RETURN, return thou lovely fair,
And put an end to my despair.
Return and give a kind reprieve
To him who absent cannot live.

By you I first was taught to love,
And you my passion did approve;
'Twas then I thought myself more blest

Than kings of diadems possess.

Why were such charming pleasures given,

Such near resemblances of heaven,
Since all the blessings I enjoy'd
By cruel absence are destroy'd.

My bleeding heart, pierc'd deep
with grief,

From nothing here can find relief;
Nothing can e'er assuage my pain;
'Till you return all arts are vain.

SONG 368.

GO lovely rose,
Tell her that wastes her time
and me,

That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spy'd,
That hadst thou sprung

In desarts, where no man abide,
Thou must have uncommended dy'd.
Thou must, &c.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retir'd;
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desir'd,
And not blush so to be admir'd.
And not blush, &c.

Then die, that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee:
How small a part of time thy share,
That art so wond'rous sweet and fair.
That art so, &c.

SONG 369.

IF you my wand'ring heart would find,

That heart you say is like the wind,
Which varies here and wanders there
To ev'ry nymph that's kind and fair:
I say, if you this heart would find,
Turn to your own inconstant mind;
If e'er it wanders, 'tis to be
In wand'ring constantly with thee.

How can it settle when you fly,
And shun this faithful votary?
A nymph that's fair it oft doth find,
But never yet the nymph that's
kind.

If you would fix this wand'ring
heart,
Join it with yours, twill ne'er de-
part;

But in the pangs of death will prove
It wander'd but to fix your love.

SONG 370.

DEspairing, beside a clear stream,
A shepherd forsaken was
laid;
And whilst a false nymph was his
theme,

A willow supported his head:
The wind, that blew over the plain,
To his sighs with a sigh did reply;
And the brook, in return to his
pain,
Ran mournfully murmuring by.

Alas! silly swain that I was,
Thus sadly complaining he cry'd;
When first I beheld that fair face,
'Twere better by far I had dy'd:
She talk'd, and I blest'd her dear
tongue;

When she smil'd, 'twas a pleasure
too great;
I listen'd, and cry'd, when she sung,
Was nightingale ever so sweet?

How foolish was I to believe
She could doat on so lowly a
clown;
Or that her fond heart would not
grieve
To forsake the fine folks of the
town!

To think that a beauty so gay,
So kind and so constant would
prove,

To be clad like our maidens in grey
Or live in a cottage on love!

What tho' I have skill to complain,
Tho' the Muses my temples have
crown'd?

What tho', when they hear my soft
strain,
The virgins sit weeping around?
Ah Collin! thy hopes are in vain,
Thy pipe and thy laurel resign;
Thy fair one inclines to a swain,
Whose music is sweeter than thine.

And you, my companions so dear,
Who sorrow to see me betray'd,
Whatever I suffer, forbear,

Forbear to accuse the false maid:
Tho' through the wide world I
should range,

'Tis in vain from my fortune to
fly;
'Twas hers to be false and to change,
'Tis mine to be constant and die.

If, whilst my hard fate I sustain,
In her breast any pity is found,
Let her come with the nymphs of
the plain,
And see me laid low in the
ground:

The last humble boon that I crave,
Is to shade me with cypress and
yew;

And when she looks down on my
grave,
Let her own that her shepherd was
true.

Then to her new love let her go,
And deck her in golden array,

Be finest at e'ery fine show,
And frolick it all the long day:
Whilst Collin, forgotten and gone,
No more shall be heard of or seen,
Unless when beneath the pale
moon,
His ghost shall glide over the
green.

SONG 371.

AMAZ'D, their unfrequented
fanés,
The Deities survey'd!

No victims to their altars brought,
No adoration paid:
To Jove, with loud complaints they
came,

And quick redress implor'd;
That men reclaim'd might own
their sway,
Their worship be restor'd.
Their worship, &c.

Jove smil'd assent, and strait he
fram'd

Cleora, heav'n fair,
With Venus form, Minerva's mind,
And Juno's graceful air;
Then sent the nymph to earth, that
men

Th' immortals might revere:
For all must blest the pow'rs above
When e'er they look on her.

SONG 372.

AS Damon stood
In pensive mood,
Aminda chanc'd to pass;

Yet still he stood
Like log of wood,
Nor saw the buxom lass:

For him she burns,
And soon returns,
Resolv'd to let him know
How dull he was,
To let her pass,
She gave his arm a blow.

The swain amaz'd,
In silence gaz'd

Awhile upon her charms;
Then bowing said,
Ah! lovely maid,

Come to my longing arms!
When you, my dear,
Past by, I swear,

On your bright charms I thought;
You must forgive,
Since, as I live,

'Twas you that caus'd the fault.

SONG 373.

FAIR, sweet and young, receive
a prize,

Reserv'd for your victorious eyes:
From crowds whom at your feet you
see,

Oh! pity and distinguish me.

No graces can your form improve;
But all are lost unless you love:
If that dear passion you disdain,

Your charms and beauty are in vain.

SONG 374.

DO but consider this small dust,
Here running in the glass,
By atoms mov'd;
Would you believe that this the
body was
Of one that lov'd,
And in his mistress' flames, playing
like a fly,
Was turned into cinders by her eye.
Yet, as in life, so in their deaths
unblest,
A lover's ashes never can find rest.

SONG 375.

GO, virgin kid, with lambent
kiss,
Salute a virgin's hand:
Go, senseless thing, and reap a bliss
Thou dost not understand.
Go, for in thee methinks I find
(Tho' 'tis not half so bright,)
An emblem of her beautiful mind,
By nature clad in white.
Securely thou may'st touch the fair,
Whom few securely can:
May'st press her breast, her lip,
her hair,
Or wanton with her fan.
May'st coach it with her to and fro,
From masquerades and plays;
O could'st thou hither come and go,
And tell me what she says.
Go kid, and when the morning cold
Shall nip her lily arm;
Do thou, (O might I be so bold)
With kisses make it warm.
And when thy glossy beauty's o'er,
And all thy charms are gone,
Return to me, I'll love thee more
Than ever yet I've done.

SONG 376.

I Love thee, by heav'n's, I cannot
say more;
Then set not my passion a cooling:
If thou yield'st not at once, I must
e'en give thee o'er,
For I am but a novice at fooling.
What my love wants in words it
shall make up in deeds;
Then why should we waste time
in snuff, child?
A performance, you wot well, a
promise exceeds,
And a word to the wife is e-
nough, child.
I know how to love, and to make
that love known,
But I hate all protesting and
arguing:
Had a goddess my heart, she should
e'en lie alone,
If she made many words to the
bargain.
I'm a quaker in love, my tongue
barely affirms

Whate'er my fond eyes have been
saying:
Pithee, be thou so too; seek for
no better terms,
But e'en throw thy yea or thy
nay in.

I cannot bear love like a Chancery
suit,
The age of a patriarch depending;
Then pluck up a spirit, no longer
be mute,
Give it one way or other an en-
ding.

Long courtship's the vice of a phleg-
matic soul,
Like the grace of fanatical fin-
ners,
Where the stomachs are lost, and
the victuals grow cool,
Before men sit down to their din-
ners.

SONG 377.

AS I on purple tapestry lay,
And slept the tedious night
away,
Well warm'd within
With sparkling wine,
I seem'd with virgins brisk as May
To dance and sing and wanton play.
The shepherds all together flew,
And envious glanc'd, and look'd
askew;
And ev'ry swain
Upon the plain
Both envy'd and reproach'd me too,
That I with virgins had to do.
An am'rous kiss I would have ta'en,
But waking found my hopes were
vain;
Then curs'd the day,
Whose glaring ray
Bereav'd me of so sweet a pain;
Then strove to sleep and dream a-
gain.

SONG 378.

WHEN fair Serena first I knew
By friendship's happy union
charm'd,
Incessant joys around her flew,
And gentle smiles my bosom
warm'd.
But when with fond officious care
I press'd to breathe my am'rous
pain,
Her lips spoke nought but cold de-
spair,
Her eyes shot ice thro' ev'ry vein.
Thus in Italia's lovely vales
The sun his genial vigour yields;
Reviving heat each sense regales,
And plenty crowns the smiling
fields.
When nearer we approach his ray,
High on the Alps stupendous
brow,
Surpriz'd we see pale sun-beams play
On everlasting hills of snow.

SONG 379.

SINCE nature mankind for
society fram'd,
He 'gainst nature has who of drink-
ing's asham'd.
He 'gainst, &c.
Drink then about, while all interest
drown'd,
Mirth, humour and wit with the
cup shall sail round.
Mirth, humour, &c.
We'll laugh and we'll sing, be bold
and sincere,
And removing a' danger, we'll
banish all fear;
We'll mock at the cautious, and
scorn all disguise,
Begin to be frolic as we cease to be
wise,
'Till void of reserves, our jolly free
souls,
Prove clear as our liquor, and large
as our bowls.
Our jolly, &c.

SONG 380.

THOU joy of all hearts, de-
light of all eyes,
Nature's chief treasure and beauties
chief prize,
Look down you'll discover
Here's a faithful young vigorous
lover,
With a heart full as true
As e'er languish'd for you,
Here's a faithful, &c.
The heart that was once quite free
in my breast
Is now your peer captive and can
have no rest,
'Twill never give over but about
your sweet bosom will hover,
Dear miss let it in,
Be assur'd 'tis no sin;
Here's a faithful, young vigorous
lover.

SONG 381.

WOULD you the charming
queen of love
Invite with you to dwell?
No want your poverty should prove,
No state your riches tell.
Both her and happiness to hold,
A middle state must please;
They thun the house that shines
with gold,
And that which shines with grease.

SONG 382.

False tho' she be to me and love
I'll ne'er pursue revenge;
For still the charmer I approve,
Tho' I deplore her change.
In hours of bliss we oft have met,
They could not always last;
But tho' the present I regret,
I'm grateful for the past.
I'm grateful, &c.

SONG

SONG 383.

SUM up all the delights
This world does produce,
The darling allurements
Now chiefly in use,
You'll find, if compared,
There's none can contend
With the solid enjoyments
Of a bottle and friend.
For honour, for wealth,
For beauty may waste;
These joys often fade,
And rarely do last;
They're so hard to attain,
And so easily lost,
That the pleasure ne'er answers
The trouble and cost.
None but wine and true friendship
Are lasting and sure,
From jealousy free,
And from envy secure;
Then fill all the glasses
Until they run o'er,
A friend and good wine
Are the charms we dore.

SONG 384.

IF *Phyllis* denies me relief,
If she's angry, I'll seek it in
wine;
Tho' she laughs at my amorous
grief,
At my mirth why shou'd she re-
pine?
At my mirth, &c.
The sparkling Champaign shall re-
move
All the cares my dull grief has in
store:
My reason I lost when I lov'd,
And by drinking what can I do
more?
And by drinking, &c.
Wou'd *Phyllis* but pity my pain,
Or my am'rous vows wou'd ap-
prove,
The juice of the grape I'd disdain,
And be drunk with nothing but
love. *And be drunk, &c.*

SONG 385.

BACCHUS must now his power
reign,
I am the only god of wine;
It is not fit that wretch shou'd be
In competition set with me,
Who can drink ten times more
than he.
Make a new world, ye powers di-
vine,
Stock it with nothing else but wine:
Let wine the only product be,
Let wine be earth, be air and sea,
And let that wine be all for me.
Let wretched mortals vainly wear
A tedious life in anxious care,
Let the ambitious toil and think,
Let states and empires swim or
sink,
My sole ambition is to drink.

SONG 386.

YOUNG Virgins love pleasure
As misers do treasure;
And both alike study
To heighten the measure;
Their hearts they will rife
For every new trifle,
And when in their teens
Fall in love for a song;
But soon as they marry,
And find things miscarry:
Oh! how they sigh
That they were not more wary.
Instead of soft wooing
They run to their ruin,
And all their lives after
Drag sorrow along.

SONG 387.

COME jolly Bacchus God of
wine
Crown this night with pleasure:
Let none at cares of life repine,
To destroy our pleasure:
Fill up the mighty sparkling bowl,
That ev'ry true and loyal soul,
May drink and sing, without coun-
troul,
To support our pleasure.
Thus, mighty Bacchus, shalt thou be
Guardian to our pleasure;
That under thy protection, we
May enjoy new pleasure;
And as the hours glide away,
We'll in thy name invoke their
stay,
And sing thy praises, that we may
Live and die with pleasure.

SONG 388.

THUS we'll drown all melan-
cholly,
In a glass of generous wine;
Let dull fools indulge their folly,
And at cares of life repine.
But the brave and noble spirit
Scorns such mean ignoble views:
Whilst the world proclaim his merit,
He sublimer joys pursues.

SONG 389.

COME, let us prepare,
We brothers that are
Met together on merry occasion;
Let us dance laugh and sing,
Our wine has a spring;
Here's an health to an accepted
Mason.
The world is in pain
Our secret to gain,
But still let them wonder & gaze on:
Till they're shewn the light,
They'll ne'er know the right
Word, or sign of an accepted Mason.
'Tis this, and 'tis that,
They cannot tell what;
Why so many great men in the nation
Should aprons put on,
To make themselves one
With a free and an accepted Mason.

Great kings, dukes and lords
Have laid by their swords,
This our mystery to put a good
grace on;
And ne'er been asham'd,
To hear themselves nam'd
With a free and an accepted Mason.
Antiquity's pride
We have on our side,
It makes each man just in his station;
There's nought but what's good
To be understood
By a free and an accepted Mason.
We're true and sincere,
We're just to the fair;
They'll trust us on ev'ry occasion;
No mortal can more
The ladies adore
Than a free and an accepted Mason.
Then join hand in hand,
To each o' her fast stand,
Let's be merry, and put a bright
face on;
What mortal can boast
So noble a toast,
As a free and an accepted Mason.

SONG 390.

SEE, see, like Venus she appears
With all her heav'n of charms
Her spotless form, her blooming
years
Enchant me to her arms.
Were I to chuse my fav'rite joy,
Or love, or kingly sway,
Her smiles would all my hours em-
ploy,
And sport the world away.

SONG 391.

THE groves, the plains,
The nymphs the swains,
The silver streams and cooling shade
All, all declare
How false you are,
How many hearts you have betray'd.
Diffempler go,
'Too well I know
Your fatal, false, deluding art;
To e'ery she,
As well as me,
You make an offering of your heart.

SONG 392.

O Boreas, lend your swiftest
gales,
Convey my love safe into Calce;
Conduct him safely o'er the main,
And safely waft him back again;
Tell him, his love his absence
mourns,
And truly grieves 'till he returns.
The tender Turtle's destin'd fate
Is dying life, without her mate;
Oh gods! if ever kind you'll prove,
From Neptune's wrath preserve my
love;
Command the rude tempestuous sea,
Gently to waft my soul to me.

SONG 393.

WAnton gales, that fondly play
Round about my love-sick head,
Quickly waft my sighs away,
To the nymph for whom I bleed.
Softly whisper in her ear,
All the pains for her I feel,
All the torments that I bear,
Tell her, she alone can heal.
Then with unsuspected care,
Gently fan her lovely breast;
Happy you may revel there,
Where each god would wish to rest.

SONG 394.

SAY, cruel Amoret, how long
In billet-doux, and humble song,
Shall poor Alexis woo?
If neither writing, fighting, dying,
Reduce you to a soft complying,
O! when will you come to?
Full thirteen Moons are now pass'd
o'er,
Since first those stars I did adore,
That set my heart on fire:
The conscious play-house, parks
and court,
Have seen my sufferings made you
sport,
Yet was I ne'er the nigher.
A faithful lover shou'd deserve
A better fate than thus to starve,
In sight of such a feast:
But, oh! if you'll not think it fit,
Your hungry slave shou'd taste one
bit;
Give some kind looks at least.

SONG 395.

CHLOE, a coquet in her prime,
The vainest, ficklest thing
alive;
Behold the strange effects of time!
Marries and doats at forty-five.
So weather-cocks, that for a while
Have veer'd about with ev'ry
blast,
Grown old, and destitute of oil,
Rust to a point, and fix at last.

SONG 396.

YE Gods, ye gave to me a wife,
Out of your wonted favour,
To be the comfort of my life,
And I was glad to have her.
But if your providence divine,
For greater bliss design her,
To obey your wills at any time,
I am ready to resign her.

SONG 397.

LET ambition fire thy mind,
Thou wert born o'er men to
reign;
Not to follow flocks design'd,
Scorn thy crook, and leave the
plain.

Crowns I'll throw beneath thy feet,
Thou on necks of kings shall
tread;
Joys in circles joys shall meet,
Which way e'er thy fancy's led.

Let: not toils of empire fright,
Toils of empire pleasure's are;
Thou shalt only know delight,
And all joy, but not the care.

Shepherd, if thou'lt yield the prize,
For the blessings I bestow:
Joyful I'll ascend the skies,
Happy thou shalt reign below.

SONG 398.

ARound the plains my heart has
rov'd,
The brown, the fair, my flame ap-
prov'd,
The pert, the proud, by turns have
lov'd,
And kindly fill'd my arms.
I danc'd, I sung, I talk'd, I toy'd,
While this I woo'd, I that enjoy'd,
And e'er the kind, with kindness
cloy'd,
The coy resign'd her charms.

But now, alas, those days are done;
The wrong'd are all reveng'd by one,
Who, like a frighted bird is flown,
Yet leaves her Image here:
O could I, yet, her heart recal,
Before her feet my pride would fall,
And for her sake, forsaking all,
Would fix forever there.

SONG 399.

WINE's a mistress gay and easy
Ever free to give delight;
Let what may perplex and teaze ye,
'Tis the bottle sets all right.
Who would leave a lasting treasure,
To embrace a childish pleasure,
Which soon as tasted takes its
flight?
Pierce the cask of gen'rous claret,
Rouse your hearts, e'er 'tis too late;
Fill the goblet, never spare it,
That's your armour 'gainst all
fate.

SONG 400.

THE am'rous spark
Talks of flames, darts and
fires,
Swears the nymph is divine,
'Till with love she expires;
But, ah! should she believe,
To the flattery blind,
Too late, when deceiv'd,
That she's mortal will find.
Too fervent's the swain,
His devotion is paid
To the pow'r of the goddess
His passion has made;
But the worship will cease,
When the pleasure is o'er,
Then woman she proves,
Tho' an angel before.

SONG 401.

TO feasts, to smiles, to joyful
sport,
Let sighs and moans give way;
Hither the gods of love resort,
To wanton, dance, and play.
And let the sister graces aid,
To tread the measur'd maze,
In honour of the suff'ring maid;
Whose heart is now at ease.
Let tender verse our loves declare,
And tell in softest lays,
The nymph was true, as well as fair,
And worthy of our praise.

SONG 402.

CLOE, gaze on yonder bow'r,
Fit for the delight's of love;
Let's enjoy the present hour;
Thither Cloe let us move.

Ev'ry care shall disappear,
And only love and joy be there;
Bliss divine shall then ensue,
And pleasure flow from me to you.

Let us give a loose to pleasure,
Lulling ev'ry care to rest;
Love is such a noble treasure,
Who can love and not be blest.

Ev'ry minute let's improve,
Ev'ry minute's shou'd be love:
Ev'ry minute let's renew,
A joy that flows from me to you.

SONG 403.

WHILE I, fair Delia, view thy
face,
And ev'ry charm admire,
Thy eyes a thousand raptures raise,
And burn me with desire.

Transported thus, thou lovely maid!
With pleasure I gaze on,
Till by my heedless looks betray'd,
I'm unawares undone.

Thus the poor wretch, whose luck-
less sight
The fatal Serpent spies,
Looks on, and gazes with delight,
But as he gazes dies.

SONG 404.

BACCHUS, god of jovial drinking,
Keep th' enamour'd fool from
thinking,
Teach him wine's great power to
know:
Heroes would be lost in battle,
If not cherish'd by the bottle,
Wine does all that's great above,
Wine does all that's great below.

SONG 405.

BAnish sorrow, let's drink, and
be merry boys,
Times flies swift, to-morrow
brings care;

If you believe it,
Drink, and deceive it,
Wine will relieve it,
And drown despair.

CHORUS.

*The sweets of wine are found in
possessing,
Its justice divine, mankind's chiefest
blessing :*

*The glass is thine, drink, there's no
excess in
A bumper or two, with a cheerful
friend.*

'Tis wine gives strength; when
nature's exhausted,

Heals the sick man, frees the slave:

Makes the stiff stumble,

And the proud humble,

Exalts the meek,

And makes cowards brave.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that prompts the tim'rous
lover,

Be brisk with your mistress, de-
nials despise ;

She'll cry, you'll undo her,

But be a brisk woer,

Attack her, pursue her,

You'll gain the prize.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

'Tis wine that banishes all worldly
sorrow,

Then who'd omit the pleasing
task :

Since wine's sweet society

Eases anxiety,

Damn dull sobriety,

Bring t'other flask.

CHORUS, *The sweets, &c.*

SONG 406.

TOO late for redress, and too
soon for my ease,

I saw you, I lov'd, and I wish'd

I cou'd please.

I fancy'd your eyes read the language
of mine,

And saw my love's image reflected
on thine.

The flatterer hope, to my ruin led
on,

And taught me to judge of your
heart by my own.

Self-love to my wish was at hand
to prescribe,

That my love was return'd, and my
friendship repaid.

But wak'd from this dream, 'tis with
anguish I find,

Words and looks were but civil,
which once I thought kind ;

Its colour no longer false fancy will
lend,

To form a fond lover, or image a
friend :

But be still, my poor heart, or beat
thee to rest,

I'll drive this tormentor, this love,
from my breast ;

I'll break the gay bauble my fancy
has made,
And punish the heart self-love has
betray'd.

SONG 407.

MARIA, when the paps you
prefs

Each morn beneath the cow ;

Do not the secret thoughts of blifs,

Your mind with fancied joys possess,

And make you long to know ?

See then the gentle curling stream,

That fills your pail so full,

'Tis turn'd to floods of luscious

cream,

Whene'er the milk-maid chance to

dream

She's stroaking of a bull.

Let easier work your arms employ,

Take better things in hand,

Since heaven has made you fit for

joy,

Have pity on the amorous boy,

Nor let him weeping stand.

Then leave off making three-meal

cheese,

For every plowman's turn ;

The softer curds of beauty squeeze,

And make love's butter come with

ease,

By jumbling nature's churn.

SONG 408.

LET others court town lasses,

My passion soars above ;

To the charming rural Phillis,

I dedicate my love :

A nymph, whom Jove in forming,

Employ'd his utmost care,

That we might view, in Phillis,

How lovely Angels are.

Tho' not bedeck'd with jewels,

Majestic is her mein,

And over all the shepherds

She reigns a little queen ;

No swain but does adore her,

As to a saint her due ;

And still so great's her virtues,

Each nymph admires her too.

Not Venus, from the ocean,

So lovely did arise ;

Her voice confirms the conquest,

Obtain'd first by her eyes ;

Her breath, like Afric's breezes,

Perfumes th' incircling air ;

Like turtle-doves her bosom,

Soft, innocent and fair.

Nor are her heav'nly beauties

To tempt the view confin'd ;

But, like the sun, irradiate

The graces of her mind.

Great Juno gave her grandeur,

To dignify the whole ;

And Pallas gave her wisdom,

To captivate the soul.

Oh, Jove ! all-ruling monarch,

Indulgent, hear my pray's ;

Let me, who feel her power,
Her milder influence share :
I ask no blifs but Phillis,
Wose ev'ry charm's divine,
Oh, crown my ardent passion,
Ye gods, and make her mine.

SONG 409.

NO glory I covet, no riches I
want,

Ambition is nothing to me ;

The one thing I beg of kind heaven

to grant,

Is a mind independent and free.

With passion unruffled, untainted

with pride,

By reason my life let me square ;

The wants of my nature are cheaply

supply'd,

And the rest is but folly and care.

The blessings, which providence

freely has lent,

I'll justly and gratefully praise ;

With sweet meditation and cheer-
ful content

Shall make me both healthy and

wife.

In the pleasures the great man's

possessions display,

Uneasy'd I'll challenge my part ;

For every fair object my soul can

survey,

Contributes to gladden my heart.

How vainly, through infinite trou-
ble and care,

The many their labours employ,

Since all, that is truly delightful

in life,

Is what all, if they will, may

enjoy.

SONG 410.

ASSIST me Cupid, give me
wings,

To fly to Cælia's arms,

Her voice, as when a Syren sings,

My frozen blood alarms.

Come Cælia come, and ease the smart

Which those bright eyes have

made.

Oh ! do not tantalise my heart,

But haste and give me aid.

Let's haste my love, and while we

may,

The silent hours employ ;

Nor mind what other mortals say,

To fright us from our joy.

Such, who in hymen's courts ne'er

rove,

Delights they vices call :

And stupid to the sports of love,

In life scarce live at all.

On this soft, panting, snowy breast,

Let me my care beguile ;

While you consent to make me

blest,

And answer with a smile.

SONG

SONG 411.

WHEN beauty and wit did
conspire,
With art and address to inflame my
desire,
Great love did unveil all Jenny's
bright charms,
And fix'd me at once a slave to her
arms.
Her smiles first attracted new vigour
and pain,
I trembled and fear'd, lest I shou'd
not obtain;
But my passion declin'd, and no
longer she pleas'd,
For now simple Molly a conquest
has seiz'd.

Her innocence, join'd with sweetness
and youth,
At once now declare her good-na-
ture and truth;
Admir'd by all, yet she artless ap-
pears,
And scorns, with disdain, fam'd
Jenny's gay airs;
In raptures all gaze, and with plea-
sure declare,
Such sweetness as her's inspires new
care.
Even now faithless Harry, a stran-
ger to love,
Admires in her what he ne'er could
approve.

SONG 412.

SHE wept, the fair Arpasia wept,
In pearly show'rs the tears
distill'd,
Nor shame the gushing torrents kept,
But down her glowing cheeks
they thrill'd.

Soon was her snowy bosom wet
With briny drops, that swiftly
fell.

Thus made, than honey far more
sweet,
But yet a poison sure to kill.

Might I have sipp'd that falling dew
Which in her panting bosom hung,
Well-pleas'd I had my bane pursu'd,
And gladly dry'd it with my
tongue.

Beneath, tho' lurking serpents hid,
Tho' on her bosom lay a sting:
To've quass'd the streams there
sweetly glid,
Would have outvy'd Olympus'
king.

SONG 413.

WHEN beauteous fair Camilla
deigns
To beam a gen'rous smile,
Unfeign'd in her what sweetness
reigns,
What pleasing airs beguile;
Than her nor silver pink or rose
More grac'd, when bloom appear;
Far levlier bloom her looks disclose,
'Too bright her heav'nly sphere.

Youth, beauty, wit, good-nature are
Around her person join'd;
While spotless, ev'ry virtue rare,
Is center'd in her mind.

In her chaste form no taints arise,
No female pride upbraids;
Kind nature there defect supplies,
And each perfection aids.

In vain let Flavia boast her face,
Stella her soul's rich store,
While all in fam'd Camilla trace,
Joys unreveal'd before.
Since then Camilla's brighter charms
Such prime delights impart;
How blest the man who in his arms
Can share her virgin heart?

SONG 414.

THOU calm-ray'd spring,
whose blooming face
Leads on the year renew'd;
Thou ornament, thou brightest grace
Of times extent review'd.

Thy verdure doth each meadow
deck;

By thee each spangled bed
Of violet and daisies flush,
By constant care are fed.

To thee their snowy blossoms owe
Each future fruitful tree;
The birds that charm, their notes
do show,
Tuneful in joy for thee.

Thus every nymph, and faithful
swain,

With earnest wish desire;
Th' inhabitant of mount and plain,
And valley, all thee admire.

SONG 415.

AS I saw fair Chloe walk alone,
The feather'd snow came softly
down,

Like Jove descending from his tower
To court her in a silver shower.

The wanton now flew to her breasts,
Like little birds into their nests;
But, being o'ercome with whiteness
there,

For grief dissolv'd into a tear;
Then flowing down her garment's
hem,

To deck her, froze into a gem.

SONG 416.

WHY Cælia with that coy
behaviour

Do you meet Amintor's flame;
Why deny him every favour,

That so much adores your name.
Adores it with such a passion,

Fervent, lasting and divine,
That would from all hearts draw
compassion,

All but that hard heart of thine.
Gods why thus d'ye waste your
graces?

Why thus beautiful in vain?
Why give devils angels faces?
First to please and then disdain.

Where ever was a beauteous creature
That bore lightning in her eye,
But to her lover bore ill nature,
And could smile to see him die?

'Tis true at last Heav'n's indigna-
tion,

Causeless hatred to reprove,
Makes her doat with equal passion,

On some youth averse to love;
One that regardless sees her languish
Like a with'ring lily pine!

O pity then Amintor's anguish,
Or that fate may soon be thine.

SONG 417.

TO heal the smart a bee had
made

Upon my Chloe's face,
Honey upon her cheeks she laid,

And bid me kiss the place:
Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound

Imbib'd both sweet and smart;
The honey on my lips I found,

The sting within my heart.

SONG 418.

SOME say Women are like the
seas,

Some the waves, and some the
rocks:

Some the rose that soon decays;
Some the weather, and some the
cocks:

But if you'll give me leave to tell,
There's nothing can be compar'd so
well

As wine, wine, women and wine,
They run in a parallel, they run in
a parallel.

Women are witches when they will,
So is wine, so is wine;

They make the statesman lose his
skill,

The soldier, lawyer and divine;
They put a jig in the gravest skull,

And send their wits to gather wool.
'Tis Wine, &c.

What is't that makes your visage so
pale?

What is't makes your looks di-
vine?

What is't that makes your courage
fail?

Is it not woman? Is it not wine?

'Tis wine will make you sick when
you're well;

'Tis women that make your forehead
to swell;

'Tis wine, &c.

SONG 419.

YE powers that o'er mankind
pretide,

And pity human woes,
My steps to some retirement guide,

That no disturbance knows,
There let my soul forget her pain,

Restor'd to blestful peace again;
Nor e'er resign the calm retreat,

To feel the sorrows of the great.

SONG 420.

IF that man is most happy
Whose life is most free,
How blissful a state
Must the Batchelor's be?
From one friend to t'other
At pleasure he roams;
For the batchelor's welcome
Where ever he comes.

If he's blest with enough,
And content in his station,
The whole world he may claim
As his free habitation.

He's in no place a stranger
From London to Rome;
For where ever he is
Is the batchelor's home.

If a husband can boast
Greater blessings than these,
They're obtain'd at the expence
Of his freedom and ease;
While with liberty, leisure
And merriment crown'd,
The batchelor's minutes
Dance jovially round.

Oh rather, far rather,
Good fortune, for me
The peaceable stall
Of a cobbler decree,
Undisturb'd by the din
Of a termagant wife,
Than crown me a king
And a cuckold, for life.

Tho' his house ben't so nice,
He is sure to be neat,
And the ladies are always
Well pleas'd with his treat.
By the smack of their lips
They at parting declare,
How delicious a feast
They think batchelor's fare.

To my wishes, instead
Of a mistress, commend
The more solid delight
To be found in a friend.
Go wed, if horn'd, hen-peck'd,
And wretched you'd be;
But if blest you'd continue,
Continue as me.

SONG 421.

AS in a vernal evening fair,
Damon and Celia (happy pair)
Sat on a flow'ry bank reclin'd,
Beneath a fragrant Myrtle's shade,
While their young Offspring round
'em play'd,
Thus ravish'd Damon op'd his
mind.

Oh! what a happy state is this!
My Celia! what a heaven of bliss
Does love, pure, lawful love sup-
ply!

Whether I turn my look on thee,
Or yonder infant charmers see,
Still views of joy salute my eye.

Life's highest blessings all are mine
And doubly so by being thine,

Dear crown of all that I enjoy;
No anxious guilty thoughts I find
To discompose my peace of mind:
Pure love yields sweets without
alloy.

I draw no ruin'd virgin's tear,
No injur'd parent's curse I fear,
I dread no violated laws:
I lose no honour, waste no wealth,
With no diseases wound my health,
Foul as the shameful crime their
cause.

Our holy union heav'n approves,
And smiles indulgent on our loves,
As our unnumber'd blessings show.
Oh! let our virtue then improve,
Let us secure more bliss above,
For more we cannot wish below.

SONG 422.

NOT, Celia, that I juster am,
Or better than the rest;
For I would change each hour like
them,

Were not my heart at rest:
But I am ty'd to only thee,
By every thought I have,
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is ador'd,
In thy dear self I find;
For the whole sex can but afford,
The handsome and the kind.
Why, then, should I seek farther
store,

And still make love anew,
When change itself can give no
more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SONG 423.

I'LL borrow the wings of the
sparrow and dove,
And then I will fly to discover my
love:

The people so low, who behold me
so high,

Will wonder what strange sort of
bird's in the sky:

Whilst still on I soar,
To her I adore,

And till I get her will never give
o'er.

SONG 424.

Spring renewing all things gay,
Nature's dictates all obey;
In each creature we may see
The effects of love's decree:
Thus their state, such their fate,
Do not, Polly, stay too late.
Thus their state, &c.

Look around and see them play,
All are wanton while they may;
Why should precious time be lost,
After summer comes a frost:
All pursue nature's due,
Let us, Polly, do so too.
All pursue, &c.

Mark how kind yon swain and lass,
Yonder sitting on the grass;
Mark how earnestly he sues,
Whilst she blushing can't refuse:
See you too how they woo,
Let us, Polly, do so too.
See you too, &c.

Mark yon cloud above the plain,
See it seems to threaten rain;
Herds and flocks do run together,
Seeking shelter from the weather:
Fear not you, I'll be true,
Therefore, Polly, do so too.
Fear not, &c.

SONG 425.

'TIS not your wealth my dear,
Nor wit, nor shape, nor air,
Nor beauty past compare,
Makes me your lover:
Your sweet complying mind,
Your pride in being kind,
Without the teasing way
Of pish, nay fy, nay pray,
Has brought me over.

SONG 426.

LET 'em censure: what care I?
The herd of criticks I defy.
Let the wretches know, I write
Regardless of their grace, or spite.
No, no; the fair, the gay, the young
Govern the numbers of my song,
All that They approve is sweet;
And All is sense, that They repeat.

Bid the warbling nine retire:
Venus, string thy servant's lyre:
Love shall be my endless theme:
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To this moment a rebel, I throw down my arms.	295	When I liv'd in my grandmother's cot.	294
The hounds are all out, and the morning, &c.	296	What means that throb, said I, my heart.	295
There lives a lass upon the green.	<i>ibid.</i>	When daisies py'd and violets blue.	296
Thro' all the employments of life.	299	When icicles hang on the wall.	<i>ibid.</i>
'Tis woman that seduces all mankind.	<i>ibid.</i>	When the bright God of day.	297
The miser thus a shilling fees.	300	When high hills and lofty mountains.	298
Too partial, Damon, are thy lays.	301	Were I laid on Greenland coast.	300
The sun was now withdrawn.	<i>ibid.</i>	Why knits my fair her angry brow.	<i>ibid.</i>
Tho' Baucis and I are both ancient and poor.	<i>ibid.</i>	Waft me, O waft me, heavenly powers.	<i>ibid.</i>
To mortals so sweet was power.	302	When Orpheus sweetly did complain.	301
The lass that would know how to manage, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>	We all to conquering beauty bow.	303
The smiling morn, the breathing spring.	303	What tho' they call me country lass.	<i>ibid.</i>
To Chloe's wit and bloom and youth.	304	Why will Florella, when I gaze.	305
To soothe my heart the queen of love.	<i>ibid.</i>	Whilst you, too lovely Arabell.	307
Thy fatal shafts unerring move.	305	While Misers all night still are watching.	308
To make me feel a virgin's charms.	306	When Chloe first young Collin saw.	309
That Jenny's my friend, my delight, &c.	307	Why shine those charming eyes so bright.	<i>ibid.</i>
Tho' Polly's and tho' Peggy's charms.	308	When all was wrapt in dark midnight.	312
Tell me, my lovely charming fair.	<i>ibid.</i>	When fair Serena first I knew.	318
The beau, with his delicate womanish face.	309	Would you the charming queen of love.	<i>ibid.</i>
The man that is drunk is void of all care.	314	Wanton gales that fondly play.	320
The lass of broomhall green.	315	Wine's a mistress gay and easy.	<i>ibid.</i>
To curb the will with vain pretence.	<i>ibid.</i>	While I, fair Delia, view thy face	<i>ibid.</i>
The morning fresh, the sun in east.	316	When beauty and wit did conspire.	322
Thou joy of all hearts, delight of all eyes.	318	When beauteous fair Camilla deigns.	<i>ibid.</i>
Thus we'll drown all melancholly.	319	Why Celia with that coy behaviour.	<i>ibid.</i>
The groves, the plains.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young Hobinal, the blythest swain.	260
The am'rous spark.	320	Ye woods and ye mountains unknown.	261
To feasts, to smiles, to joyful sport.	<i>ibid.</i>	Yes, all the world will sure agree.	268
Too late for redress, and too soon for my ease.	321	Ye nymphs of the plain, who once saw me, &c.	<i>ibid.</i>
Thou calm-ray'd spring, whose blooming face.	322	Ye nymphs and sylvan gods.	270
To heal the smart a bee had made.	<i>ibid.</i>	You may cease to complain.	279
'Tis not your wealth, my dear.	323	Ye shepherds and nymphs that adorn, &c.	284
Upon Clorinda's panting breast.	274	You bid me, fair, conceal my love.	286
Vain is every fond endeavour.	275	Ye warblers, while Strephon I mourn.	289
Vainly now ye strive to charm me.	283	Youth's a season made for joys.	290
Virgins are like the fair flower in its lustre.	299	Ye lads who approve.	291
View my eyes my lovely charmer.	315	Ye fair, from man's insidious love.	294
When first I sought fair Celia's love.	259	You say you love, repeat again.	295
With every lady in the land.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young I am, and yet unskilled.	302
When Britons first at heaven's command.	261	Ye sacred nine inspire my soul.	306
When Charming Chloe gently walks.	262	Ye thirsty souls, who love to drink.	307
When the buds first appear.	<i>ibid.</i>	Young Dorillis, artless swain.	308
When in unbounded glory bright.	<i>ibid.</i>	Ye virgin powers defend my heart.	313
Would you taste the noon-tide air.	<i>ibid.</i>	Yes, I'm in love, I feel it now.	314
Wherever I'm going, and all the day long.	265	Young virgins love pleasure.	319
What means this niceness now of late.	267	Ye Gods ye gave to me a wife.	320
When Delia on the plain appears	<i>ibid.</i>	Ye powers that o'er mankind preside.	322
When Orpheus went down to the regions below.	270	Zephyrs spread your purple pinions.	283
What beauteous scenes enchant my sight.	271		

Purcell - 116, 202

Handel - 116, 74, 105, 176, 190

Rizzi (?) 135, 152, 167, 176 etc.

